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1817

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNALS OF
SIR GEORGE SMART



George F Smarsh

From the painting by W. Bradley

FROM THE
JOURNALS OF
GEORGE SMART

BY
G. BERTRAM COX
AND
C. L. E. COX

WITH A PREFACE
BY G. BERTRAM COX

H. K. GREEN, AND CO.,
ST. MARTIN LANE, LONDON
AND CALCUTTA

1897

Printed in England



LEAVES FROM THE
JOURNALS OF
SIR GEORGE SMART

BY
H. BERTRAM COX
AND
C. L. E. COX

*WITH PORTRAIT
AND FACSIMILE OF BEETHOVEN CANON*

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1907

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ANN CAROLINE SMART

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PREFACE

IT is the fate of most biographies to be written either too early or too late. In the one case there is a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the person whose history is narrated among those of his day; in the other there is a risk that his influence upon the age in which he lived may be underrated. It is possible that the value of the work done by Sir George Smart may be underestimated, and that the matter now presented to the reader may suffer in interest from the fact that forty years have elapsed since Sir George Smart died at the great age of ninety-one years. That this should be the case is not entirely the fault of the present editors. Sir George Smart had some objection to the idea of his biography being written, and this feeling was shared by his wife, by his only daughter, Margaret Rose Smart, and by his niece, Ann Caroline Smart, who lived in his family from the time when Margaret was six years of age. It was not until 1891 that the daughter expressed a wish that the journals kept by her father should be considered with a view to their publication in whole or in part, and that I should undertake the task. Finding that she was unwilling to entrust it to any other hands than mine I accepted it, and the following pages are the result. The duty has been rendered difficult, and its completion has been

long delayed by the pressure of other occupations, and but for the generous and willing labours of my sister, I doubt whether it would ever have been completed. The notes, which it is hoped may here and there add interest to the text, are the result of her collaboration.

H. B. C.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

1776-1802

Childhood and parentage—Education—Chorister at the Chapel Royal—As deputy and teacher—Haydn—"Antient Concerts"—Joah Bates—First concert—Bass chorus singer—Becomes a Freemason—Organist—Professional visits—Takes up the Freedom of the Grocers' Company—Presides at the harpsichord at Colman's Theatre—A volunteer—A violinist and pianist—His first school—Commences giving concerts—Learns French and Italian—Makes a tour—Mr. Broadwood page 1

CHAPTER II

1802

Visit to Paris—The journey—First impressions—The theatres—Concerts—Gamblers—Blind musicians—Takes French lessons—Versailles—La Bibliothèque Nationale—Men of science—Schools and colleges—Palace of Justice and Debate—Opera—Napoleon's review and fête—Deaf and Dumb Institution—Church music—The Mint—St. Germain—Madame Campan—St. Cloud—Return home 10

CHAPTER III

1804-1816

The *Æolus* frigate—Elected a member of the Grocers' Company—Knighted—First professional visit to Hamilton Palace—The Duke of Sussex—Lady Hamilton—Signor Siboni—Sheridan—Barham Livius—Princess Charlotte—Letters respecting Beethoven—A robbery of plate 45

CHAPTER IV

1821-1824

Queen Caroline at the Mansion House—Royal concerts at Brighton and George IV—His coronation—Sir G. Smart appointed organist of the Chapel Royal—The fees and feast—Dr. Howley and the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal—Rossini—Captain Parry and Captain Lyon—The Norwich Musical Festival—Proposition to Beethoven—Lady Copley and the Duke of Wellington—Mr. and Mrs. Robins 56

CHAPTER V

1825

Departure for the Continent with Mr. Charles Kemble by way of Ostend, Ghent and Brussels. Visits Waterloo and Rotterdam, via Antwerp, the Scheldt and Maas. By coach to Gouda, Utrecht, Cleves, Cologne, Bonn and Godesberg—Visit to Mr. Ferdinand Ries—Andernach, Coblens, Ehrenbreitstein—At Ems with Weber *page* 64

CHAPTER VI

1825

MUNICH

Mayence—Frankfort—Homburg—Visit to Princess Elisabeth, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—Darmstadt—Heidelberg—Heilbronn—Reception by the Princess Royal, Dowager Queen of Würtemberg—Stuttgart—Charles Kemble leaves for Strasburg and Paris—Ulm—Augsburg—A week spent in Munich . . . 73

CHAPTER VII

1825

VIENNA

Braunau in Austria—Linz—Down the Danube by boat—Fellow travellers and discomforts—Vienna—Theatres and churches—Calls and letters of introduction to celebrities—Schönbrunn—Quartettes at Währing—Mayseder—Music publishers—Meets Beethoven at Herr Schlesinger's quartette party—The Palace Theatre—Belvedere—Sir Henry Wellesley and family—St. Michael's—The Court Chapel—Meets Beethoven again, when he extemporises—At Mr. Maggi's for quartettes—The Lusthaus—Second visit to Sir Henry Wellesley at Weinhaus—Mödling . . . 93

CHAPTER VIII

PRAGUE

Visit to Beethoven at Baden—A quartette party—Church music—Departure from Vienna after a sixteen days' visit—Moravia—Bohemia—Prague—The theatre—The Moscheles family—Musicians of Prague—Two and a half days' sight-seeing—Journey to Dresden—A sleepy driver—Teplitz 123

CHAPTER IX

1825

DRESDEN AND WEBER

Saxon Switzerland—Kulm—A week and a day spent in Dresden—Weber and other musicians—The theatre and opera—Churches and music—Findlater's Palace—"The Bath"—The Japanese Palace—Kaufmann's musical instruments—Memorial service to the late Elector, King of Poland—Morlacchi 138

CONTENTS

ix

CHAPTER X

1825

LEIPSIK

From Dresden to Leipzig—Music publishers—The theatre and opera—Lutheran hymns and church services—The Thomas-schule—A Gewandhaus concert—Departure from Leipzig—Entry into Prussia—An uncomfortable night page 156

CHAPTER XI

1825

BERLIN

Sixteen days in Berlin—The opera—Letters of introduction—Entertained by the Earl of Clanwilliam, the Mendelssohns, Schlesinger and others—The theatres and music—Mademoiselle Sontag—Mounting of the guard—Sight-seeing—Charlottenburg—The Beers and Meyerbeer—Potsdam—Freischütz—*Fernand Cortez*—Liedertafel—Parts from Mr. Ries and his brother Hubert . . . 165

CHAPTER XII

1825

FROM BERLIN TO HANOVER AND CASSEL

Magdeburg—Brunswick—Four days in Hanover—Reception by the Duke of Cambridge—The Kramers—The town—The theatre—Parade—Bands—Cream-coloured horses—The riding school—*Sieben Mädchen in Uniform*—Jäger band—Leaves Hanover on November 1st—Göttingen—Cassel—The theatre—Entertained by Spohr—His family—Wilhelmshöhe—Château of Löwenburg—A concert—Acting in Cassel—Spohr's double quartette 198

CHAPTER XIII

1825

FROM CASSEL TO ENGLAND

From Cassel through Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau to Coblenz—Visit to Herr Ries at Godesberg—Birthday party—Concert at Bonn—Entertained by Herr Simrock—Cologne and the Cathedral—The theatre and opera—Musical party at Herr Simrock's, of Cologne—Aix-la-Chapelle—Brussels—Lille—Paris—The theatres and opera—Duchess of Hamilton and family—Lady Augusta d'Ameland and Mademoiselle d'Este—Baillot—La Chapelle du Roi—Talma—Madame Szymanowska's concert—M. Vogt—Calais—Dover—In London again 217

CHAPTER XIV

1826

WEBER'S VISIT TO LONDON AND HIS DEATH

Correspondence with Weber—His visit to England—The Philharmonic—Weber's benefit concert—Anecdotes—His death and funeral—Dissatisfied letters from Germany—His monument erected later in Dresden—"Preventive" men at Margate *page* 940

CHAPTER XV

1827-1835

Letters from Germany—Beethoven's death—Mrs. Siddons—Funeral of George IV—George Stephenson—The opening of London Bridge—Paganini—William IV's coronation—Mendelssohn's first performance in England—Courtship and marriage—Wedding cakes—Royal Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey—Confirmation of the Princess Victoria 964

CHAPTER XVI

1836-1844

A royal concert—Malibran—The birth of a daughter—Funeral of William IV—The Duchess of Somerset—Sheringham—A letter from Mendelssohn—Coronation of Queen Victoria—The Duke of Cambridge's quartette party—The marriage of Queen Victoria—A letter from the Rev. Sydney Smith 982

CHAPTER XVII

1845

THE UNVEILING OF BEETHOVEN'S STATUE AT BONN

From Hythe to Ostend—Fellow passengers—Ghent—Cologne—Bonn—Rehearsals—Spohr—Liszt—The meeting of friends and acquaintances—The arrival of Queen Victoria, the King and Queen of Prussia and Prince Albert—Godesberg—Arrival of newspaper correspondents—Mr. Ries, senior—The Fest-halle—The concerts—Dr. Breidenstein and his committee—The baptism of "The Beethoven"—The inauguration—A dinner—Departures—Journey from Bonn to Hythe 995

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Sir George T. Smart . . . *Frontispiece*
from the painting by William Bradley
in the National Portrait Gallery

FACSIMILE OF CANON WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO
SIR GEORGE SMART BY BEETHOVEN . . . *To face page 124*



LEAVES FROM THE JOURNALS OF SIR GEORGE SMART

CHAPTER I

1776-1802

Childhood and parentage—Education—Chorister at the Chapel Royal—Deputy and teacher—Haydn—"Antient Concerts"—Joah Bates—First concert—Bass chorus singer—Becomes a Freemason—Organist—Professional visits—Takes up the Freedom of the Grocers' Company—Presides at the harpsichord at Colman's Theatre—A Volunteer—Violinist and pianist—His first school—Commences giving concerts—Learns French and Italian—Makes a tour—Mr. Broadwood.

I WAS born on the 10th of May, 1776, at a house which was then a music shop in Argyll Street. It was a corner house, and has since been pulled down for the purpose of widening the street. My grandfather, Francis Smart, who was born in 1699 and died in 1791, was a clothier in a large way of business at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. My father, George Smart, who was born in 1745 and died at Edinburgh in 1818, disliking his father's business, came to Bath and took a post in a music shop, he being passionately fond of music. From Bath he moved to London, where he married my mother, whose maiden name was Ann Embry. I was his eldest child. His second child was my sister, Mary Ann Smart, born in 1777. She married a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who was wrecked in the brig which he commanded upon the coast of France, was made a prisoner, and subsequently was killed in a duel. She died in 1804. The third child was my brother, Henry Smart, who was born in 1778 and died in Dublin in the year 1823. There were three other children, by name respectively Harriet Jane, Charles Frederick, and Thomas Robert Smart.

Being a very sickly child, I was sent to regain my health at Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, where I met with an accident, the scar of which remains to this day upon my forehead. I understand that a piece of silver was inserted at the place of fracture in my head, and if this be true my head is of some value. My fall was caused by my treading upon my grandmother's dress as I was following her down a steep staircase; she caught hold of it and pulled it up, whereupon I fell and rolled past her to the bottom of the stairs. When I returned to London I was sent to Mr. Castle-neau's school in a court near to Dean Street, Oxford Street, and subsequently to Mr. Pike's school at Ashford, in Kent. While there I received great kindness from Mr. Fagg, a surgeon in that town, and his family. In the year 1844 I renewed my acquaintance with his son, who was then following his father's profession at Hythe.

I have but little recollection of the years during which I resided in my father's house up to the time when I became a chorister at the Chapel Royal under Dr. Ayrton in the year 1783.

According to a letter written by the late Mr. Hedgely to Mr. Husk, of the Chapel Royal, it was at Christmas, in the year 1792, that I ceased to be a chorister, being succeeded on January 23rd, 1793, by Mr. Hedgely. On my leaving I was appointed his deputy at the Chapel by Dr. Arnold, the organist and composer, and also his deputy at Westminster Abbey, where he was also organist. I occasionally took duty at the Chapel Royal for Dr. Dupuis, who was also organist and composer there; he gave me lessons on the organ in the Chapel. The organ was then placed in a gallery above the communion table, on the left-hand side, which gallery is now a room in Mr. Lingard's apartments, who is the resident sergeant of the vestry and yeoman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. On Sundays the organ loft was crowded with talented professors and many visitors, who came to see their Majesties, George III and Queen Charlotte. Mr. Crosdill was then the violist, but he only played when the Royal Family were present. I believe he was the first violist appointed, at the desire of George III, and it was for him that Dr. Dupuis wrote violoncelle parts in some of his anthems.

I was taught the pianoforte by Johann Baptist Cramer, and during my time of residence in my father's house I had some pianoforte scholars, among whom were my sister and my brother Henry. For teaching them my father paid me two shillings and sixpence a lesson ; my payments from the other scholars I gave up to him in return for my board, lodging and clothes.

In the year 1794 Haydn came to London for the second time, his first visit having been in 1790, to conduct his twelve grand symphonies for Salomon's concerts. He conducted some of Salomon's concerts in the Hanover Square Rooms. At that time, and in 1794, the orchestra was at the other end of the room, where the royal gallery now is. This change was made when the "Antient Concerts" were removed from the Tottenham Street Rooms to those at Hanover Square.

At a rehearsal for one of these concerts the kettle drummer was not in attendance. Haydn asked, "Can no one in the orchestra play the drums?" I replied immediately, "I can." "Do so," said he. I, foolishly, thought it was only necessary to beat in strict time, and that I could do so. Haydn came to me at the top of the orchestra, praised my beating in time, but observed upon my bringing the drumstick straight down, instead of giving an oblique stroke, and keeping it too long upon the drum, consequently stopping its vibration. "The drummers in Germany," he said, "have a way of using the drumsticks so as not to stop the vibration"—at the same time showing me how this was done. "Oh, very well," I replied, "we can do so in England, if you prefer it." It was Haydn, therefore, who first taught me to play the drums, a thing I had never attempted before that day, and have not done often since.

At these concerts I used to play the violin or viola at half a guinea per concert. Garabaldi, a celebrated double-bass player, taught me the violin. Many foreigners were employed by Salomon at these concerts at very low salaries. At the rehearsals most of the professors wore their great coats only, I suppose in order to save their other coats for the performances.

During his first visit to this country, in 1790, Haydn came

to the Chapel Royal. He was so pleased with Dr. Dupuis's extempore fugues, that meeting the doctor as he came downstairs from the organ loft, after the service, he gave him two kisses in the Ambassadors' Court. This I saw him do, and I was very much surprised at that time at the operation.

It was at the "Antient Concerts" that my name appeared for the first time among the bass chorus singers, together with Messrs. William Ayrton, Charles Knyvett, Reginald Spofforth and others. I had sung at these concerts for many seasons as one of the boys at the Chapel Royal, where I often partook of refreshments, provided by my father, underneath the orchestra between the acts.

In these days the concerts were held at the Tottenham Street Rooms. I remember on one occasion as we boys returned to James's Street, Buckingham Gate, we brought back with us in the coach Townsend, the thief-taker, and to his horror we amused ourselves by breaking the windows in many houses in Hedge Lane by throwing stones (which we had provided for the purpose in the pockets of our laced coats) from out the coach windows. We were never discovered as it was so late at night.

My first public performance took place on March 6th, 1790, at the New Musical Fund Concert, at the Italian Opera House, where the orchestra was erected upon the stage, and the entry on the bill was as follows:—

Concerto—Grand Pianoforte Dussek.

Mr. Smart, Junr.

(*Pupil of Mr. J. B. Cramer*) being his first performance in public.

During 1794 and 1795 I resided at my father's house, No. 331 Oxford Street. On June 18th, 1795, I became a mason and a member of the Burlington Lodge.

In 1795, or in 1796, I sang in the chorus as a bass at the Italian Opera House, in the Haymarket, in *Alceste* and in *Acis and Galatea*. Mr. Boyce, the son of Dr. Boyce—organist and composer to the Chapel Royal—and I were attendant giants (with clubs) upon Polyphemus. I was a queer, short giant, being small of stature, by the side of Boyce, who was a large man. Besides singing in the chorus

at this theatre, Boyce, who was a good double-bass player, performed in many orchestras.

I sang in the chorus at the "Antient Concerts" this year as well as in 1794. In 1796, and also in 1797, I was appointed by my father, who was then sole librarian at the Italian Opera House, to turn over for Joah Bates, Esq., the well-known musical amateur, who was then conductor at the organ, he being promoter and conductor of "The Concerts of Antient Music." These concerts were held this season at the Opera House. It was there that I took my first lessons in conducting, and ascertained the times at which Handel's music was performed, which probably Joah Bates might have heard in Handel's time. My father caused Mr. Birchall, the music publisher, to be united with him in the post of librarian, and I well remember preparing the music-books for the concerts, and putting them away in the library at the Italian Opera House. I acquired at this time the knowledge of connecting vocal parts and orchestral scores. Mr. Birchall subsequently contrived to get my father removed from his post as librarian.

In the year 1796 I took lodgings at 23 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, on the second floor, for which I paid half a guinea a week. I also rented with Mr. Charles Knyvett a stable, which was situated in the top of the narrow road where now schools have been built, opposite an entrance to Langham Church. The church at that time was not built.

I was in this year organist at St. James's Church, in the Hampstead Road. I forget the date when I was appointed, but it was at the time when the chapel was first opened. I had but half the salary, i.e. ten pounds a year, giving up the other half to a Mr. Wafer, a blind man, until his death. Later, I applied for the post of organist at St. James's, Piccadilly, upon the death of Mr. Buckley, but Mr. Burrowes was elected. After this the Rev. E. Andrews, whose daughter I taught, wrote me a civil letter and caused my salary to be raised to thirty pounds.

I find that in this year I paid professional visits to Lord Charles Spencer at Wheatfield House, near Tetworth, Oxfordshire. Later he became postmaster-general and master

of the mint. It was my custom at this time to dine at a cookshop, usually at the cost of about a shilling, and I believe I wore powdered hair, as my account books show hairdresser's charges of the kind, and I paid a guinea in April, 1797, for a hair-powder certificate.

In 1797 I was three times at Wheatfield House. The first visit was probably to meet the Marquis of Blandford, who succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Marlborough in 1817; and I took up my freedom at Grocers' Hall, being bound apprentice to Mr. Impey, a drug broker, the fees for which amounted in all to three pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence. I also took lessons in French.

The year 1798 found me organist at Brunswick Chapel as well as at St. James's Chapel in the Hampstead Road. The organ at Brunswick Chapel was formerly in the Tottenham Street Rooms, where it was used for the "Antient Concerts." I began in June of this year an engagement at Colman's Theatre, in the Haymarket, at two pounds, eight shillings per week, where I presided at the harpsichord. I was appointed to this situation by Dr. Arnold, who was director of the music and also composer there. I acted as deputy for him without salary when he was organist at Westminster Abbey, and it was for such services that he gave me this appointment and also recommended me to the first school at which I taught. This was the school of a Mrs. Cameron. This lady I was told would be guided in her choice by the approval of a Mr. Twiss. I had heard that he was a tremendous critic and formed his judgment on the performer's efficiency in sight playing. I told Dr. Arnold I was afraid to encounter so formidable a judge. He told me to go to Mr. Twiss's house, and added, with a comical expression, that Mr. Twiss was stone deaf. I went. The first question put to me was: "Can you play at sight?" I boldly answered "Yes." He then placed before me a very difficult sonata, and put his ear close to the pianoforte. I saw at once that the sonata was too much for me, but I dashed at it and rattled over the right and wrong notes. Mr. Twiss expressed his perfect satisfaction and reported to Mrs. Cameron that I must be a very capable teacher. With Mr. Twiss I was intimate for some years. He became very poor, and pub-

lished, besides the account of his tour in Spain, a curious work in two volumes to which I subscribed. He was an excellent billiard player, and used to teach his son, using a walking-stick, with which he could beat many good players with the cue. Through Mr. Twiss I first became acquainted with Mrs. Opie, formerly Miss Alderson, the novelist and poet, who was then a lively woman and a good ballad singer. She subsequently turned Quakeress—at least in her dress. I renewed my acquaintance with her many years after at her residence in Norwich.

The leader of the band at the Haymarket Theatre at this time, and also at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, was a Mr. Shaw. He had a peculiar way of whistling through his nose rather loudly when bowing a *forte* passage. Some of the strangers who were seated close to him in the orchestra would ask if there were a dog near them which was making this noise. He never would acknowledge that it came from himself. During my employment at the Haymarket Theatre I remember John Edwin, the actor, who was succeeded by John Fawcett, Jack Johnstone, Charles Kemble, who then sang in the opera with Mrs. Bland, and Mr. Snell, also Jack Bannister. Colman was then proprietor, and after him came Morris, with whom I quarrelled.

It was in the year 1800 that I travelled with my father to Spithead to see the gun-brig commanded by my brother-in-law, Lieutenant Miles. The brig was shortly after cast ashore near Calais, and Miles was taken prisoner and carried to Verdun. While there he was shot in a duel by an English officer. It was through my influence with Lord Spencer that he obtained the command of the brig.

I played at a Freemasons' concert on April 12th of this year, but whether on the violin or pianoforte I cannot now remember. It was at this time that I sold the copyright of my book of pianoforte lessons to my father for twenty pounds. I also gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Enfield, the profits of which amounted to twenty-five pounds.¹

The year 1800 found me volunteering with the Royal

¹ Mrs. Cameron's school was at Enfield. Sir G. Smart later taught at three other schools there and had many private pupils in the neighbourhood.

Westminster Volunteers. One day during the exercising of the regiment, Colonel Robertson called out to Captain Hopkinson, whose company was in much confusion during the execution of some manœuvre, "You will never be hanged for setting the Thames on fire." Soon after this the Colonel called the officers of the regiment together to consider a most insulting letter which he said he had received from Captain Hopkinson, and to take our opinions as to whether there should not be a court-martial. The letter ran as follows: "Dear Colonel" (the colonel was a wine-merchant), "I agree with you that it is not likely that I shall be hanged for setting the Thames on fire, for I have been informed that the Thames is to be bottled off, and that you are to have the job." A general laugh from all the officers determined the Colonel to take no further notice of the letter.

In this year I began taking lessons in Italian from Signor Nardini.

In the month of August, 1801, I moved from Margaret Street to 91 Great Portland Street. At first I lodged on the second floor, P. Meyer was on the first floor and Mr. Collyer had the dining-room floor. The room which subsequently became the back spare bedroom at the top of the house was then fitted up as a chemical laboratory, and contained a furnace, and part of the floor was covered with iron. The room in the basement which was afterwards given to my manservant was then a workshop.

This year I paid professional visits to Bristol, Bath and Trowbridge, and spent part of the summer on a tour through Hastings, Dover, Maidstone, etc. I continued my engagements at the Haymarket Theatre and at St. James's Chapel in the Hampstead Road. During one of my visits to Bristol, or Bath (I forget which), not having an admission ticket to one of the concerts, I went up into the orchestra and placed myself among the bass chorus singers. Not being known there, one of the men asked me whether I was a "counter" or a "starter." Not understanding the meaning of his question, my reply was, "I am not a counter-tenor." "I am aware of that," he said, "or you would not be sitting among the basses." He then went on to explain that when

two men sang from the same book, in order to save the trouble of both counting the rests only one of them counted the time, who was therefore called the "counter." When he had completed the proper number of bars' rest he gave his companion a push, and this man took up the point immediately and was therefore called the "starter."

In 1802 I met with an accident, being thrown out of my chaise going into Enfield. I was attended by Dr. Clarke, with whom I became very intimate, often dining and sleeping at his house.

I gave a grand concert at the Assembly Rooms at the Angel Inn, Edmonton, on June 11th.

My journeys out of London necessitated my taking furnished lodgings at Hornsey at a guinea per month.

I was intimate at this time with Mr. Broadwood, senior, who, on May 5th, presented me with a grand pianoforte, and also showed me great kindness in the following matter. I purchased the lease of 91 Great Portland Street this year of Mr. P. Meyer for the sum of eight hundred and fifteen pounds, together with some furniture left in the house. This lease expired in 1867. I was obliged to borrow from Mr. Broadwood the sum of two hundred or three hundred pounds, and I offered to assign to him the lease as a security for repayment. This he declined, saying, "It would cost you some money to make a legal assignment of the lease to me. If you are honest you will pay me when you have the means," which, thank God, I soon had. I shall never forget his kindness.

It was I think in this year that I was present at a dinner at Lady Hamilton's, at Merton. Lord Nelson was there, as also Madame Catalani and her husband, M. de Valabrègue. The latter, it being a warm day, insisted on bathing in a small piece of water on the lawn, where many ladies and gentlemen were walking waiting for dinner. M. Valabrègue consequently was unable to undress, so he went into the water without taking off more than his coat. Madame Catalani made him take from his shirt a costly pin, which she gave me and requested me to keep it in remembrance of herself and her husband's folly. Grey, the jeweller, informed me that it was worth fifty pounds, and might sell for more.

CHAPTER II

1802

Visit to Paris—The journey—First impressions—The theatres—Concerts—Gamblers—Blind musicians—Takes French lessons—Versailles—*La Bibliothèque Nationale*—Men of science—Schools and colleges—Palace of Justice and Debate—Opera—Napoleon's review and fête—Deaf and Dumb Institution—Church music—The Mint—St. Germain—Madame Campan—St. Cloud—Return home.

IT will be remembered that the Treaty of Amiens was signed on March 27th, 1802, and that England and France were at peace until the May of the following year. War was then again declared, Great Britain seized every French vessel found in her waters, and Buonaparte, then First Consul, retaliated by arresting as prisoners of war all British subjects residing or travelling at that time in France, where they were afterwards detained for years, cut off entirely from intercourse with their country and kinsmen. Sir George Smart, like others, and more fortunate than many later, took early advantage of the cessation of hostilities to visit Paris with his father and brother, in order to see for himself the places where so many tragedies had taken place, and to view the wonderful works of art brought from every part of Europe, Egypt, and the Eastern lands where the arms of France had been victorious. The following is the journal written by Sir George Smart at this time:—

Wednesday night, June 23rd, 1802.—In order to be ready to start at half-past four or five in the morning we slept at the "Golden Cross." They gave us but two beds for the three of us, and a very uncomfortable beginning of our journey it was. We had reason to admire the arrangements of the coach-office, which shuts at eleven, though I had no reason to be pleased at not being able to get my things out of my trunk.

We encountered as usual clouds of dust on our way to Dover, which was not over agreeable. We arrived there about eight o'clock, having travelled at the rate of five miles an hour. This place is very stupid, the castle is the only thing worth notice. We were rather annoyed upon our arrival by the master of the packet boat wishing us to engage our places at once; we told him we had not yet made up our minds when we should go, which was a fact as we were divided in opinion.

Henry ordered a fire although it was June. We supped and went to bed at eleven o'clock after talking about the arrangements of the custom-house, which made us speak gravely. We lodged at the Ship Inn. After breakfast we paid a call on Captain Smith and then walked to Dover Castle. At twelve we sent our luggage to the custom-house to be examined. My father being known to one of the commissioners, they merely opened the trunks. A new duty is put on all goods you take out, so much in the pound. When we were desired to value our four trunks one of us said fifty pounds (a great sum, of course, for the whole). "Fifty pounds!" said the officer, with some astonishment. I, thinking we had so much under done it, thought to bring it up by saying, "Mine only is fifty pounds." "Perhaps fifteen pounds for the whole will do," said a waiter from the Ship Inn, who was with us to explain the *customs* of the *custom-house*. It ended in our putting thirty pounds value upon the four trunks, the duty for which is three shillings, a great proof that the custom-house officers do not wish to put much into Government's pocket but all into their own. We went on board the packet at one o'clock. We paid three-pence each for being taken in a boat about three hundred yards out to the packet, which I suppose was only to put us in mind that imposition is not confined to any country. We had (to me) an unpleasant voyage, but whilst feeling ill I had a nap; my father and Henry got on very well. At six o'clock we landed at Calais. The town looks beautiful as you approach it. A strong battery guards the entrance of the pier, upon which were a thousand persons staring at us. One, by his consequential airs, we took for a great man—he was a barber. When we came alongside many porters from

the inns jumped on board to secure us for their masters' prey. They examined our passports at the pier, where we left them until next morning; our small bundles were inspected at the gates of the town. At both places we were treated with great politeness. We observed that the soldiers were dressed very badly. We ordered dinner or supper, which you will, at the hotel; it was extremely good, all except the French beer. When placing a sort of rice pudding upon the table the French waiter observed, "That is English plum pudding." A laugh soon convinced him of his mistake. A very pleasant gentleman, whom we got acquainted with on board the packet, and who took his lodgings at the hotel with us, explained the mechanism of an English plum pudding to him in very good French, though he is a Scotchman. We admired the neatness of the dessert in which were some excellent cherries and strawberries. We retired to some very high beds at eleven o'clock.

June 25th.—We arose at seven, having slept well. After a good breakfast in the English style, we were conducted by a waiter to the office to sign our passports. On going in they made us leave our sticks and only two could enter at a time—perhaps a wise precaution for fear of an English row. After that at another place we saw our trunks inspected. They did it very politely, and it seems a mere form. We then went to obtain cash for one of Hammersley's notes. I cannot say too much in praise of the banks and Mons. Mourou, his behaviour was everything one could wish from another. He took great pains with stupid me to explain the French money, and we came away highly pleased with him and loaded with a bag of livres.

Being market day we had a famous view of the country people bringing their provisions to the market-place, which is large and rather handsome. Here I must confess that the appearance of the peasants is much neater and that the women in particular are far more cleanly than ours. Some of them are extremely pretty, and every one looked so happy that it gave us pleasure to see them. However I shall say no more about the ladies now, yet they pleased me and all of us more than we thought they would.

We dined at the table d'hôte, where was a mixture of

English and French ladies and gentlemen. They gave us a good and cheap dinner at two and sixpence a head English money, Bordeaux wine included. After beating Henry at three games of draughts, we lounged down the pier and conversed in English with a civil half-French gentleman, who told us what was going on in Calais during the war. Our men-of-war fired some shots several times very near the town.

Whilst we were endeavouring to find Mr. Bigger's hotel (which we tried to do, I should have mentioned, when we first went out, and found it not opened), we looked into a very fine old church well worth seeing; plenty of crosses, etc., which with some pains have escaped the fury of the revolution. In one of the confessional boxes we found a bottle of (we supposed) Bordeaux wine; our female guide, shrugging up her rather bare shoulders at the sin of the person who left it for his own drinking next morning, carried it away under her apron to drink it herself with her many begging children.

After tea Henry and I took a walk round the ramparts. I think Calais may be compared to Portsmouth, it is completely fortified, and though the fortifications are not so modern as at Portsmouth, yet it appears very strong and very difficult to take, but Edward the III knew how to do that better than we do. The town is quite as large as Portsmouth but not so handsome; everything is French here, which surprised us much, as we did not expect the change from Dover would be so sudden. In our walk round the ramparts we took a peep into the citadel, a dull ruinous place. We observed three or four officers walking there and saw a Cap of Liberty on a high pole and a faded Tree of Liberty near it. The streets have no side pavements like ours; horses, carts, men, women, children and mud all are in the middle of the street together.

The pier must be very useful, it runs curving nearly a mile round into the sea but it is very narrow, not at all like the famous pier of Ramsgate. No large vessels can get to it as it is almost dry at low water. It is made of wood.

We secured our places in the Paris diligence which in England would be called a heavy wagon; and we sent our

luggage overnight in order to start at five in the morning. We took some strawberries and milk for supper and went to bed at half-past eleven.

June 26th.—My father's anxiety to be in time made him call us at half-past three instead of four o'clock. During the time we were waiting I had some conversation with a poor Frenchman who informed me that Calais is governed by the municipality, but that they have a magistrate something like our justice of the peace and to him they apply for civil matters and all debts under fifty livres. Above that sum they go to another court at Boulogne and for yet greater causes they go to a kind of parliament at Arras. They have a good workhouse out of the town governed by an overseer, who can apprentice the children for four years, the workhouse finding them in food all the time. There is likewise a military hospital in the town.

At five precisely we set out in the diligence. Henry's observation at starting was very good, "that it seemed like going to the plough." Conceive a carriage like the Lord Mayor's coach only twice as heavy, and of course no gingerbread work, all solid wood and iron, drawn by five horses, three abreast in front and two for the pole, all driven by one man, who rode on the near pole horse. The harness was almost all made up of ropes, and it was altogether the most clumsy machine I ever saw. We went at the rate of four and a half miles an hour, seldom stopping, not even to water the horses, except at the proper posts which were about thirteen to fifteen English miles apart.

They reckon their miles thus: one league is equal to two French miles or nearly three English miles. It is about one hundred and ninety-eight English miles from Calais to Paris. We set out at five a.m. and arrived in Paris soon after eight on Tuesday morning, travelling day and night. Seventy-nine post horses performed the journey, not with ease, as the long whips of the postillions in their long boots testify. I never heard such a cracking of whips as they made in my life, especially when we had six horses, for then we had two postillions smacking away one against the other. Sometimes they smoked as they drove, they were poor wretched-looking men. The whole is directed by a person

styled a conductor, who is seated in the front, which is called a cabriolet, something like an awkward gig stuck before the front of a stage-coach—ridiculous, but by far the most pleasant part of the machine in my opinion. At the conductor's command the drivers proceed faster or slower and take the part of the road he directs. He likewise fixes the places where the passengers are to stop and dine, etc., in short he is absolute and like the guard of our mail-coach has everything under his care. I rode all the way, except two stages, with him in the cabriolet notwithstanding that it rained hard several times.

During the journey I had a very good opportunity of seeing the country, which all the way is beautiful as a corn country, but to an English traveller appears very dreary; you see no snug cottages nor farms but now and then a black-looking château. They have no hedges at all, the land lies open nearly the whole way which makes it appear like a heath. In many places a row of fruit trees on each side of the road for many miles together has a charming effect. The country is very uninteresting to look at till you get near Paris; then I observed some small vineyards, but there appears corn enough to supply all Europe. There is little or no grass, the horses in most places seem to eat straw, and are small but active.

I imagine about two-thirds of the way from Calais to Paris is paved like the middle of our streets. I wish you may never feel the jumbling it gave us, yet the roads in general are very good. I would undertake to drive any of our gigs all the way in safety. They have turnpikes like ours, the money collected at them goes to the Government which undertakes to keep the road in order. It cost our conductor five louis for the whole way in turnpikes.

We dined at half-past ten on Sunday morning at Boulogne; such was the will of our conductor. We had but just time enough to run down to the pier to observe where Lord Nelson would have landed if he could. Our French waiter confessed that their gunboats were chained together, notwithstanding that a bragging, though rather pleasant, young Frenchman in the machine with us denied it. Boulogne appears to be a pleasant town. We saw Falstaff's

regiment, I mean some French soldiers, coming from church. Away we went to Montreuil to tea, where a very pretty girl waited upon us. Almost all the girls at the inns are nice-looking and full of all kinds of chat.

We waited at Abbeville till they opened the town gates, and breakfasted at Amiens which has a most famous church. They have a curious large clock and two organs in this cathedral, one of them is but small. We observed many persons kneeling down saying their prayers in any and every part of the building.

We supped at Clermont and breakfasted at Ecouen. We had pint basins full of coffee, and here the conductor made us pay the last half of our fare. He took the trouble of giving something for us to all the postboys on the road, seldom more than twopence each, which, poor creatures, satisfied them.

At last we arrived at the famous city of Paris. The entrance through many pretty villages is truly delightful, the rows of trees on each side of the road giving it a charming appearance. It rained hard, and the streets having no pavement were, as well as the inhabitants, in a very great pickle altogether. We entered through a handsome gate standing by itself—St. Martin's. A Cap of Liberty and "République Française" is placed on most of their gates.

It was curious to see the agility of the people in getting out of the way of coaches, etc. The coachmen make no ceremony of driving close to the very doors. The diligence set what there was left of us after the jolting, down at an office very much like the "Saracen's Head" upon Ludgate Hill, only much larger. Pretty figures we all looked, having been up two nights.

Many persons, as at Calais, gave us cards for their hotels, but unfortunately we had, through the recommendation of Mr. G. Dupon, fixed upon one of the worst hotels in Paris, which put Henry and me so much out of spirits that we abused Paris and all France in grand style. My father, to oblige his London friend, was determined to stay two or three days, so we, to oblige him, consented, fully determining to get another lodging directly. We set out in

a shower of rain to stare about us, and never were people more astonished at the boasted grandeur of the city of Paris. The streets we went through were very narrow, all over mud, but perhaps we were very severe, also tired and out of spirits with our inn. By accident we went into the Palais Royal, a most wonderful and charming place, a kind of immense square filled with shops of all sorts. The fruit shops had already every kind of fruit in them, and over the Piazza were coffee-rooms, billiard-rooms, and many other rooms I dare say for all purposes. We took some excellent chocolate in one of the coffee-rooms, and from there, notwithstanding our fatigue, we went to the Tuileries, formerly the palace of Louis XVI, now inhabited by Buonaparte. We have no building like it in London, or perhaps in England. They are repairing it. In the front and gardens are many beautiful statues brought from Rome, Venice and other places.

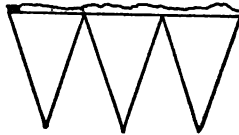
From there we walked past the Louvre to the Pont Neuf. The church of Notre Dame looks well from thence; the view of the city from this spot is quite Roman.

We returned to our hotel for dinner at the table d'hôte, after which Henry and I went to find Wills and were sorry to hear he had left Paris for London. We lost ourselves and took a *fiacre* (hackney-coach) to bring us home. Their hackney-coaches are much better than ours, the fare for long or short distances is fifteen pence, English money, but should you stop them they charge fifteen pence more, so that paying morning visits in them would cost a fortune. We called at a restaurant for some tea but found it shocking stuff.

Wednesday, June 30th.—After breakfast we went to Mr. Peregonce, the banker, rather a polite man, but not like the banker at Calais. We saw Sir John Gallini there—the dancing master (who married Lady Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon), and was director of the dances and stage-manager at the Haymarket opera-house—and my father, who knows everybody, at every place, fortunately met a Mr. Higgins, a gentleman in Mr. Merry's establishment, who promised to look for some lodgings and procure us passports to return, which is sometimes difficult.

From here we brought the money home in a coach and then found out Mr. Le Duc's,¹ where Mr. Henry, Junr., is; unfortunately he was out. We walked in the Palais Royal, it is likewise called the Palais du Tribunal, it looked gay as before. A fortune may be spent in this place in a moment, but one comfort is that the senses are so bewildered that it is impossible to choose. Besides an Englishman is ever cautious, and kindly thinks (perhaps with truth in Paris) that every person wishes to take him in.

The rain made us stop to drink some chocolate, after which Henry and I went to find out Mr. Merry's hotel which looks well. We lost ourselves as usual and a *fiacre* brought us back to Le Duc's, who conducted us to a *traiteur* in the Palais Royal where we had a good dinner and paid enough for it. I stole the bill of fare as a curiosity for England; then we went to the Comédie Française, a national theatre. The national flag hung over the curtain thus:—



The inside of the theatre is rather heavy, it has pillars which put me in mind of the old Pantheon. We sat with our Scotch friend in the *parterre* (pit), the performers were good. *Eugenie*, written by Madll. Baumarchais, was the comedy; a farce of Molière, *The Mock Doctor*, made me laugh and sleep. The company did not look very brilliant, the band was pretty well but played very old overtures.

July 1st, Thursday.—We went to visit our English friends at Mr. Merry's. They not being ready promised to meet us at the Louvre, a gallery of paintings, etc. We went to it through the gardens of the Tuileries. It is impossible for any one to give an account of the beauties of this gallery, filled with statues, the spoils of Rome, Venice and everywhere else except England. We bought books at both places, to them we refer you; it would take a year to examine them properly. Foreigners, upon showing their passports, are admitted every day in the week, the public at large twice

¹ Probably the M. Le Duc who was one of the Concert Spirituel.

a week. Artists of all countries are admitted every day to copy any or every one of the pictures and statues if they please ; we saw several, both male and female, at work.

After securing a famous lodging at a *ci-devant* hotel of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who was murdered in the revolution, we walked home to dinner. Our English friends helped us to change our prison lodgings for a palace. We dined at our hotel, young Henry calling on us after dinner. My brother and I went out with him, and a coach took us to a theatre on the boulevards, called "*Sans Prétention*"; true, it pretended to nothing, and nothing it did. It was ten thousand times worse than Sadler's Wells. The other two left this wretched place directly for a game of billiards ; I went to a coffee-house near to this theatre where on a small stage they perform little pieces gratis while you take your coffee. It made me laugh though I did not make much out of it. Not being able to find my brother and Henry, I found my way back to the Palais Royal, where we had promised my father to meet him at the blind men's concert. I counted nine blind men who played to the company as they took their wine, beer, and other refreshments in the coffee-room downstairs, where it was as hot as possible ; they played charmingly, with great taste and expression. I hope they are well paid, though I could not learn in what manner. Henry tells me he heard a blind woman sing there extremely well. I just looked into another coffee-room downstairs and heard a very noisy concert, not so good as the other. You pay nothing, only for what you eat and drink. I came home alone, for I could not find either my father or brother. My father had been taking a long walk round the boulevards. Henry came home soon ; he had been at "*Frascati's*" with his friend.

Friday, July 2nd.—After breakfast we called at two music shops on our way to the bankers. We delivered letters and I was measured for a coat *à la mode*, so was Henry for *culottes* and other clothes ; this occupied us until two o'clock, when we paid a moderate bill at our old lodgings and left them for our palace.

The first visitors there were Dr. Brodum and Mr. Dickenson, a gentleman we met at Margate. After a most excellent, indeed, too good a dinner, at which our friends Messrs. Ross

and Dickenson favoured us with their company, at eight o'clock we took some lemonade at the Palais Royal and all five went underground to another coffee-room to hear a concert and a man play upon five drums, triangle and small bells at once; this was the man who drove the king and some other unfortunate beings to the guillotine and of course he is much the fashion here.

In order that we might see everything in Paris we were taken at half-past ten to the rooms frequented by male and female gamblers; here the wretched creatures were losing and gaining hundreds in a moment. Besides gaming there was dancing in the German and French style, which was extremely elegant and pleased us all; indeed we should have taken them for respectable women had it not been for their dress. A *fiacre* took us all home, during a heavy shower of rain, where we were very kindly received by our new hostess and retired to most comfortable beds.

Saturday, July 3rd.—After arranging our accounts and other things till eleven o'clock we saw a place they call "The National Museum of French Monuments." All the principal monuments in France are here collected, which the manager of the museum preserved at the hazard of his life while the mob was destroying the churches during the revolution. Through an introduction, he was very polite and permitted us to walk in some parts which are not yet open to the public. I can give no description, it is impossible, we buy books and to them I refer you.

The next thing we did was to attend the Minister of Police to get our passes changed. They are very strict, they took descriptions of our persons which were put down on paper and passports were given us for a month. It cost nothing; so many clerks in England would have cost a fortune. The French give us a good lesson in that. Every place is open upon all days to strangers and two and three times a week to everybody else, high or low, gratis; it is not so with us, as the pockets of many can testify.

Our next visit was to the "Hospital of Invalids," a large building for wounded soldiers, like our Chelsea or Greenwich Hospital. Our opinions were divided as to whether it were better than the above in England. The interior is

certainly noble, I cannot say as to the comfort of it. We did not see the men's rooms.

We saw the Champ de Mars next. It is a large square field with a small hillock all round it which was thrown up by the inhabitants of Paris for the ladies and gentlemen and all sorts to stand upon to see some fine sight there. At the bottom is the military school where Buonaparte was educated. All his horse guards are there and very comfortably they live. I observed the beds were excellent.

We returned almost knocked up. Pleasure is so fatiguing. After dinner, with our two friends as usual, we walked to the Palais Royal to settle our plans for the evening. On our way we saw a conjurer with his guinea-pig who talked French. I suppose any pig would say "*oui*" if his tail were pinched.

Next we had another treat at the blind men's concert. Then we saw some very curious hydraulic water-works with fire in the middle, they were so curious indeed that the man would make his fortune in London. We finished with "*Frascati*," a place something like our Vauxhall, but it much exceeds it in beauty and variety. The women were charming; they are the first truly elegant women I have seen in Paris, and I believe all were respectable, "a rare quality here and almost out of fashion," observed Colonel Thornton. There were many other English here, some of them gaming very high, as again we observed louis flying about like shillings, but no women were playing. We were stopped several times on our way home by the rain.

Sunday, July 4th.—A French master came to visit me. I think of taking some lessons to amuse and benefit myself. We breakfasted and went with Messrs. Ross and Dickenson to Versailles; their interpreter (an unfortunate Polander) went with us. We hired a wretched kind of two-horse chaise; however we were much amused by the driver who spoke English and abused Buonaparte and his countrymen famously. The route to Versailles is beautiful. Many *cidevant* palaces and châteaux are to be seen on the road the whole way, till the palace breaks wonderfully on your view like a town. It is the most delightful place I have ever seen or perhaps ever can see. We took a guide who conducted

us through the rooms of the house. Various things are to be seen, a beautiful manufactory for guns, swords, pistols, etc., in which we thought they rivalled us. The next places to see were rooms with beautiful pictures of all kinds, particularly a snow piece, a very curious mechanical painting, which had nearly one hundred moving objects in it. They preserved the portraits in whole lengths of Louis XVI and his family when the mob, chiefly women, from Paris, broke into the palace and destroyed every piece of furniture in it. The Queen escaped by a private door. The King was conducted by the polite, humane, tender and great people to Paris. He never returned to his favourite place more. There is an opera house in this palace which can be converted into a ball-room nearly as large as our opera house; likewise a complete museum of birds, beasts, shells and many other things. A very curious skeleton of a horse was in the first room. I pretend not to describe the gardens, they are beyond everything beautiful but in some places out of order. It is said that Buonaparte intends residing here, if so it will be made as charming as ever. They told us that the famous *Jets d'eau* are to play on the 14th.

Now came a most sumptuous dinner at a *traiteur's*. My brother had the luxury of being almost drowned in champagne owing to my shaking the bottle, as away went the cork up to the ceiling and his coat prevented the wine from falling on the ground. We went to the garden of Harnois, formerly a cottage of a princess, here we took coffee and lemonade and saw fireworks and dancing though it was Sunday. It is a pretty place situated in what is call Elysian Fields. We left there at eleven and returned much fatigued with pleasure.

Monday, July 5th.—I had my first French lesson at half-past seven. After breakfast I read letters from my mother and Mr. Spencer. Then we took our introductory letters to Mr. Talma, the great French actor and the Garrick of the place, who received us very kindly. We were to meet him at "La Bibliothèque Nationale" after I had left some letters and books from Mr. Nardini. By mistake we waited in the wrong room, and my father went away, but fortunately I stayed and was introduced by Mr. Talma to Mons.

Langles, the celebrated oriental scholar who is professor of the oriental languages and keeper of the manuscripts. He, whilst showing me round with some ladies and other gentlemen friends of Mr. Talma, behaved with the utmost attention. He introduced me to M. Joli, manager of the prints to the library, likewise to M. Dodo, a celebrated printer, and to many other much greater men than myself. I understand that Mr. Langles knows every living and dead language. I had almost forgotten Mr. Bellart, the first counsel at the bar here and councillor to Madame Tallien, to whom I was introduced by a Mr. Catty, a gentleman I met in the library. His son, though but ten years old, speaks English, French and Latin well. This library is the finest in the world. Conceive a place nearly half a mile square, three stories high filled with the most valuable books, beside a museum of many scarce things, among them the crown of France but without jewels. They have three hundred thousand volumes, out of which ninety-one thousand are most valuable. There are manuscripts taken from the Vatican and the plunder of the world. I saw the famous Italian manuscripts of Terence and Horace,—these came from the Vatican,—and Queen Anne of Brittany's prayer book, with most of Raphael's best paintings in it. Her heart is likewise in the museum. I also saw Louis XIV's campaigns on vellum with a beautiful drawing of every battle he fought; this book with eight others were bound in solid gold, the revolution unbound them. The manuscript copy written by Fénelon himself of Telemachus was also there, in short I thought there would be no end of seeing such valuable books nor would there be any end of my description of them, so we will leave the library for the Louvre gallery of paintings and statues where I was again charmed.

Away I went to dinner and then to read Abelard and Heloise on their tomb, their ashes are in the tomb house; then to a theatre called "Theatre des Jeunes Artistes," the performers were children and young men.—"Assez bien."—In coming home I took a turn in the Palais Royal.

My father went to the Comédie Française with our worthy host's father, they had four orders from Mr. Talma.

Henry and I declined going. He took a walk with Mr. Mallisson, a lodger in the house with us, to examine the statues in the Tuileries gardens, then to play billiards at the Palais Royal and afterwards went to a dancing room. In coming home their coachman got into a row and was taken to the police office. I had a little fuss likewise with a coachman that night. In the course of the day my father met Mr. Hayes, a bookseller, who lived next door to us in Oxford Street. He is here with his wife and daughter. He introduced my father and myself to Keyel who was very polite.

Tuesday, July 6th.—I took my second French lesson at half-past seven. My father and I spent the morning in looking into Notre Dame. It is not proper to condemn what we do not understand, but I think I never beheld such a farce in my life as their prayers; we left it much dissatisfied, and as we were looking at an old palace near the church, a Scotch gentleman very politely accosted us and offered to show us the inside. It is called the Palace of Justice. We looked into three courts; in two of them civil causes were going on; seven judges in each but no juries. In the third they were trying a woman for theft. I observed about sixteen or seventeen jurymen and five judges. The criminal was seated very conspicuously between two soldiers, so that soldiers are placed in their courts of justice. The Conciergerie prison is here, where the famous Lavoisier, the great chemist, was confined in the second year of the Republic, he was afterwards guillotined on a false charge. From thence we walked by the river-side to the Botanical Garden, a very large and charming place, but unfortunately it was not the proper day for viewing it, however we saw a famous laboratory. Fourcroy, another eminent chemist and natural philosopher, is the director of it. The furnace is immense with a circular screen over, it is exceedingly well contrived. We had a peep at some strange-looking deer and camels and were shown some very large lions, tigers and other animals. The keeper told us he could go into the dens and sleep with them,—rather he than I as I am afraid I should sleep for ever. We crossed the river Seine (the ferry-boat goes across by means of a pulley that crosses the river) to view the ruins of the Bastille; little remains except

the foundations, however we brought away some of the stones and came home through the arsenal, which is very large and old; no doubt that it was formerly connected with the Bastille.

Henry went out all the morning with Mr. Mallisson. In the evening we walked with Messrs. Ross and Dickenson to the Palais Royal, played billiards and read the English newspapers. We had ices, lemonade, then supper and then to bed.

Wednesday, July 7th.—I had my third French lesson. Mr. Cousineau, a famous harp-maker and player, breakfasted with us. We talked over the arrangements for a grand party we intended having on Saturday evening.

We went with Messrs. Ross and Henry, junr., to see some remarkable waxworks, which imitated nature so well that we determined never to see them again. We had tickets given us for places in the gallery of the Tribunat Palace to hear the Tribune debate, and at two o'clock they began the farce. Five candidates were proposed for one of the chiefs of the "Legion of Honour." Lucien Buonaparte, the First Consul's younger brother, got about forty-nine votes: there are about one hundred Tribunes and many were not in the hall. They have a uniform which is much like that of our Lord Mayor's footmen. As they came to the hall the soldiers with drums, etc., saluted! (Soldiers for a free debate!) Here we saw many of their great men, among them General Menou from Egypt, who commanded the French forces there on the death of General Kleber. I never talk politics or I could tell you all the functions of the above Tribunes, but you had better leave them and cross the Seine to the "Hall of the Legislative Body" held in the ci-devant Prince of Condé's palace, a magnificent place, nearly as large as our theatre at Oxford and almost the same shape but far beyond it in beauty. Three hundred members compose this court but they were not sitting. The same party, with the addition of Mr. Vick, took some lemonade at an elegant coffee-house in the Tuileries gardens. Then we went to the Phantasmagoria by Robertson; it has more than double the merit of both ours in London. It has other amusements besides, the invisible girl is here, likewise better than the one I saw with

Mr. Walker in London. In the same room was an immense plate electrical machine, the plate is five feet two inches in diameter. I measured it. The ventriloquist and water-works pleased us much. I had some conversation with Mr. Robertson. He wanted to know all about the Phantasmagoria in London. He wishes to go there. Home and to bed as usual.

Thursday, July 8th.—I had my French lesson. Henry had a French barber. Henry junr. called and tried some new violin duets with my brother. Mr. Ross accompanied us to see the Gobelin tapestry, a beautiful work exceeding any we have in England. It takes twenty-five years before the person can understand the business and four or five years to finish one piece.

We went again to the Museum of Natural History and were once more unfortunate, the workmen were there. However, we went through the anatomical rooms, five or six rooms full of the skeletons of men and beasts. The skeleton of a beast called a "giraffe," the African camel, is immense. I could stand under the body with my hat on. Here are to be seen three or four mummies brought from Egypt, and a prodigiously large elephant alive. They have just brought another from Exeter Change.

In the garden for all kind of Botanical plants we observed a living scarecrow, namely, a boy walking about beating a drum to drive away the birds from the flowers.

Mr. Talma gave us four tickets in the morning for the play this evening. Miss Talma is handsome and agreeable. We three and Mrs. Gaba, our truly kind hostess, went. The play was *Iphigénie*. Talma and his wife were very great. He is deservedly the Garrick of Paris. After the play he was called for by the audience only to applaud him; after a round of applause he appeared—loud plaudits. He bowed and retired—quite a new effect to us. The after piece was good also.

We were home by eleven. An author, M. Famiu, dined with us and talked about telescopes and masonry.

Friday, July 9th.—I changed my French master yesterday for M. Priere the father of Mrs. Gaba. He lives in the house, talks English and was a French teacher in London

of great repute. I took my first lesson of him this morning during a terrible storm of thunder and rain. My father went after breakfast to M. Cousineau, the harp-maker, at eleven. I heard a chemical lecture at the Garden of Plants. The lecturer, M. Fourcroy, was seated between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, the subject was an explanation of the vegetable kingdom, it lasted one hour exactly, about twenty-five people (*gratis*) were there, and judging by their dress, of the lowest order. The liberality of the government in that respect cannot be too much praised, the poor have an equal chance of improvement with the rich, every place in Paris is open to them. In the laboratory are all kinds of furnaces and things. They told me that to-morrow morning at seven there would be a botanical lecture, *gratis*, at which the ladies would attend. I suppose then that they must rise sooner than some do in England.

From this place I mounted to the top of the Pantheon and had a splendid view of Paris and twenty miles round it. This building is very like our St. Paul's at the top, but not so large, it is intended for the ashes of their great men. I payed my *devoirs* at the tomb of J. Rousseau and Voltaire; they and two generals are the only inhabitants at present. The place is not yet finished and the dome has sunk a little, which they have supported with wood in a clever manner. My father and Henry payed a visit to our late hotel and bought some more silk stockings. I was disappointed in my visit to the Louvre, it is always shut on a Friday to clean the pictures, etc. I saw Buonaparte's stables, they are not very good. I walked in the Palais Royal. This evening was spent at the great French opera house. It is not quite so large as ours, but shows the company better. The dancing and decorations are far better than ours, the choruses go extremely well, but the recitatives and singing are horrid, nothing but ranting, squalling and bawling, only exceeded by the applause of the singing. It is the fashion of the audience to sing with the performer. The ballet was *Psyche*, the opera *Iphigénie en Aulide*. At one time I counted nearly two hundred performers on the stage. The orchestra consists of ninety performers, a maître d'orchestre, with a small roll of wood in the middle of the orchestra,

conducts. He stands with the score before him and answers the purpose of the prompter at our opera house, they have no other prompter. They admit that all the players in their orchestra are approved performers. The number of our orchestra is fifty, one quarter of which are good for nothing, and yet we produce double the effect. Their wind instruments are shocking, they had oboes in this orchestra I observed, but clarionets instead in all the other orchestras. As it is impossible to support the establishment of the house by the money taken at the doors the whole concern is under the management of governors who make up the deficiency. All the performers are on a yearly salary, they play three times a week all the year round, and are allowed a pension for life when too old to sing or play. This is proper, for after a man has contributed the prime of his life to the amusement of the public it is but right that they should contribute to his comfort when he is no longer able to earn for himself.

Saturday, July 10th.—I had my second lesson from M. Priere. We are full of business for our grand party this evening. Henry and I tried over several lessons and some glees with my father, but we are quite out of spirits for music as it is so very hot. Henry is very ill in consequence. M. Cousineau very politely lent us a pianoforte. Their pianofortes are very bad, we have not seen one good one yet. We walked until dinner with Mr. Ross and bought some curious cotton ribbons, a new invention and quite the fashion here. We looked at snuff-boxes and other things.

At seven our ladies began to appear. I think we had at least sixty persons, many English, among them was young Mr. Lloyd and his tutor, whom we recollect having met at Mr. Walker's. Nothing can be more easy than the manners of the French ladies, they enter into conversation with strangers immediately and with an elegant freedom. We had four beautiful young ladies, but one in particular pleased my brother and me; we persuaded her to play, but her playing was not like her other accomplishments, she spoke English pretty well. Madame Larcourt played a lesson extremely well. M. Cousineau played a capriccio on

his newly invented harp¹ and a duet with me. Young Henry and a friend of his assisted us in one of Mozart's quartettes, my brother and I played an obbligate lesson of Mozart's and my father tickled up their French ears by some obbligate tunes on the Harmonica, this producing of music from glasses by means of a damp finger pleased much. This was our concert which went off with great applause. After it Madame Gaba had a card party till two o'clock and so ended the great day.

Sunday, July 11th.—We were up very late, intending to hear the service performed at St. Roc's. We set out with M. Priere, but, meeting the grand guard going to parade, we changed our plans and went into the front yard of the Tuileries with them. They are a fine set of men, the pioneers wear very large beards and look very fine. They have a numerous but not very good band. The officers wear long boots with tops which do not look well. The guard was soon changed and from thence we walked towards Malmaison, Buonaparte's country house, through a delightful wood called the Elysian Fields, filled with tea-gardens and amusements of all kinds. At seven Henry and I were in hopes to see Lodoiska at one of the theatres, but when we arrived we found by the bills it was postponed. After walking round the boulevards, which was thronged with all sorts of company,—Punch's puppet show, and sights of all kinds and for all ranks, we finished the evening at a place for horsemanship which pleased us much. I think they ride better than either at Astley's or the circus. My father spent his evening in walking with Mr. Gaba in the Tuileries and the Palais Royal.

Monday, July 12th. I had my third lesson in French from M. Priere and got on well. I bought a curious plan of all the French verbs yesterday. I walked with Henry in the Palais Royal and then about to different places until three o'clock. On returning we were agreeably surprised to find Mr. Ashby, a friend from London, at our house. He brought letters from my mother and Reeve. After dinner

¹ The Cousineaus, father and son, were the first to make harps without crooks, and among other improvements constructed the first double-action harp. (G.D.)

we went to his shocking lodgings and conducted him to the Boulevards, Frascati, the Palais Royal and other places. We spent the evening in his company.

Tuesday, July 13th.—I took my fourth lesson, then we fetched Mr. Ashby to breakfast and arranged with our kind hostess for him to board with us, it being impossible to let him remain at his close and dirty lodgings. After breakfast we took him to the gallery of the Louvre, Tuileries gardens, then to the monuments and returned home knocked up, but we gave him a good specimen of the many wonders to be seen in this wonderful place. We observed great preparations for the fête to-morrow at the Tuileries. All Paris is alive with expectation. We yesterday saw Buonaparte's Mameluke regiment, they look like Chinese. After dinner we took Mr. Ashby to the Phantasmagoria, then to a grand Fête at Frascati's beautiful gardens where the fireworks were excellent. This day we had the addition of a gentleman and his son to board in our comfortable house. We are rather too full.

Wednesday, July 14th.—On this day thirteen years ago the Bastille was destroyed. The preparations for the review began by soldiers marching in all directions early in the morning to the "Place de Carrousel." It appeared as if another Bastille were going to be taken. At half-past ten we set out in different parties to the front of the Tuileries. Ashby and I went together. We had to encounter a terrible mob, and I was rather hurt. We were soon separated, and he (perhaps wisely) returned home and saw nothing. I (perhaps foolishly and by chance) went into a house and gave a man about ten shillings, English money, to let me go upstairs, however I had as good a view from the window as possible. At twelve Buonaparte came on horseback plainly dressed, his hat with no lace and very little on his coat. His black hair was cropped close and without powder, but he rode a beautiful grey horse. He looked very like John Kemble when off the stage, but not so tall and with a very sallow complexion. About fifteen thousand horse and foot were drawn up to receive some new standards from Buonaparte's own hand. The horse and artillery formed in four or five lines outside the iron rails which are in front

of the palace, the foot within. He rode down the front of all the lines attended by the principal generals who were dressed superbly, better than our officers. He then returned within the railings, the colours were brought and presented to the corps of infantry only. I could perceive him with my glass address each regiment as the colours were presented. After that all the regiments passed before him as he stood surrounded by his great men in the palace yard. At half-past two he left the place, and half an hour before that the crowd was so great that they forced the guards and came up to the gates. Buonaparte turned round at the noise.

During the show we had two or three heavy showers which did not concern me, being housed. The crowd dispersed without any visible accidents, though the place was much too small for so fine a sight. Money could only procure good places in the windows and elsewhere. The ceremony should have been held in the Champ de Mars. My father and Henry fortunately hired chairs to stand upon at fifteen pence each, they saw very well as Buonaparte rode along the lines.

After dinner we set out to view the illuminations and to hear a concert in an orchestra erected in the open air in the Tuileries Gardens. Just as we got in we unexpectedly saw Buonaparte walking with some ambassadors and other personages, all without hats, on a terrace above. There was an immense crowd but not much applause. Our company was again separated, my father and I got rather under the orchestra, where the noise of the mob was great but not enough to drown some very noisy pieces. The concert was not much. Rode, the great violinist, and solo violinist to the First Consul, led. I could hear the conductor but I could not see him or learn his name. They gave us nothing but overtures and choruses. Every part of the Tuileries was illuminated, and so were all the walks of the gardens. At the top, called the Place Carrousel, where the unfortunate King was beheaded, it was most brilliant. The jets d'eau were playing, althogether it was the finest sight I ever beheld. Few lights were in the city, only at the public offices, but the moon was too strong and showed that one

heavenly body outshone all the contrivances of Buonaparte and the great city of Paris. Thus ended a day of great fatigue and pleasure without accident to any of our party, and at present we have not heard of anything except a lady fainting.

Henry and Mr. Ashby with Mr. Mallisson went to Hamor and did not return in time for the concert. I regret we had not time to see an interesting ceremony which took place during the day, namely that in which twelve young women were portioned by the Government with about fifty pounds each, and were given in marriage to twelve of the bravest soldiers. The ceremony was to take place at each of the twelve police offices in Paris.

Thursday, July 15th.—I had my fifth French lesson this morning. At eleven we were all conducted by M. Priere to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Here a numerous company were shown by that valuable man, Abbé Sicard, the manner in which he instructs the men, women and children committed to his care by Government. Such a man is of more utility than twenty Buonapartes. You would be astonished at the answers by signs given by his scholars, some of them write in French the answers proposed by signs from the Abbé. The company were permitted to put questions. I remember three which were answered much better than they could be by the speech of many men, namely, "What is the difference between time and eternity?" "What is the difference between vanity and pride?" and "between an accident and an incident?" I was more pleased and affected here than by any other sight I have seen in Paris.

On our way home we admired the palace of the Luxembourg, the place for the conservative senate. The present inhabitants of this palace will soon be forgotten, but the name of the Abbé L'Epee, the founder of the Deaf and Dumb School and Sicard, his pupil and successor, will last for ever.

Our dinner usually takes us two hours, and that eating all the time—we live so sumptuously. Owing to this we were too late for Gardell's benefit at the opera house. Ashby and I went to a clever performance of moving pictures. My

father and our two new lodgers went to the Opera Buffa and heard Madame Bolla, who sang very well. Henry walked round the Palais Royal with Mr. Mallisson.

Friday, July 16th.—I took my sixth French lesson and Henry astonished Paris by riding at seven o'clock. We played music until eleven and then went to look at the outside of the Temple, the prison from which Sir Sidney Smith escaped after being detained there two years. He has since done brave work indeed fighting the French in the east. We walked on the Boulevards and called on Mr. Perrigeux, then we went to the National Library and took one turn through the Palais Royal which made us just in time for dinner. Mr. Ross dined with us and the evening was spent in viewing gambling houses; at some, louis were flying about like sous, at others, the company, male and female, seemed as if they were staking their last sous. Sick of such dissipation my father and I returned whilst the rest of our party divided and went different ways. In the early part of the evening we paid about sixpence each to see a male and female dwarf: they were Germans but they spoke both English and French. I never saw creatures so small, they intend showing themselves in England.

Saturday, July 17th.—I had my seventh French lesson. I am extremely lame this morning owing to ridiculously jumping yesterday evening. Mr. Ashby by the same trick broke his pantaloons and I very nearly my leg. Mr. Ashby and Henry left us early in the morning to ramble. I went with my father to see a new gallery at the Louvre, just opened, called the gallery of Apollo. There are some fine old pictures there, four are very curious ones made of marble. Nine most beautiful inlaid tables were placed in the middle of this room with some very antique Tuscan vases upon them. We spent an hour in walking about the famous gallery of paintings, a year would not be too much to devote to them. I left my father as my leg was troubling me, (he met Kemble here), and returned home. After dinner I wished to see the *ombre-chinoises*. I was well entertained, but much better upon my return home to find that Mrs. Gaba's party was just beginning to dance. Notwithstanding my lameness, to it I went in the English style, after which two charming girls

instructed Henry and me how to dance the German waltz, which is all the fashion here. We were much pleased at their affability. The French young ladies in their conversation seem to wish to make themselves agreeable and not to study to gain admirers. We are all charmed with the French women in general, they move with such ease, indeed the lowest rank have something in their manners and their dress which is pretty, though often not of the most cleanly.

Sunday, July 18th.—We four visited St. Eustache this morning to hear their best organist and observe the ceremony of High Mass, which was very grand, twelve or thirteen priests assisting; the singing was good and the organist pretty well—much execution but not always in the organ style. The organ is large and the church is fine, with a curious manner of worship, and, as is like the French, there is plenty of show. We had a visit from Mr. Portesfield and the Abbé Gaultier, this morning. The latter endeavours to educate by means of games; he has worked out a system of his own. We spent the evening at a wretched tea-garden called "Idalie" and amused ourselves with football. Mr. Gaba was with us. The walk home through the Champs Elysées was delightful.

Monday, July 19th.—We called on Mr. Hayes, ci-devant bookseller in London, at a most wretched lodging. The living *en famille* in Paris is like living with pigs in London, there is really no word in the French language to express our word "comfort," and certainly they have no actions that express it. I left my father and the others, who wanted to see the Pantheon, to accompany M. Priere to the Hotel de la Monnaie, where the mint is, but they have not coined these two years. In the same place they have one of the best collections of minerals in Europe. M. Priere introduced me to the keeper of them, M. Voigsel. Here likewise are models of all the instruments in use for mining and procuring the different ores. M. Voigsel was very attentive, he conducted us himself through the apartments. They have a most excellent laboratory and every kind of pneumatic apparatus. The whole was presented to the government by M. Le Sage, who is very properly appointed the director.

He has made experiments upon all the minerals which are known. Samples of them are deposited in a room, the fruits of forty-five years' experience. Our next visit was to a public school, something like our colleges at Oxford. M. Dergny, the professor of mathematics to the school, was, as most of the French are to strangers, very polite. It is here that the sons of Toussaint—the brave negro ruler of St. Domingo—were educated. M. Champayne is the master of the Prytanée, he receives three thousand livres a year. The Prytanée is another sort of college for young men and boys, two hundred are upon the establishment, but others may be educated here upon payment of certain fees. There are five hundred and fifty at present. M. Gaba's son is among the students, they learn everything in turn. They had a good concert amongst themselves three or four days ago. The sons of those who deserve well of their country are sent here gratis, they wear a uniform and assemble by beat of drum and are taught their exercise. The Tree of Liberty is in the yard and in the middle of almost every yard in Paris. I was sorry to observe in my walk two or three churches destroyed; they have not yet settled whether they will be religious or not, one half of the shops is shut, the other open on Sunday morning; in the evening every place of amusement is open with double attractions.

I spent the evening at the London Coffee House purposely to see Tom Paine, the upholder of the French revolutionists' doctrine and politics. At half-past nine he entered, and immediately most of the company rose. Many were introduced and blessed themselves—I am using their own words—at having the satisfaction of beholding so great a man. This great man called for a bottle of beer, drinking the health of the company, but I understand our government has an eye upon the meeting. Tom Paine is no longer a member of the French constitution. Sir F. Burdett, who married the youngest daughter of Thomas Coutts the banker a few years back, was here some time ago and I was told furnished him with money to leave France for America. Paine is something like Colonel Robertson in the face, not so tall, he looks rather old. I left this place disgusted to hear such

flattery, not knowing who was the greater fool, they to flatter Tom Paine in such a gross manner or he to bear it. My father, Ashby and Henry walked different ways to pass the evening.

Tuesday, July 20th.—I took my ninth French lesson. Messrs. Hayes and Rainsback, an artist and friend of Mr. Hayes, breakfasted with us. Mr. Rainsback and I went to see a large picture of the great artist David, their first painter. The subject, "The Battle of the Sabines with the Romans." He apologizes in his catalogue for introducing naked figures and not without reason, it is impossible for a female to turn her eyes on the pictures here without having her modesty much offended. The French ladies however do not mind it much. I was delighted as usual with the beauties of the statues and the paintings in the Louvre. Without introduction we went to the house of Citizen Issabey to see a famous drawing he has made of Buonaparte receiving his troops before the Tuileries, Mr. Ashby having joined us. We all were delighted at the masterly style of the performance. It seems Maskarie was over here and copied from memory several parts of this picture and put them into his own on the same subject, which was exhibited in London.

We met my father as we landed from the ferry-boat—a boat which passes over continually, facing our street; the fare is one halfpenny, "Milord Anglais" always gives a penny. This ferry is very convenient. We all went to the Hotel de la Monnaie, the place I was so delighted at yesterday, and saw M. Le Sage trying privately some chemical operation. M. Gaba introduced Mr. Mallisson, my father and me to a Mason's Lodge. It opened at four and continued until half-past six. We then had an elegant dinner at seven. There was "a making," which entertained us much, it is far more serious than ours in England. The Lodge Room is fitted up very elegantly and is kept solely for Masonic business.

Wednesday, July 21st.—We hired a coach for the day on a trip to St. Germain. Five of us set out at ten o'clock, namely Messrs. Ashby, Wrutski, my father, Henry and myself. We passed Malmaison, the country seat of Buona-

parte, bought by Madame Buonaparte when he was in Egypt as she never expected to see him again. I cannot say much in its praise, it is in a pretty situation and a neat cottage for France. There were plenty of guards about; it lies near the forest of St. Germain, where Buonaparte hunts three and four times a week, generally the wild boar. He has, besides his suite, about twenty-five guards with an officer who attends him during the hunt. He hunts with sixty or seventy dogs. We stopped and examined the water-works of Marly which supply the town and fountains with water at Versailles, it is a great work but only employs thirty men now, formerly sixty were at work constantly. The old Château of St. Germain commands from the top a fine view like Windsor Castle. We saw the room where James the Second died. It was built by Louis XIII, but Louis XIV carried away all the lead from the top when he built Versailles, since which time it has not been inhabited by the court. It is full of soldiers now. Mr. Hayes requested us to call on a Mr. Drummond in the château, formerly a nobleman but now ruined by the revolution. We found him almost deranged by his distresses, he is a relation of Drummond the banker. Mr. Wrutski took me to Madame de Campan, who was much esteemed by Marie Antoinette and was companion to the princesses, she now keeps a large boarding-school. Here I was introduced in a moment to about ninety-five young ladies, all nearly in the same sort of dress, some of them were like angels in their manners. I was shown all over the house and saw their paintings, some of the ladies were so polite as to play. In the evening Madame de Campan intended to give a prize to the best player. She did me the honour to press me much to stay to decide for her, but I regretted not having the time. On Sunday other prizes were to be given, Buonaparte intended to be present; many of his family were educated there.¹ The whole expense of the school is eighty guineas each boarder, which includes all kinds of accomplishments. Having kept my father waiting for dinner, I returned in a trice.

¹ Later Napoleon placed Madame de Campan at the head of an institution where the daughters of officers in the Legion of Honour were educated (E.N.).

We dined well and were very angry afterwards with the coachman for not taking us through Marly, nevertheless we arrived home entirely satisfied with our trip.

Thursday, July 22nd.—On this day I had my tenth French lesson. Henry Junr. came and played music with my brother. I went out shopping all the morning with Madame Gaba, buying things for my mother, etc. My father and I were disappointed, the Italian opera being shut. We went instead to the theatre in Rue Feydeau; the music, by Grétry, of the opera was charming. The after piece was Italian music. This theatre is very good both in actors and singers, Citoyen Eloi sang extremely well. There is a most excellent band, about forty, the basses were in the last row next the pit. There were eight violins and four double-basses, one of them in the centre.

Friday, July 23rd.—My eleventh lesson went off well. We had another walk in the Jardin des Plantes and were again disappointed though we had a ticket. We met Kemble staring at the wild beasts. He was civil and I was as usual polite. We returned home and then I payed a visit to M. Rainsback, who was out. A twenty-four sous piece gave me permission to see the great hall and another room of the National Institute in the Louvre. They meet twice a week in the small room and four times a year in the great hall. I saw here a curious old cabinet or small library used I suppose by the late king. Belonging to the society is a large room full of the models of ships and galleys both curious and useful. As you enter the great hall you observe fourteen statues of celebrated men. I copied their names. They were:—

Left-hand side on entering.

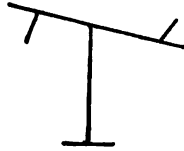
Molière.
Bossuet.
Blaise Pascal.
Descartes.
Montesquieu.
Fénélon.
Racine.

Right-hand side.

La Fontaine.
D'Aguesseau.
Rollin.
Sully.
Mole.
L'Hopital.
Corneille.

Before I saw the hall I had a most delightful walk through the Tuileries gardens. Ashby went to get some money from the banker's, a useful article here. The rain obliged us to take a coach to the opera this evening. Anacreon and Telemachus were the opera and dance. They made us laugh as before with their squalling but their dancing is far beyond ours. The famous Vestris dances were good, but not as good as we expected considering his great name, his figure is not good.¹ The house was crowded long before the commencement, but the company does not look so elegant as ours. The gentry and mob nearly dress alike. The ladies never go into the pit at either of the theatres. Rather a savage custom!

Saturday, July 24th.—I took my twelfth and last lesson of M. Priere which I much regret. Afterwards I looked over some music and made a great purchase for my own library. Later we walked to Montmartre, the Hampstead of Paris, it is higher than the Pantheon. Formerly at the top stood a convent, the church still remains with a telegraph at the top in the Lisle direction. The man on duty there took great pains in explaining it to me. He sits between two famous French telescopes with paper before him to write down the signals he gives and receives which he does not understand not being of the first station. According to his account their telescopes work in one hour what takes ours three. Their shape is nearly



thus when standing still. His glasses are excellent. Chappe invented all their telescopes; there are five brothers who manage all the telegraphs.

This evening Madame Gaba had a very gay party indeed, many elegant, beautiful and pleasant young ladies were present in excellent spirits. We danced French waltzes,

¹ This was probably Auguste Vestris, who was as famous a dancer as his father (E.N.).

cotillons and country dances, were all pleased with each other and finished at twelve o'clock.

Sunday, July 25th.—We were up early and my father and I breakfasted in the Tuileries gardens. At nine we went on board a boat with at least two hundred persons, for St. Cloud, about six miles from Paris. This boat is like the barges on the Paddington canal, not elegant but much larger, it is towed by four horses. The fare is nine sous, fourpence halfpenny, English money. We took one hour and a quarter getting there. We were much amused and fatigued with the beautiful walks of St. Cloud; the palace is preparing for Buonaparte. This place is the Kensington gardens of Paris, but much larger. On our way home we stopped at Sèvres to see the great porcelain manufactory kept by Government only. We saw the whole process, which is extremely interesting. None but small articles can be bought here. The government makes presents to ambassadors and others of the table services, etc. At the bridge we tumbled into one of the country chaises, in which we were jolted almost to death, bruised and smothered, and all for sixpence each. This evening we invited Mr. and Mrs. Hayes and family to some music but the evening was flat, not like the last. They left us at eleven o'clock.

Monday, July 26th.—We went to Mr. Morry's for my passport. Mr. Mauderville rather gave himself airs; however, through my Lord C.'s kindness I got it, and Mr. Gaba having a friend at Talleyrand's office, it was brought the same day. I took my place in great expectation of being amused at Lodoiska this evening but returned much disappointed, ours at Drury Lane is much better.

Tuesday, July 27th.—We rose at half-past six and Mr. Ashby and I took a drive in a chaise to the Bois de Boulogne, a most extensive wood about six miles from Paris, with many fine châteaux and houses in it. We stopped at a *traiteur's* to breakfast and were obliged to take meat and wine, for tea is unknown here. We then drove to "Bagatelle," formerly a country house of the Duke d'Artois, now a *traiteur's* in the same wood and a most enchanting place. We amused ourselves by rowing about on a small piece of water. On our way home we stopped to examine a very large engine in the

suburbs of Paris which supplies all the town with water. This is the largest steam engine I ever saw. I bought sundries and settled my accounts, and in the midst of my packing I was much affected to hear of our King's death. The news arrived by French telegraph. Being so good a man of course it is natural in us to wish to keep him with us as long as the Almighty will spare him, therefore I hope the news is not true, however I greatly fear it is.

I could not get time to walk in the Tuileries garden this evening.

I left Paris for Rouen this evening without either sorrow or joy. We started at ten o'clock, jumbled all night till a quarter-past eight next morning, then we were ordered to stop and dine. Remonstrances were vain, we must dine now or not at all, so the *conducteur* would have it. The name of the place is Vernon. Away we went, the carriage was so loaded and the roads so very bad, that we twice narrowly escaped being overset, once the wheels on one side remained two or three seconds in the air before the coach regained its balance. So much for French travelling. It seems that our *voiture* goes the worst road where there are nothing but mountains. In passing Malmaison we were overtaken by Madame Buonaparte in her coach and four returning from Paris without guards. The road, though so very bad, is beautiful from Paris to Rouen, (where we arrived at half-past five,) and very romantic. We were plagued by beggars all the way, as on our journey from Calais, poor wretched-looking creatures, but masters in their trade, they never leave you until they get something.

Rouen is an old town, the Seine runs through it and is deep enough to admit large ships which carry a considerable trade to England and elsewhere. The first thing I observed was a curious bridge of boats, the only one, they told me, in France; a large platform paved and braced with iron is thrown over a number of barges which are fastened together, and all rise and fall together in very clever and simple contrivance. Every night at twelve they open them to let the vessels up and down the river. The only communication with the part of the town on the other side of the water is by this bridge.

I delivered my letter from Mr. Walker to Mrs. Heartly. Mr. Heartly was out of town. She received me in a truly kind manner and we talked over the affairs of the Walkers. I accepted a polite invitation to breakfast next morning and then we went to the play. I was so fatigued that I fell asleep and observed nothing except that there were no seats in the pit, all must stand. We slept at the Hotel Lisieux, a second-rate but pretty good inn.

Thursday, July 29th.—Mr. Heartly Junr. and I set out after breakfast to see the lions of the town. The cathedral is magnificently carved on the outside with the history of the Bible on it. The inside is likewise elegant. During the time of terror in France, St. Amand, an actor, but then raised to power, went into this church and standing before the figure of our Saviour on the cross said, if He really were God would He strike him dead at that moment, if not he would break the figure, which he immediately did to convince the spectators, he blasphemously said, of the folly of believing there was a Deity. That fellow is still living and has a place under government at Paris.

We went into other churches many of which are dépôts for grain, one is turned into a stable and was full of horses. The government buys all the wheat from the farmers and gives a fixed and certain profit which enables it to retail it to the public at any price it chooses, sometimes very high accordingly as money is wanted. Mrs. Heartly insisted on my dining with them. I shall ever think myself under obligations for their kind reception. Lodoiska tempted Mr. Heartly Junr. to visit the theatre with me in the evening. The play was *The School for Bourgeois*, a very excellent comedy showing the folly of a tradesman wishing to marry his daughter to a Marquis. Many fathers might gain knowledge by reading this piece. Lodoiska was performed much better here than at Paris but not so well as in England.

I took leave of this worthy family. This is a pretty but dull town for a visitor; there was formerly a superb convent for thirty friars, the place is now used by the municipality. The préfet has a good house in the centre of the town, the place was fortified until very lately but the fortifications

were ordered to be destroyed by Buonaparte. Two or three hours before I arrived yesterday eight persons were guillotined in the market-place for murder and other crimes, which are very common here.

Friday, July 30th.—We left Rouen for Dieppe at eight o'clock in the coach. We were seven inside, the passengers were very talkative and hot, the road was most beautiful but mountainous. We stopped to dine half-way at Tôte, a village, and arrived at Dieppe at half-past five. We had fifty-five horses from Paris to Rouen and ten from thence to Dieppe, the distance is about one hundred and twenty-six English miles. The packet is not sailing until to-morrow night so I have postponed looking about this dirty town till the coming morning. I lodged at the London Hotel, Mons. La Rue.

Saturday, July 31st.—I observed nothing worth notice in this wretched place except the Cathedral of St. Jaques. They have another large church which was formerly the cathedral. The outside is now in ruins, the inside is pretty well, fine Saxon pillars. I rambled without interruption over the half ruins of the castle, which is situated on a high hill commanding the town. One hundred and twenty French were confined in it at the beginning of the revolution. The kings of France used to lodge in it whenever they visited Dieppe, if ever they did.

The pier is useful but almost blocked up with stones at the entrance. The sea retires here and gains upon Brighton, it is rather too partial to the English on that coast. I dined at table-d'hôte and had an indifferent dinner but the fish was good. At five o'clock I sent my trunk to be examined at the custom-house, which cost twenty-two pence, English money. We went on board the *Lark* packet—Captain Hill—at twelve o'clock.

Sunday morning, August 1st.—I was very anxious to arrive in old England and to see again my dear English friends. The captain did not behave well, we ought to have sailed on Saturday but for some reason or other he persuaded the French pilot to say the wind would not suit, we had no help for it. The voyage was very long and uncomfortable, the provisions ran short, fortunately I could not eat so I

gave my loaves and what else I had brought to two English ladies.

We arrived at Brighton on Tuesday, August 3rd, at half-past nine. We were conducted to the custom-house, where they were very civil, and with management we took the night coach which brought me to London on Wednesday morning by eight o'clock.

I thank God for His protection during this long journey.

CHAPTER III

1804-1816

The *Æolus* frigate—Elected a member of the Grocers' Company—
Knighthood—First professional visit to Hamilton Palace—The Duke
of Sussex—Lady Hamilton—Signor Siboni—Sheridan—Barham
Livius—Princess Charlotte—Letters respecting Beethoven—A
robbery of plate.

I N 1804 I was at Weymouth and composed a dance called
"The *Æolus* Frigate Contredanse,"¹ which had a large
sale and brought me a handsome profit. The way in
which I came to write it was this: King George III, while
staying at Weymouth, used frequently to go out to sea in
the Royal yacht, accompanied by the frigate in attendance.
This vessel was named the *Æolus*, and on one occasion
I was invited to go on board by the Captain, Lord William
Fitzroy,² who commanded her during one of the Royal trips.
For some reason or other the *Æolus*, instead of returning
with the King, was ordered to stand out to sea and did not
return to the bay until the following morning. While
spending the evening in Lord William's cabin he asked me
what a musician could do at sea without his instruments or
music books. I replied that if he would furnish me with
a sheet of writing-paper and a ruler he should see. He
asked me what I was going to do and I told him that I would
compose a dance for him if he would promise to tell the
Princesses the circumstances under which it was composed
on board his ship and request them to call for it at the
ensuing Fête. He promised to do so, whereupon I ruled
some lines on the blank paper he procured and soon pro-
duced the dance. He kept his promise and it was duly

¹ A critic of the time writes that this was "a pretty little country
dance, afterwards very popular."

² Fifth son of the third Duke of Grafton.

performed at the Fête and was danced by the Royal ladies. When I was on a visit to the Duchess of Hamilton, at Brighton in 1833, on November 29th, I called upon the Princess Augusta¹ at the Pavilion; she then played "The Æolus Frigate" to me, and reminded me of its having been first performed at Weymouth.

On another occasion the *Doris* frigate was in attendance upon the King, commanded by Captain Patrick Campbell, who, when departing from Weymouth, gave me a passage in her to Portsmouth.

About this time (on May 29th) I was elected a member of the livery of the Grocers' Company, through the interest of Mr. Felix Ladbroke, the broker, and on November 9th I attended my first dinner at Grocers' Hall, my father dining with me as I had a ticket for a friend. I went in this year to Viscount Dillon's house in Ireland, at Castlesea.

On October 21st, 1805, Lord Nelson was shot in Trafalgar Bay.

In 1807 my father and mother came to reside with me at No. 91 Great Portland Street, where too Mr. Pohlmann lodged with me and Mr. Edmonds who was then my apprentice. The latter paid me at the rate of twenty-five pounds per annum for his rooms.

Madame Catalani's concert took place on June 12th of this year, and it was I think at this concert that M. de Valabrègue, her husband, found fault with my accompaniment. High words passed between us and a challenge was expected. Instead of this, however, I received from him the next morning a snuffbox bearing the inscription "Un gage de paix."

On January 1st, 1811, I received the honour of knighthood from the Duke of Richmond, in Dublin Castle, the fees for which amounted to £66. 13s. This month my assistant, Edmonds, died, and I obtained the services of Mr. J. Clarke, who gave lessons for me at various schools when I was unable to attend, receiving half fees.

¹ "This most amiable Princess, whose benevolence extended to all around her," the sixth child and second daughter of George III, was born in 1768 and died at her residence, Clarence House, London, in 1840 (S.J.P.).

During this year my first professional visit to Hamilton Palace took place. I met there amongst others the Earl and Countess of Dunmore,¹ Lady Primrose, Lord Kinnaird, who is very fond of thorough-bass, Mr. Dugald Stewart, professor of philosophy at Edinburgh, the Marquis of Queensberry and Mr. Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.²

This year I took thirteen lessons on the scales of wind instruments from Mr. Eley, a violoncello player and master of the Duke of York's regimental band, at seven shillings per lesson.

The Duke of Sussex³ presented me with a snuffbox and I purchased his portrait from Mr. Harlow, the painter of some historical scenes from Shakespeare, for fifteen guineas. I had previously recommended Mr. Harlow to the Duke, who employed him to paint the portrait of Mrs. Billington, which was afterwards in the possession of Mr. John Sawyer.

In August of this year I paid a visit to Mr. James Broadwood, at Lyne Farm, near Worthing.

Mr. Joshua Smith was Lord Mayor this year and employed me to conduct at some parties at the Mansion House and also at a water party in July. This gentleman offered through me to give or sell to the Duke of Hamilton some papers belonging to the late Lady Hamilton, but the Duke declined the offer. Mr. Smith had shown great kindness to Lady Hamilton, paying her debts and buying her a house at Richmond. She came to great poverty, and I recollect subscribing for her when she was in the King's Bench Prison or in the Rules of the Bench.

Signor Siboni, the well-known tenor, was one of the singers at Braham and Naldi's concerts in this year, and he left London without my having had the opportunity of

¹ The fifth Earl, who married Susan, daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton.

² Later Lord Francis Jeffrey, the Scottish judge.

³ Augustus Frederick, sixth son of George III, was born at Buckingham Palace in 1773 and educated at Göttingen University. He was created Duke of Sussex in 1801. He strongly supported progressive political policy, was Grand Master of the Freemasons, President of the Society of Arts and of the Royal Society. He died in 1843.

paying him a sum of sixty-three pounds, which was due to him. As I obtained no reply from him, the late Samuel James Arnold, the dramatist and composer, offered to undertake if I paid him four shillings and sixpence down to pay me sixty-three pounds if ever I were called upon to produce it. I accepted his offer on the 26th of June. The sum was never demanded but it remained with me by desire of Mrs. Billington, Braham and Naldi, until feeling I had no right to keep it, I eventually found out through Mr. J. B. Heath, the founder of the famous City Concerts in 1818, and governor of the Bank of England, the place where Siboni's family resided and paid the money in July, 1848, to his widow.

Early in 1814 (January 18th) I went with P. Meyer to Mr. Samuel Whitbread's¹ house, where I acted "Fustian" with the late S. J. Arnold in *Silvester Doggerwood*. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one of the guests. Immediately after the evening's entertainment was over—and it had included a common Punch's puppet show—Lady Elizabeth Whitbread requested the company to go to bed. Sheridan remarked, "I go in for liquid punch. Whitbread thinks we are going to bed, but come we downstairs to my friend the butler's room and you shall taste some." We accordingly did so and stayed there a long time listening to his jokes. Upon the following Sunday Lady E. Whitbread gave several hints after breakfast with reference to our all going to church. Sheridan therefore observed, "Your ladyship need not talk so much on this subject, for I do not think there is any *harm* in going to church."

On July 4th of this year I went through Cambridge for theatricals there at the house of Barham Livius, of Trinity College, the amateur composer of operetta, etc., who altered *Der Freischütz* from the German original for its first performance on October 14th, 1824. Miss Sarah Booth, of the Surrey theatre and later of Covent Garden, was one of the actresses.

In September I paid a professional visit to Hamilton Palace, journeying by the sea. Among the guests were the

¹ The wealthy brewer and member of Parliament who became the champion of the Princess of Wales in the House of Commons (E.N.).

sixth Duke of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, Lord Luccuth and Lord Alloway (Scotch judges), Sir William and Lady Maxwell, the Earl of Rosslyn, Professors Jardine and Young, both learned in Greek and of Glasgow, besides Miller, Milne and many others.

On October 12th, 1815, I took my memorable journey with J. C. Cameron to Weymouth to visit the Princess Charlotte. I saw her on the evening of the 14th. I had the honour of giving lessons to Her Royal Highness at Weymouth in both 1814 and 1815, and of presiding at her musical parties there and also at Claremont in 1817.

In 1815 and 1816 the following letters were received from Beethoven, and M. de Häring :—

“April 9th, 1815.

“My dear Sir George,

“I see by the papers that you have brought forth in the theatre Beethoven's *Battle*¹ and that it was received with considerable applause; I was very happy to find that your partiality to Mr. B.'s compositions is not diminished, and therefore I take the liberty in his name, to thank you for the assistance you afforded in the performance of that uncommon piece of musick. He has arranged it for the pianoforte, but having offered the original to his R.H. the Prince Regent, he durst not venture to sell that arrangement to any editor, until he knew the Prince's pleasure not only with respect to the dedication but in general. Having waited so many months without receiving the least acknowledgment, he begged me to apply to you for advice. His idea is to dispose of this arrangement and of several other original compositions to an editor in London, or perhaps to several united, if they would make a handsome offer; they would besides engage to let him know the *day of the appearance for sale* of the respective pieces, in order that the Editor *here* may not publish one copy before the day to be mentioned. At the end of this letter follows the list of such compositions with the price which the author expects.

¹ *The Battle Symphony or Wellington's Sieg, oder die Schlacht bei Vittoria* was performed for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre on February 10th, 1815, under the direction of Sir George Smart (G.D.).

I am persuaded, Sir George, you will exert yourself to benefit this great genius. He talks continually of going to England, but I am afraid that his deafness, seemingly increasing, does not allow him the execution of this favourite idea. You are informed without doubt that his opera *Fidelio* has had the most brilliant success here, but the execution is so difficult that it would not suit any of the English houses. I submit here his list with prices. None of the following pieces have ever been published, but N. 2, 4 and 9 have been performed with the greatest applause:—

- | | | |
|---|----|---------|
| 1. Serious Quartetts for 2 Violins, tenor and bass | 40 | Guineas |
| 2. "Battle of Vittoria"—Score | 70 | " |
| 3. "Battle of Vittoria," arranged for pianoforte | 30 | " |
| 4. A Grand Symphony—Score | 70 | " |
| 5. A Grand Symphony arranged for the P.F. | 30 | " |
| 6. A Symphony key f score | 40 | " |
| 7. A Symphony arranged | 20 | " |
| 8. Grand Trio for the Pianoforte Violin Violoncello | 40 | " |
| 9. Three Overtures for a full orchestra—each | 30 | " |
| 10. The three arrangements—each | 15 | " |
| 11. A Grand Sonata for the Pianoforte and Violin | 25 | " |

The above is the produce of four years' labour.

"Our friend Neate¹ has not yet made his appearance here, nor is it at all known where he is roving about. We—I mean mostly amateurs—are now rehearsing Handel's *Messiah*—I am to be leader of the second violins; there will be this time 144 violins—first and second together, and

¹ The well-known pianist, who was a director of the Philharmonic Society, and often performed at its concerts. The Philharmonic Society purchased from Beethoven through Mr. Neate, in 1815, the MS. overtures to the *Ruins of Athens*, *King Stephen* and *op. 115*, for seventy-five guineas (G.D.).

the singers and remainder in proportion. I have been so unfortunate as not to receive a single line of answer from England since my stay in Vienna which is near three months; this discourages me very much from writing, for I have dispatched immediately after my arrival several letters and have been continuing to send letters, but all in vain. Amongst those to whom I wrote about two months ago is our friend Disi—pray if you meet him give him and his very respectable family my best regards. I have passed so many happy hours in his house, it would be highly ungrateful for me to forget such an amiable family.

“Beethoven happening to call on me just now, he wishes to address a few lines to you, which you find at the bottom of this. My direction is:

“Monsieur Jean de Häring

“Nr. 298 Kohlmarkt

“Vienne.

“Poor B. is very anxious to hear something of the English Editors, as he hardly can keep those of this city from him, who tease him for his works.”

“Give me leave to thank you for the trouble you have taken several times, as I understand, in taking my works under your protection, by which I don't doubt all justice has been done. I hope you will not find it indiscreet if I solicit you to answer Mr. Häring's letter as soon as possible. I should feel myself highly flattered, if you would express your wishes, that I may meet them, in which you will always find me ready as an acknowledgment for the favours you have heaped upon my children.

“Yours gratefully,

“LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.”

“And now I shall beg, my dear Sir George, not to take this long letter amiss, and to believe that I am always, with the greatest regard,

“Your most humble and obedient servant,

“JOHN HÄRING.”

Received October 25th, 1816.

“Dear Sir George,

“Mr. Häring told me often that you directed and kindly arranged that my compositions were performed with vigour and success. This induces me to hope that you will also take some trouble with the artist and assist him in a perplexity quite as unexpected as it is unmerited. I gave to Mr. Neate in great confidence in his honour and his views the following works. His intention was, as he said, to hand them all to the Philharmonic Society in my name, which Society would in lieu of any Honorarium or gift arrange a benefit concert for me. He mentioned this plan whenever he came here, adding that the execution would be the easier as he would come again into the direction of that society on his return. However I heard nothing more of him or my works for many months. With astonishment I read in the papers an account taken from the *Morning Chronical* mentioning with enthusiasm the effect which one of my new symphonies had produced, and I suppose it was that in A, but I heard nothing from Mr. Neate. At last after many applications he wrote me a letter, which I am sorry to say, throws his character in my eyes in a very bad light. He pretends to be in love with a young lady to distraction—he is to be refused if he continues to follow his profession, etc. Before he ends, he very dryly says, that having given my three overtures to the above Society, they have spoilt all to such a point, that he lost all courage to undertake something for me. He on account of that young lady is prevented from playing my Sonatas in public, etc. I own that the three overtures do not belong to my best and great works, they being all occasional pieces composed for the Theatre. The one in C did not displease when performed on the 4th of October last year in the presence of Mr. N. The one in E flat was composed for the opening of the Theatre in Pesth in Hungary and pleased. The 3rd in G is the overture of a little after-piece, of course the style could not be great—it was often performed here and always with applause. It is calculated not to begin a concert, but to be performed in the middle.

Mr. Neate had in his possession other more essential works, he chose those three and it is very unfortunate that on account of them according to his judgment my musical name is all at once sunk to nothing. He paid twenty-five guineas for each of these overtures as his property according to a formal writing I gave him, but for all the other manuscript works which I gave him, he returned nothing at all, not even a complimentary letter of acknowledgment or thanks. These works are:

"Score of a Symphony in A. First movement in A, second in A minor, third in F, fourth in F.

"Score of a great Cantata, consisting of a Chorus in A No. 1, No. 2, Rec. in B with Chorus in F. No. 3, Rec. in B and air with chorus.

"No. 5 Rec. in A and Quartett in A, No. 6. Chorus in C.

"Score of a Grand Opera: Fidelio.

"Do. of a great Chorus in D. Words of Göthe: Tiefe Stille.

"Do. of a Quartett in F minor for 2 Viol., ten. and Bass.

"Do. of a Sonata in C Piano and Violoncello.

"Do. do. do. do.

"N.B. The Quartett is written for a small circle of connoisseurs and is never to be performed in public. Should you wish for some Quartetts for public performance I would compose them to this purpose occasionally. I mention here that I should like to receive regular orders from England for great compositions. All the above compositions were delivered to Mr. Neate in confidence and with the power to dispose of them for my sole benefit in London. I still am the right owner of them. The 5 guineas, which he has paid for copying them, and for which I thought he would think himself sufficiently repaid by performing them at his leisure, may be restituted to him on delivering the works to you.

"I therefore take the liberty to empower you herewith to receive of Mr. Neate the above cited 7 works and I hope to his honour he will have no objection of delivering them into your hands. My view is that you should first select some of them, and arrange a concert for my benefit. After that you are welcome to give one or two nights for

yourself—I hope it will be with success. Finally you'll please to offer these works of which some at least will easily enough find purchasers, for sale, I leave it entirely to the high sense of honour and love for the art, which Mr. Häring repeatedly assured me none possessed more than yourself. At least I am thoroughly persuaded that the two Englishmen, who have treated me very ill—very meanly—are very rare exceptions of the general character of your great nation. These two are the Prince Regent and Mr. Neate—enough of them!

“All I beg you is to favour me with an answer as soon as possible. The season in your great city is soon coming, and I should wish to know my fate, and am very anxious to publish most of the above works here, which I will not do before your answer. Mr. N. wished I should dedicate the two Sonatas to him and I promised it—if he does not desist himself let it be so. (I hope my signature is sufficient to effectuate the delivery of the music to you as is my will and wish. Should anything be wanting, I am ready to perform it.)

“(Signed) LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

“My direction is : M. Louis Van Beethoven,

“Sailerstette 8 Stock,

“No. 1055 and 1056 a Vienne.”

In May of this year I was robbed of a large quantity of plate under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The street door of my house was open, as some men were taking away chairs which I had hired for a large party on the previous evening. A woman, seeing this, entered the house unobserved, save by one of the men, who thought she was a person employed to clean the house, and went downstairs into the back room, where in later years my manservant slept, and there found and carried off the plate which had been put into a basket. Notwithstanding the fact that my servants were in the front kitchen, she continued to walk upstairs with it and out of the house, but as she was walking down the street, now Regent Street, with the basket concealed under her apron, my friend, Mr. Thomas, saw her, and his suspicions

being aroused, followed her up a court whence there was no egress. She let the plate drop, but was taken to Marlborough Street Police Office and I was sent for, my father's name being on a cup which had been presented to him. I did not wish to prosecute, but the magistrates insisted upon my servant, W. Hall, doing so, the plate having been in his possession. The woman's defence was that as she was passing by my house some person had put the plate into her apron. The magistrate replied to this, "You have only to convince the jury of this and you will be acquitted." At the trial at the old Bailey I was seated on the bench near the judges, but they did not know who I was. Said one of them to the other, looking at the plate which was spread out before them, "These musicians live well. Look at that display of plate!" The woman was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Mr. Cameron, who prosecuted, and I, wished to save her life, but there was great difficulty owing to her age, as she, being an old woman, if she were hanged the expenses of her transportation would be saved. However, as I was teaching in the family of the late Earl of Harrowby,¹ who was then President of the Council, I succeeded through one of his daughters in getting the sentence reduced to one of transportation. I never heard what became of the woman after, though at Mr. Cameron's suggestion I sent her money while she was in Newgate.

¹ Lady Susan Ryder was a private scholar of Sir George Smart from 1809 to 1817, Lady Mary Ryder from 1814 to 1821, Lady Georgiana in 1823, and Lady Frances Ryder took lessons from him from 1838 to 1849 (E. N.).

CHAPTER IV

1821-1824

Queen Caroline at the Mansion House—Royal concerts at Brighton and George IV—His coronation—Sir G. Smart appointed organist of the Chapel Royal—The fees and feast—Dr. Howley and the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal—Rossini—Captain Parry and Captain Lyon—The Norwich Musical Festival—Proposition to Beethoven—Lady Copley and the Duke of Wellington—Mr. and Mrs. Robins.

IN March, 1821, I conducted a concert at the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House at which Queen Caroline was present, in aid of the fund for the erection of schools for one thousand boys and five hundred girls, in North Street, City Road. The late Lord Mayor, the great friend of Queen Caroline, Alderman Wood, was there, with whom I dined twice this year. On February 10th, 1822, remarks appeared in the *John Bull* newspaper upon my conducting at this concert, which might have been detrimental to my position as I was that year appointed one of the organists at the Chapel Royal, but an apology was made in the paper on March 17th. At this concert a gentleman insisted upon forcing his way into a reserve place not far from where the Queen was seated near the orchestra. He was immediately arrested by order of the Lord Mayor and taken to the Poultry Compter Prison and nothing more was thought about him until the time when the principal performers, etc., were at supper in Wilkes's Parlour at the Mansion House, when some one said to the Lord Mayor, "I think you have been too hard on this person in sending him to prison for attempting to get a seat for which he had paid." "Oh, send for him," said the Lord Mayor, and in due time the gentleman arrived and was highly indignant and talked of prosecuting for false imprisonment, etc. The Lord Mayor desired him to sit next him at the head of the supper table and made him take three or four glasses of wine, which, with a little

blarney from his lordship, so pleased him that he was perfectly satisfied with the apology made to him.

I conducted three Royal concerts at Brighton on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of April. At one of them King George IV remarked to me, "A crowded room at the Mansion House?" alluding to the concert just mentioned, from which remark I understood that the part I had taken upon that occasion had produced no ill effects in the mind of His Majesty. At one of these three concerts, which took place at the Pavilion, the King abused Miss Stephens'¹ singing and said to me, "You conductors force a performer upon the public, whether capable or not. Now, Sir George, you know that Miss Stephens is not a great singer—give us your candid opinion." I saw that many of the performers were listening for my answer, so I replied, "It would be presumptuous in me to offer an opinion to your Majesty, who is so good a judge in musical affairs." "Well done," said the King, "that is the sort of answer which will carry you safely through every Court in Europe!" I was not so fortunate in my reply to his next question, which was why the Italian Opera House band did not go well together. Not wishing to condemn the band, I said, "The building of the orchestra is not in a straight line, but being circular——" "Come, come," said the King, "you have made one hit to-night and that will suffice. I did not ask how the orchestra was built but why it did not go well."

At one of these concerts I asked Christian Kramer, the master of King George IV's famous band, how it was that the King was so perfectly satisfied with the tempi taken of all Haydn's Sinfonias, His Majesty being so fastidious. "Why," said Kramer, "His Majesty always beats time to every movement. I watch him and beat the same time to the orchestra."

On July 19th, 1821, occurred the coronation of George IV at Westminster Abbey. I was appointed a deputy for Mr. Salmon, the father-in-law of Mrs. Salmon—the great soprano vocalist—and gentleman of the Chapel Royal, by the Rev. William Holmes, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and after the banquet in Westminster Hall I brought home a figure

¹ In 1838 Miss Catherine Stephens became the second wife of the fifth Earl of Essex (E.N.).

taken off the table. We had great difficulty in finding the dining-room appropriated to members of the Chapel Royal, and the Chapel Royal boys rushed into a room which was not intended for us at all. We followed and had a good cold dinner, from which we were called down to sing "God save the King" at the top of the Hall near the Royal table. It was a fine sight to see the champion on horseback riding up the Hall.

At the coronation the orchestra in the Abbey was erected over the communion-table and an organ was erected for the occasion in a gallery. Mr. Charles Knyvett, as organist of the Chapel Royal, presided. Orders were given that Queen Caroline was not to be admitted, but she came and got out of the carriage at the cloister door in Dean's Yard, near which we, the choir, were waiting to enter the Abbey. I told Lady Anne Hamilton, her lady-in-waiting who was with her, that the Queen would not be allowed to enter, but she passed on and soon returned, being refused admittance, and departed in her carriage.

On January 25th, 1822, I was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Very Rev. Dr. William Howley, then Bishop of London, and performed my duties as such for the first time on February 17th, at both morning and evening services. I received my warrant on April 1st, and on June 5th in the following year I was given my first quarter's payment as organist, namely, fourteen pounds, nine shillings and sixpence. Mr. Cooper senior,¹ assistant organist at St. Paul's, acted for me as my deputy. Soon after my appointment I went to dine at a cook-shop in the court parallel with St. James's Street, where I had often dined when I was deputy for Dr. Arnold. I wished to ascertain whether the difference of position between deputy and principal made any difference in my appetite or pride. Perhaps it was pride which caused me to observe, what I had not noticed before, namely, that the table-cloths were dirty and that livery servants were among the diners, also that whereas I had been used to pay a shilling for my dinner,

¹ His son, George Cooper junior, on the death of Sir George Smart, succeeded him as organist of the Chapel Royal.

on this occasion, the last on which I dined there, the charge for the same sort of dinner was one shilling and twopence.

As I have previously stated, Dr. Dupuis gave me some lessons on the organ in the Chapel Royal after I left it as a boy. He was rather a sharp master and would sometimes rap my fingers with his watch-chain, holding the watch in his hand. It was from him that I learnt my organ-playing. My knowledge of sacred music I acquired at the Chapel Royal, and my knowledge of Handel and the ancient masters when I turned over the leaves for Joah Bates, who conducted the organ at the "Antient Concerts" then held in Tottenham Street. Most fortunately too for me, my father, with the most excellent judgment, engaged the justly celebrated pianist, Johann Baptist Cramer, to give me pianoforte lessons at ten and sixpence each, and it is to him that I am indebted for my knowledge of modern music and the style of performing it.

It may be worth while to enumerate the fees and expenses which I incurred upon my appointment as organist of the Chapel Royal. They were as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Present to W. Hall, my servant, for taking my letter of thanks to the Bishop of London	1	0	0
Fee to Mr. Bonder (at Mr. Hodgson's) Feb. 1st, the Bishop's secretary, paid at his office, 27 Parliament Street, for making out the warrant for the Bishop's signature . . .	2	2	0
Paid Mr. Cameron for stamp on parchment for the Sub-Dean (Mr. Holmes) to make out my appointment as organist . . .	4	4	0
Fee to the Sub-Dean (Feb. 8th) when he swore me in at General Bell's house . . .	1	1	0
Present of a diamond and ruby ring to Mr. Latour	5	0	0
Cost of a dinner-party at my house to Messrs. Latour, Dance, etc., exclusive of wine	5	0	0
Dinner at my house to the Sub-Dean and T. Marsh, Esq., exclusive of wine . . .	6	8	0
Fee to the Chapel Royal Fund as organist	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Present to the Chapel Royal boys the first time I did duty as organist, say	1	0	0
Present to the old deputy organ-blower	0	5	0
Mr. Martin, at Lord Chamberlain's office, for signing my warrant	0	6	8
The Board of Green Cloth (Lord Steward's office)	0	18	8
Paid to Mr. Howse, Sergeant of the Vestry (at Lord Cholmondeley's), for sending me the cheque book to have my Warrant signed therein	0	10	6
My expenses as steward of the Chapel Royal feast	3	8	0
Ditto as explained below	4	14	0
	<u>£40</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>10</u>

With regard to the Chapel Royal Feast, which was held at Freemasons' Hall and for which Mr. Cuff's bill came to £48. 12s., the Rev. W. Holmes, the Sub-Dean, sent the two stewards (Mr. Roberts and myself) thirty pounds, which he obtained from the Lord Steward's office, desiring us after paying Mr. Cuff's bill to pay the residue to the Rev. Dr. Vivian, minor canon of St. Paul's, for the Chapel Royal Fund. There was no residue, and Mr. Roberts and I found ourselves obliged to pay four pounds fourteen shillings each towards making good the deficiency. The Chapel Royal Feast has since been very properly discontinued, and the annual sum coming from the Lord Steward's office is paid into the Chapel Royal Fund. Most of the clerks from the offices of the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward were invited to this dinner, and the Chapel Royal boys attended in their laced coats to sing in the glees. At the dinner on this occasion one of the guests, in endeavouring to slip a roast fowl into his coat pocket, let it tumble on the floor, to the amazement of one of the waiters.

In June, 1823, we, the choirmen and organist of the Chapel Royal, were summoned by the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley) to a Chapter meeting held at London House, on account of our irregular attendance at chapel. One of

our number, Mr. Thomas Welsh,¹ boldly opened the meeting by saying, "We presume your lordship has sent for us to raise our salaries." This took the mild and good bishop by surprise and he replied, "Why not exactly, Mr. Welsh, but if the gentlemen are not satisfied they have the remedy in their own hands, for they can resign." To this no answer was made, but the result of these preliminary proceedings upon the bishop was that he dismissed us with a mild request that we should be more attentive to our duty, and we were glad to get off so easily.

On July 21st, 1824, I dined in the City at Mr. Salomons' to meet Rossini, who made himself most agreeable. He had been paid by Salomons fifty pounds to compose a duet to be played by Salomons and Dragonetti, the great double-bass player. Rossini requested me to accompany a vocal piece, and I asked him whether I should do so in *his* style or in my own. "Oh, in mine!" was his reply. Upon this I thumped away upon the unfortunate piano as fortissimo as possible, to his great amusement and that of the assembled company.² The conversation turned on music, and Rossini asked John Cramer if he had known Handel; to which Cramer replied, "Je n'étais pas né avant le deluge."

There was another interesting party which I attended on March 1st, on board Captain Parry's ship, the *Hecla*, moored at Deptford alongside Captain Lyon's ship the *Fury*.³ Being hungry after the exertion of conducting the music, I went below for some refreshment, where Gunter, the manager of this department, told me that there was scarcely anything left, though he had sent all round the neighbourhood

¹ Mr. Welsh, besides being an excellent vocalist with a deep and powerful bass voice, was also an instructor for the stage and a singing master of great repute. He taught Miss Stephens and married his pupil Miss Wilson, whose short career as a good and brilliant singer was very lucrative. Their daughter married Signor Piatti. See notes, pages 190, 177 (G.D.).

² It was said that "under the hands of Rossini the piano became as effective as an orchestra; and that the first time Auber heard him accompany himself in a song he walked up to the instrument and bent down over the keys to see if they were smoking" (G.D.).

³ Captain Lyon, the great African traveller, had accompanied Captain Parry in his expedition to the Polar seas in 1821 to 1823 and afterwards published his journals written at that time, as well as those of his travels in Northern Africa (E.N.).

for supplies. He had never before met with such voracious appetites. When Captain Lyon returned from his voyage he brought me some native music to arrange for publication in his book of travels which duly appeared. The music was probably very little in the native style.

This year I conducted the Norwich Festival for the first time. I was made a Freeman of the city and presented with a gold snuffbox and taken in the Mayor's carriage in a procession through the streets, a proceeding which seemed to me more like going to be punished than to be honoured.

In 1818 I made a proposition to Beethoven for a new oratorio through Mr. Cipriani Potter, now professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, who was then studying in Vienna under Förster, and was on friendly terms with Beethoven. The year 1825 was memorable for the first trial of Beethoven's Choral Sinfonie on February 1st.

Of the twenty-six private concerts I conducted this year one was for Lady Copley, in George Street, Hanover Square. She told me she had been recommended to have a foreigner to conduct it and asked me what I thought about it—a curious question. I answered, "I think your Ladyship should determine for yourself." On which she replied, "Then so I will. You shall conduct it." At the performance one of the great female singers did not arrive in time to sing at her place in the programme and a wait ensued. The Duke of Wellington, who was present, came up to the pianoforte and asked me what caused the stop. I told him that the lady had not arrived, whereupon he said, "Why do you not make a movement?" But while I was wondering whether he intended that a movement should be composed or that we should move up the next piece in the programme the singer arrived.

It was apparently on April 9th of this year that I received my first payment of four guineas for teaching Miss Losack. I told her mother that I doubted whether her daughter had sufficient talent ever to become a great singer, but recommended her, as she was a fine handsome girl, to go on the stage and to apply to Mr. George Robins the celebrated auctioneer, who was an active member of the

committee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with a view to procuring an engagement at that theatre. She did so, and Mr. Robins advised her first to make a trial at some country theatre—advice which she followed. He took her to Brighton for that purpose, was present at her first appearance, and before the termination of the performance he sent a message to her recommending her not to make any engagement. The next morning he called upon the mother and daughter and proposed a matrimonial engagement, which, after some hesitation, she accepted and became Mrs. Robins. In November, 1830, some years after their marriage, I was invited to dine at their house at Turnham Green and took Mrs. Robins down to dinner. She then said, “I am indebted to you for my present happiness and for your opinion that I should not succeed as a singer”—an observation which set my mind at rest, as I was somewhat uncomfortable at having given so unfavourable an opinion.

CHAPTER V

1825

Departure for the Continent with Mr. Charles Kemble by way of Ostend, Ghent, and Brussels—Visits Waterloo and Rotterdam, via Antwerp, the Scheldt and Maas—By coach to Gouda, Utrecht, Cleves, Cologne, Bonn, and Godesberg—Visit to Mr. Ferdinand Ries—Andernach, Coblenz, Ehrenbreitstein—At Ems with Weber.

IN July, 1825, I left London for Germany. My principal reason for this journey was to ascertain from Beethoven personally the exact times of the movements of his characteristic—and some of his other—Sinfonias. I was very kindly received by him at Baden near Vienna. Before I returned to England I became acquainted with C. M. von Weber and was present when he made the agreement with Mr. Charles Kemble relative to *Oberon*. I was introduced to Meyerbeer and to the Mendelssohn family at Berlin and I recommended Felix Mendelssohn to visit England, who arrived in 1829 but did not appear at the Philharmonic Concerts until May 28th, 1832. (See Programmes of the Philharmonic Concerts to be sent by my request to the British Museum.) A fuller account of these events will be given in my journals at their respective dates.

The Journals of Sir George Smart during this time run as follows :—

On Saturday, July 30th, 1825, I left my house with my brother Charles Smart at half-past six to walk to Custom-House Stairs. William Hall, my servant, took a coach with my luggage, he also called upon Mr. Kemble and took him and his servant and their luggage. We arrived at the Custom-house at twenty minutes to eight and went on board in a boat. The first thing Charles Kemble did was to secure two berths, one of which was of use to me, but he did not use his. It was twenty-five minutes to nine before we

started although the time stated in the printed bill was eight, and we had a very slow passage as the wind was against us and the machinery, so they said, not strong enough for the vessel. We were crowded with passengers, more than fifty, at two pounds each, being in the best cabin. The weather, however, was beautiful and not too hot and we arrived at Ostend about seven on Sunday morning. We took a boat to the shore and were very nearly swamped, the eddy being strong at the entrance to the harbour. From this point we were towed up part of the way, and then made to walk the rest of it to the custom-house, where the bag I brought on shore was slightly examined. From the custom-house we were taken to the passport office, where I left my passport, which was sent two hours later to the Imperial Court Hotel, where we lodged. I went with Mr. Kemble to get a passport for him from the English consul, who treated us very politely and gave Mr. Kemble some information about Mr. Searle the actor. He invited us to dine with him on our return, being unable to ask us to-day as he was obliged to attend a grand dinner given to the governor of the town, who was visiting it for the first time since his appointment to the governorship. The hotel being full we had to dress in a room in a private house opposite; whilst we were there a military band went by, it was *not* a good one. Ostend is a very much better-looking town than Dieppe. I went into a good-looking church, the organ was not large but I did not hear it. We dined with Colonel Pigott, a friend of Mr. Charles Kemble. They—the Pigotts—are an amiable family and he has an invalid daughter who played uninteresting music of Weber for the pianoforte, well. Afterwards we walked on the fortifications, which are very strong particularly those towards the French side. Before going to bed we paid our cheap bill at the inn.

Monday, August 1st.—We set out at half-past five in the morning to walk—, by preference, while the other passengers were conveyed in a heavy coach to a towed barge,—N.B. I will never walk through this mile and a half town again if I can help it—which was to take us to Bruges and from thence to Ghent. The boat was a large one and the accommodation would have been excellent if it had not been so

crowded, there were at least a hundred passengers on board. The dinner was cheap.

Ghent is a most beautiful town, the houses are in the old Spanish style. In the hurry of taking the luggage from the barge to the coach I could not find a packet full of Mr. Charles Kemble's books and John Cramer's map which he had lent me. The coachman from Ghent to Brussels promised to enquire after these and if found they are to be taken to the ambassador's. From Ghent a heavy coach with three horses, carrying twenty-four passengers, took us on to Brussels, where we arrived at eleven on Monday evening and drove about in a *fiacre* to several inns till at last we obtained a double-bedded room at the hotel "La Couronne d'Espagne."

Tuesday, August 2nd.—We walked about the city and left letters for Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador,¹ and Mr. Tierney, Junr. We were politely received and invited to dinner. We then called on Colonel Rushbrook and went into the Town Hall which is a fine old building in a square. The houses are built in the Spanish style, the park is small but pretty. As to the trees, these, with the inn, remind me of Paris. We heard a very good military horse band which was all trumpets, bugles and tromboni, and saw a foot regiment parade in the Place Royale, which also had a good band.

At Sir Charles Bagot's we met Lord Howe² and the lame Spanish general Alava.³ After a pleasant dinner we went at half-past eight to the theatre where the performance was neither good nor bad, the large orchestra was tolerable. The conductor beat time in the centre, close to the lamps, but he and the leader did not seem very good friends. Few people were there. The theatre is good and rather large; it is about the size of Covent Garden theatre in London. The performance was over before ten o'clock.

¹ Sir Charles Bagot was ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1820 and to the Hague in 1824; he became governor-general of Canada in 1841 (E.N.).

² Lord Howe, Richard Penn, succeeded his grandfather in the Viscountcy and Barony of Curzon in 1820 and was created Earl Howe in 1881 (E.N.).

³ General Miquel Ricardo Alava took the side of the French during part of the time when Joseph Buonaparte was king of Spain. He changed sides about 1811 and served with some distinction under Wellington. Later he was elected President of the Cortes (E.N.).

The church of St. Gudule is very fine both outside and inside, which we saw through the medium of one of the young priests and my silver key of four francs, twenty-five centimes. The carved pulpit is beautiful but the organ small, I only heard it cyphering which made Mr. Kemble think they were going to play.

Wednesday, August 3rd.—I set out at seven in the morning for Waterloo in a cabriolet and got to Mont St. Jean, two miles beyond Waterloo, at nine to breakfast. Here I hired Dewste to show me the Field of Waterloo and all there was to be seen. I was highly entertained by him. We saw the tombs in Waterloo church on my return. I got back to Brussels about two. The whole expense was about thirty francs.

Thursday, August 4th.—We left Brussels at four in the morning for Antwerp and thence went by steamboat upon the rivers Scheldt and Maas to Rotterdam, having a most pleasant voyage and the cabin to ourselves the whole way before reaching Rotterdam, where we arrived at about half-past eleven in the morning and where we landed at about twelve o'clock. We went to the Bath hotel. Mr. Kemble introduced me to Mr. Ferrier the consul here. His daughter sings and was I believe a scholar of Scappa (who taught Madame Pasta). I did not see her but met my former friend Mr. Masterson of the Opera House, who is a friend of the Meyers¹ and is now in Mr. Ferrier's house. Having made a wrong calculation about the steamboat to Cologne, we hired a carriage, through Mr. Ferrier, in hopes to get to Nymwegen by four o'clock the next morning in order to overtake it, but when we arrived at the post-office at Utrecht to get our post horses we found the boat had already sailed for Cologne. On our way we changed horses at Gouda which is famous for its tobacco pipes which are sent to London.

Friday, August 5th.—We started from Utrecht at half-past seven in the morning in a horribly slow diligence to Nymwegen where we changed our bad conveyance for a

¹ Mr. C. Meyer was Sir George Smart's landlord and he married Miss Smith (the daughter of Dr. Smith, of Richmond, Surrey), who was Sir G. Smart's pupil from 1819 to 1821 (the Journals) (E.N.).

worse one. On our way we crossed, diligence and all, two flying bridges over the Rhine. The last, which was immediately opposite Nymwegen, was upon a large construction made of rafts fastened between two barges, and guided by smaller boats attached to a rope, the last small boat appearing to be anchored. We each had to pay a small toll for passing these bridges. At Nymwegen we made a bargain with a driver, who took us and a talkative Dutch woman in his four-wheeled carriage to Cleves, in Prussia, where we arrived about nine. Here the driver first took us to a low public-house but we made him take us to a good hotel, called the "Prince Maurice of Nassau." The view in daylight from the great room in which we supped must be fine. A *commissionnaire* from the Schnell-Waggon took our baggage that night to the office from whence this coach starts and we paid him the fare to Cologne.

Saturday, August 6th.—I observed during our journey to Cleves that the separation of the kings of the Netherlands and Prussia's dominions was indicated by a post with blue stripes on a white ground about eight or ten miles beyond Nymwegen. At a village, or rather two miles before the village, we were asked by a person in Prussian uniform if we had anything to declare and we answered "No." I was given to understand that if we had had contraband goods at the station we were to be examined at they would be seized, but we were neither examined nor asked for passports, though at Cleves and Cologne, where we slept, we wrote our names in a book. A civil officer in uniform at a village came out and merely asked us a few questions about our luggage but there was no examination. On the next day we continued our journey in the Schnell-Waggon which left Cleves at four in the morning for Cologne. It was not a bad conveyance but not very quick owing to the sandy roads, which, however, were flat nearly all the way. We dined at twelve and arrived at Cologne at about nine in the evening, where we put up at the Hotel de Mayence.

Sunday, August 7th.—We went to the cathedral at half-past twelve to hear high mass. The kyrie was beautifully performed, the rest was not effective. There was a small band, and a large organ seldom used for any other purpose

than for judiciously giving the tone to the chanting priest. Their pitch was exact with London. The soprano voices appeared to be those of females only. The cathedral itself is in a very unfinished state, but if ever finished it will be superior to every other.¹ During our walk we saw a splendid procession of priests, with *soldiers* carrying the host, on their way, so I understood, to open a Kermes (fair). All the streets through which the procession passed were strewn with leaves.

At a quarter past twelve we went through Bonn where we enquired at Simrock's² for Mr. Ries³ who lives at Godesberg, a village four miles from Bonn. Here we arrived about four in the afternoon in the vehicle which we hired at Cologne and in the evening Mr. Ries drove us in his carriage through a village called Rolandseck, opposite an island in the Rhine called Rolandswerth or Nonnenwerth, on which there is an hotel which was formerly a convent. I played some of his duets when we returned to the house and we chatted until two in the morning.

Monday, August 8th.—We went to see the former palaces, etc., of the electors of Cologne. In a chapel, in a vault, I beheld, to my astonishment, twenty-six bodies buried five hundred years ago, in a state of preservation far exceeding that of mummies. The chapel in which these were is called Brentzberg. Then we visited Mr. Simrock, the music-seller at Bonn, who gave me a catalogue which Mr. Kemble promised he would convey to Mr. Birchall. I bought maps and we took our places for to-morrow in the diligence. We had visited Mr. Ries Senior⁴ in the morning.

¹ Cologne Cathedral was completed in 1880 (E.N.).

² Simrock, the well-known German publisher, who brought out some of Beethoven's compositions (E.N.).

³ Ferdinand Ries, the famous German pianist, composer, teacher of music, and pupil of Beethoven, with whom, it is said, he had stormy times. He came to England in 1813 and was introduced, by his friend Salomon, to the Philharmonic Society, at whose concerts he played and where his compositions were often performed. Having married an English lady, he, in 1824, went to Godesberg to reside; later he removed to Frankfort, where he died in 1838 (G.D.).

⁴ Franz Ries, the father of Ferdinand, a violin player of note and pupil of Salomon. He spent the greater part of his life at Bonn and Godesberg. Beethoven was his friend and pupil and he showed great kindness to the Beethoven family during their poverty. He was born in 1755 and died in 1846 (G.D.).

Tuesday, August 9th.—I wrote to Charles Smart and Mr. Ries promised to send the letter. We left Godesberg at half-past eleven in the morning, in the Bonn or Cologne diligence, for Coblenz, the journey by the Rhine was most beautiful. I have bought a panorama of it. We stopped at Andernach. Here Ries suddenly appeared at dinner, having ridden thither. He procured me a place in the cabriolet from hence. We arrived at Coblenz at about a quarter past six in the evening. This place is strongly fortified by two or three forts, etc., which are named after the princes on the continent, one of them, a small one, is called Wellington. On the right is a monument to General Hoche, the invader of Ireland in 1796, who is said to have been killed on the spot where it stands. Taking a walk before supper we passed over a bridge of boats to Ehrenbreitstein, where there is a strong fort, which we went over. We were informed by a soldier guide that it could be defended by two thousand men but would contain ten thousand, and, as I heard, was provisioned for four years. The view from this place with the setting sun was truly magnificent. The French destroyed the fortifications, which have been under repair for some years and will take many more to complete.

We observed a flying bridge over the river in preparation for a grand review of thirty thousand men soon to take place near this town by the King of Prussia.

Wednesday, August 10th.—I got up at five this morning and wrote this account at a window opposite Ehrenbreitstein, the view is most beautiful and the Rhine is running strongly. Our hotel is "The Three Swiss" and it is near the bridge of boats. I counted on the tariff last night at supper fourteen different sorts of hocks and six or seven sorts of moselle. That river joins the Rhine at this town, you cross a bridge over it on entering. Our inn is no great things, nothing to recommend it but its being on the banks of the Rhine.

About nine in the morning we set out to walk to Ems to pay a visit to Weber. Our walk was long, it took us about three hours and a half over a most beautiful hill, dales and wooded country. The morning was rainy which interfered with our pleasure. Ems is a village in which there are

different sorts of mineral waters, it is situated in the duchy of Nassau.

I was received kindly by Weber—whom we found shaving—but he was very distant to Charles Kemble, thinking he ought to have received some payment on account of *Der Freischutz* being performed at Covent Garden Theatre.¹ When, however, Kemble made it clear to him that he had sent the money through Barham Livius—who never paid it to Weber—for this performance Weber was perfectly satisfied. After a glass of good Madeira which Weber gave us to prevent our taking cold after the rain, Mr. Kemble proceeded to business with him by paying first what Weber demanded, namely, thirty pounds, for the score of *Preciosa*, which failed in the last London season at Covent Garden theatre. In the course of the conversation Weber showed us an extraordinary, vile, confidential letter from Livius. The rain continued in torrents. Weber took us in his carriage to the table-d'hôte at the Kurhaus, the place where the waters are drunk. At least one hundred and fifty persons sat down to dinner there at one o'clock. Weber would not let us pay and behaved most handsomely. A band played during dinner outside the room in a long gallery. One piece was the overture to *Fancheon*, an opera by J. N. Hummel. Weber made excuses for not visiting the Princess of Prussia² then at Ems. He brought a pretty woman to dinner whose husband, a resident of Hanover, was absent hunting.

After looking at the mineral springs and seeing a sort of bazaar we took coffee in Weber's room, and then adjourned to the room of Mr. Wolff³—the Hamlet of Berlin—Mrs. Wolff and the pretty woman we saw at dinner were there. Afterwards we returned to Weber's room, where at parting I understood the agreement was made that he was to receive five hundred pounds for his new opera. Mr.

¹ Charles Kemble had the management of Covent Garden Theatre from 1823 to 1837 (E.N.).

² Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, the wife of Frederick William IV, who became King of Prussia in 1840 (E.N.).

³ Herr Pius A. Wolff, an actor, of Weimar, who was engaged in Berlin in 1816. He adapted *Preciosa* from a novel of Cervantes for Weber, and this was produced in English, at Covent Garden, April 28th, 1826 (G.D.).

Kemble gave him the snuffbox from Livius and a letter from Hawes.¹ Weber politely lent us his carriage to take us back to Coblenz. We got out to walk about two miles from there, tipped the coachman, which seemed to please him, and reached our inn, "The Three Swiss," about nine in the evening, after passing a very pleasant day bating the rain which prevented our walking about Ems. Weber appeared a *bon enfant* and behaved with gentlemanly unaffected kindness, but he is rather lame and out of health.

¹ See note 2, p. 246.

CHAPTER VI

1825

MUNICH

Mayence—Frankfort—Homburg—Visit to Princess Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—Darmstadt—Heidelberg—Heilbronn—Reception by the Princess Royal, Dowager Queen of Würtemberg—Stuttgart—Charles Kemble leaves for Strasburg and Paris—Ulm—Augsburg—A week spent in Munich.

THURSDAY, August 11th.—We left Coblenz at about nine o'clock in the morning in a hired carriage.

The drive thence along the Rhine to Mayence was romantic, grand and beautiful. The road for the most part was excellent. We had a bad dinner at a table-d'hôte at St. Goar. Soon after, at Bingen, we arrived at the commencement of the territory of the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, where they declined to examine our trunks or to see our passports. We entered Mayence at about ten at night. The gates were closed at ten. They took our passports at the gate, which they sent to us the next morning at the inn at half-past eight. On arriving at Mayence we ordered supper, to which most unexpectedly came Mr. Usenbeth, of Bristol, known in a former journey to Mr. Kemble. Our inn "La Ville de Paris" was a very good one.

Friday, August 12th.—After breakfast we re-engaged the driver who brought us from Coblenz to take us to Frankfort, the road to which is uninteresting except when passing through the village of Hochheim which is famous for the best wine. Mayence is garrisoned by Austrian and Prussian troops being a frontier town. The Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt is the governor. W. Usenbeth told us the best band in the Austrian service had been playing that evening before our arrival. We had no time to look at the curiosities of

Mayence, which we left at half-past eight in the morning, on our way occasionally passing through the territory of the Duke of Nassau, which in this part intersects that of the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. We arrived about two at Frankfurt where Mr. Usenbeth recommended us to a most excellent inn the "Weidenbusch." We walked about the town and at a stationer's—Mr. Ingel—I bought a description of the Rhine which cost about two pounds English money. While we were at this shop Mr. Seymour, who is attached to the Embassy here, accidentally came in and I gave him my letter from Mr. Byng to Colonel Cathcart, our minister to the German Diet, which sits once a week for a certain part of the year. On our return to the inn we found invitations from him for dinner to-morrow. The table-d'hôte being over, we dined by ourselves upstairs in a famous, elegant, large room and had a good dinner of good beef steaks, with a bottle of Assmannshausen, a red Rhine wine of 1822. All the vintage of that year has been bought up by Mr. Usenbeth. After dinner we walked about the town to the bridge and went into Fischerschen's small music shop to ask the address of Mr. Guhr,¹ to whom I was recommended in Kiesewetter's² letter. He was out and not expected home till nine to-morrow morning. We observed the stalls preparing in various parts of the town for the ensuing fair. With this town we were very pleased. There is plenty of bustle, the houses are large and so are the streets, and the river Main is also tolerably large, but there was no theatre open this evening or entertainment of any kind to-night. We drank tea and went early to bed in very good rooms.

Saturday, August 18th.—We went to the reading-rooms, which are small, with an order from Mr. Cock the banker and walked about the town in which Mr. Seymour joined us. We had a pleasant dinner at Colonel Cathcart's, the Marquis

¹ Karl Ferdinand Wilhelm Guhr was a German violinist, and composer of much pleasing music for the violin and other instruments. He also wrote *L'Art de Jouer du Violon de Paganini*, which gives the entire theory of artificial harmonics in single and double scales. He was born in 1787 and died in 1848 (G.D.).

² Raphael Georg Kiesewetter, Edler von Wiesenbrunn, Imperial councillor, wrote on music and was a collector of the scores of old masters. His house at Vienna was a meeting-place for the chief musicians there. He was born in 1773 and died in 1860 (G.D.).

of Bath and his son Lord William Thynne were there and we afterward went to the play. The house was full but dark and dirty. The orchestra was no great affair, the basses were weak and the pitch a comma above my fork. The musical piece consisted of French tunes which were for the most part ineffective both in composition and singing. An illuminated clock was in the centre of the frontispiece on the stage. The performance was over about nine o'clock. Mr. Seymour, a pleasant young man, called and took tea with us after the play. He informed us that there was no good music to be bought in Frankfort, the supply must be from the shops in Offenbach, Bonn, etc. Frankfort is a fine town and the walks, formerly a fortification round it, are pleasant. It is a free town but the taxes are paid to the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Sunday, August 14th.—We hired a carriage from our inn and Mr. Kemble went at eight in the morning with me to Homburg, a pleasant neat village about eight or ten miles from Frankfort, where our Princess Elizabeth,¹ the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, resides at the castle with her husband the Landgrave. Leaving Kemble at the inn, I went to deliver the letter from the Duke of Sussex, and also another letter and parcel. The porter, not understanding English or French, put me into a room where I waited in expectation of speaking to some servant who could understand me when the Princess suddenly came in. She was most polite and gracious and looks remarkably well and not so fat as when I saw her in England. The entrance of the Marquis of Bath's carriage at the castle gate gave me the signal to retire which I did much pleased with my visit. Mr. Kemble with his usual good taste declined going with me, not liking to intrude. The Princess spoke very kindly about him and his family. In going out, as it rained in torrents, the Marquis very politely lent his carriage to drive me from the castle to the inn, and on the way I stupidly passed Mr. Kemble who had come to look at the outside of

¹ Princess Elizabeth was the third daughter of George III. She was born in 1770, married in 1818, and died in 1840. She was a good artist, and did much to benefit Hesse-Homburg and to relieve the poor of Hanover in 1834 (D.N.B.).

the building and got wet through on his way back. We had a wet and cold drive back to Frankfort where we arrived about one o'clock in time for the good table-d'hôte at our inn. At a quarter past two we left Frankfort, making a fresh agreement with the driver, who brought us from Coblenz, to take us from Frankfort to Stuttgart. The road from Frankfort to Hesse-Darmstadt is good but not very pretty or fine. We passed the Marquis of Bath and his son on the road, who very politely offered through his mounted courier, to be of any use as to ordering beds, which he did at the Darmstadt Court, the first inn to which we went being full. We arrived at Darmstadt at about a quarter past five. At a quarter before six we were in the pit of the opera house to be in time for the opera *Fernand Cortez* written by Spontini, which began when the Grand Duke¹ and his suite entered about six o'clock. The royal box is up one pair of stairs in the centre of the theatre. Over it is a sort of pavilion and adjoining it on each side are boxes which seemed to contain the Royal suite. In the box with the Grand Duke were two ladies. He seemed occupied nearly the whole time in looking over the score of the opera and between each act he, with the whole party, retired to a room behind his box which I could see had a handsome chandelier. The pit was full, the boxes were not so full. The gallery I could not see well the house being dark. The opera of *Fernand Cortez*, in three acts, was the only piece performed and was got up with perfect splendour and propriety. The choruses, of thirty women and forty men, were powerful and perfectly effective; the principal singers were but so-so, and the only female in the drama—Mmle. Madler—bounced out her notes in a manner often resembling a shriek or cry. The scenery and costumes were excellent. I delivered into the orchestra Mr. Kiesewetter's circular letter to Mr. Mancolt,² the director of this band, who sat sideways with

¹ Louis I. He became Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt in 1806, when it was made a grand duchy, and he died in 1830 aged seventy-seven.

² Wilhelm Mancolt was born at Darmstadt in 1796; he studied under his father, Rink and Vogler, and then went to Paris, where he took lessons of Cherubini and Kreutzer. In 1819 he became a member of the court band at Darmstadt and later was made director. He composed much music and retired in 1858 (E.N.).

his little stick and could therefore see the Grand Duke on his right and the singers on his left. The Grand Duke, I was informed, directs all the rehearsals himself and manages the whole concern, which costs him a large sum over and above the receipts. Mr. Mancolt was most polite and introduced his nephew—the first violoncello—after the opera, who was also named in Mr. Kiesewetter's letter; he speaks nothing but German. Mr. Mancolt having mentioned my introduction to Mr. L. Schlosser, the leader of the band, he very politely came to us in the pit between the second and third acts and made himself known. We invited him together with Mr. Mancolt, who declined, being too fatigued, to sup with us, after the opera, at our inn. He came and was very pleasant and gave me the following information as to the strength of the opera orchestra.

On the nights of non-musical pieces only part of the basses and the *ripieno*¹ doubles of the wind instruments play. I was glad to hear that they hold their places for life and that their families are taken care of in cases of distress. The salaries paid them are moderate. The theatre is about the size of Arnold's but much more elegant.

The Darmstadt opera band contains, one director—Mr. Mancolt. Twelve first violins—Mr. L. Schlosser being the premier. Ten second violins. Eight viole. Ten 'cellos. Six basses. One octave. Two flutes. Two oboes (one good but rather loud, they were tuned by him a quarter of a note above my fork and they rose a little in the third act). Two clarionets. Two bassoons (the first good). Four corni (the two principals very good). Two trumpets (bad tone). Three tromboni (these had not much to do and were not conspicuous). One drum, which was well tuned before they began. Total therefore sixty-six, besides a tam tam (long drum) and other extra military instruments used in the orchestra and behind the scenes. The long drum was the most effective I ever heard; it is not so large generally but the head was larger than our drums. The parts were most beautifully copied. I was delighted with the precision

¹ *Ripieno*—"supplementary." "The name given to the accompanying instruments in the orchestra which were only employed to fill in the harmonies and to support the solo or 'concertante' parts" (G.D.).

and complete well going of this orchestra. The music was too noisy to be effective, the orchestra parts were scientific, but there was a great want of air, indeed of airs, throughout. The choruses, however, are effective and their effect was much increased by the excellent way in which they were performed. After a pleasant supper we went to bed quite pleased with our hard day's work.

On Monday, August 15th, at about five in the morning, we set out in a hired carriage and breakfasted later on at eight o'clock at Offenbach, a place not shown on our map, passing through a most delightful country full of gardens and mountains cultivated with vines. At about half-past one we arrived at Heidelberg, in the Dominion of Baden. After dining at a tolerable table-d'hôte at the inn we arrived at,—I forget its name—where there was an agreeable family who spoke to us in English and French, Mr. Kemble took me to see the ruins of Heidelberg castle, destroyed, he said, in the seven years war. The ruins and their situation are truly magnificent, standing as they do upon a high hill commanding the town. The castle itself would be commanded in modern warfare by the top of the hill on which it is placed, as it stands about two-thirds up the side. The wooded walks from and round the castle are well kept, but the rain deprived us of the pleasure of walking much, and it fell in such torrents that Mr. Kemble being not quite well, we determined to take up our quarters for this night in Heidelberg. I did not desire to see the famous tun, Mr. Kemble saying it is not so large as our celebrated brewers' tuns. I am writing this account with the ruins of the castle facing my window.

Tuesday, August 16th.—We left Heidelberg in our hired carriage about eight o'clock in the morning and stopped to bait the horses at a small town called Sinzheim. The country was beautiful and the roads as good as those in England but it rained nearly the whole way most violently. Our next stage was the Sun Inn at Heilbronn, a town in the Dominions of the King of Würtemberg, formerly called Swabia. There is a covered bridge at the entrance of the town. We saw the concert bill of a concert given the night before for the benefit of a horn player, in which every piece

performed was for the horn. There were two prices for admission of which the highest was twenty-four kreuzers, about a shilling English.

Wednesday, August 17th.—We left the “Sun” at Heilbronn soon after seven in the morning, passing through a beautiful country, with not so much rain as yesterday, and arrived soon after twelve at Ludwigsburg. At the palace, which is very handsome and is well situated in point of views, resides the Dowager Queen of Würtemberg.¹ I called upon her soon after my arrival, leaving my card and the letter from her brother, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. Her Majesty desired me to call again at three o'clock, accordingly, after dinner I went over to the palace and was most graciously received. The Queen has grown fat but looks remarkably well in the face. She said she was troubled with gout. Her memory is wonderful. Mr. Kemble, who waited for me in the picture gallery, was sent for and also most graciously received by Her Majesty. A German lady-in-waiting was present who spoke good English. The Queen desired a sort of groom of the chambers to show us the apartments which are well furnished rather in the English style. He took us upstairs to one of the gentlemen-in-waiting where I tried his grand pianoforte with four pedals, by no means a good instrument. He was most polite to us and by the Queen's orders gave me a letter to Mr. Lindpaintner, who, as I understand, is the director of the orchestra at Stuttgart. He also desired me to call on Messrs. Dieudonne and Scheedmeir's—pianoforte makers—to try their instruments. About four o'clock we left Ludwigsburg in our hired carriage, through a pleasant country but hilly road to Stuttgart, where we arrived on the evening of Wednesday, August 17th.

This town is the capital where the King of Würtemberg² resides. We put up at the hotel “Roi d'Angleterre,” and

¹ Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal, the eldest daughter and fourth child of George III. She was born in 1766, became the second wife of Frederick William Charles, Prince of Würtemberg, in 1797, Queen of Würtemberg in 1806, Queen-Dowager in 1816, and died in 1898 (D.N.B.).

² William I, son of Frederic I, King of Würtemberg, by his first wife. He was born in 1781, became king in 1816, abolished serfdom in 1818, instituted representative government in 1819, and died in 1864 (H.D.D.).

went immediately to the theatre where the performance began at six and ended at half-past eight. Though this theatre may be rather larger than the one at Darmstadt it is perhaps not so handsome. The King's box is in the centre but not lighted up, the King and his court being from Stuttgart at this time. The one piece performed was *Die Schweizer Familie*, the music by Weigl. We were too late for the overture. The pitch of this band was exact to my fork,¹ the orchestra was good but not so good or so large as that at Darmstadt. The conductor stood in the centre facing the stage beating time with his violin bow and occasionally playing the violin, but a violin solo accompanying one of the songs was not played by him, but by a Mr. Sturn or Sterne. There were only four double basses, these with the 'cellos were in the centre exactly behind the leader, all the stringed instruments were on his left and all the wind instruments and drums were on his right. I do not like this arrangement which occasioned a want of blending, the wind instruments were not always in time together. The oboe was tolerable but rather loud, the fagotto cutting. The music of this opera, of which Kemble has a score, by no means came up to my expectations. The trio at the opening of the third act is rather effective, but the chorus singers had not much to do and in what they did were not particularly effective. The scenery was pretty good—the management of the changes from dark to light was certainly good—but the frontispiece was bad. It appeared to me that when the prompter was ready to begin an act he rang his bell—a good plan to start the orchestra together—then went up a very badly painted cloth. We sat in the pit, some seats in which were locked up and supposed to be taken. We could not get into the front row, for which I suppose there was a superior price; none of the officers were in this front row. In going out I saw a room for refreshments on tables covered with tablecloths, and refreshments were handed about in the pit as they were at Darmstadt.

¹ "The Philharmonic fork was decided upon by Mrs. Billington and Mr. Braham for the vocalists, to which Sir George T. Smart, for the pianoforte, and Mr. Griesbach (oboe) for the wind instruments, consented." (Copied from the writing of Sir G. Smart, 1813.) (E.N.)

Thursday, August 18th.—After breakfast we walked about the town which is not large; parts near our inn, adjacent to the palace, are handsome but in the heart of the town there is nothing remarkable. We called at the theatre to deliver the letter to M. Lindpaintner,¹ the Chapel master to the King of Würtemberg and director of the opera here, written for me by M. Gemmingen by order of the Queen—our Princess Royal. He received us during a rehearsal of Rossini's *Zelmira* which was going on in a room. After the table-d'hôte we went, in a hired carriage, together with a polite half-caste East Indian, who called Mr. Kemble his "Excellence," during a thunderstorm and rain, to see "*La Solitude*"² about four or five miles from Stuttgart, a sort of little pleasure palace belonging to the King, the rooms of which are small but little furnished and seldom inhabited, though the view from the top is truly magnificent. Thence, by means of our East Indian friend's ticket, we were admitted into a deer park and saw many large ones; we expected to see wild boars but could not wait for their return from the woods to be fed at seven o'clock. We saw, however, two or three small boars in a confined woody place. On our return, Mr. Peter Lindpaintner paid me a visit in my room and we had a long and agreeable conversation. He is to bring me some of his compositions to-morrow. During our walk before dinner we called at Lord Erskine's³ who resides just out of the barrier. I left my letter to him from H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. Lord Erskine was absent at the baths of Baden. No secretary or any officer belonging to the Embassy was left in Stuttgart, which seemed rather strange.

¹ Peter Joseph von Lindpaintner was born in 1791 and died in 1856. In 1812 he became music-director at the Isarthor Theatre at Munich, and in 1819 received his appointment of Kapellmeister to the Royal Band at Stuttgart, which he retained until his death. Mendelssohn considered him the best conductor in Germany. In 1853 he conducted the New Philharmonic Concerts in London, at which many of his own compositions were given with success (G.D.).

² "*The Solitude*" was, from 1770 to 1775, the seat of the Carls-Schule, where Schiller received his early education; his father was inspector of the gardens there (E.N.).

³ David Montagu, second Baron Erskine, was born in 1776, was M.P. for Portsmouth in 1806, Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States from 1806 to 1809, at Stuttgart from 1825 to 1828, at Munich from 1828 to 1843, and died in 1855 (E.N.).

Friday, August 19th.—Mr. Lindpaintner sent me four pieces of his composition. I expected he would have called to take me to see the library which belongs to the King, and also the pianofortes mentioned to me by the Queen's chamberlain and said to be made in the English style by Messrs. Dieudonne and Scheedmein, of whom the former is dead. Mr. Lindpaintner told me that Kalkbrenner¹ had bought three of them. He also informed me that the strength of the Darmstadt orchestra was ten first violins, eight second violins, four altos, four 'cellos, four bassi and the wind instruments as usual. In the winter there are two operas and one concert every week. After breakfast I went into what I believed was a Protestant church—the organ, a good one, was divided in the middle to show an unpainted window. A few men singers were singing a tune exactly like our psalm tunes, accompanied by a soprano and three tromboni, with the organ—the effect was grand—they were dressed in black gowns and played excellently. We walked about the town to buy books and take a place for Mr. Kemble to Carlsruhe, on his way to Strasburg and Paris. In the evening we walked about very pleasant gardens belonging to the palace adjoining the theatre to which we went at six. The performance was over at a quarter to nine. The first piece was a comedy, the second a vaudeville in one act, *The Bear and the Pasha*,² laughable but too broad for our stage. The short songs were well selected and effective. Mr. Lindpaintner did not conduct but the first violin led in his place. The overtures to the comedy were old and lazily executed by about half the stringed instruments, whereas all the band played in the second piece.

Saturday, August 20th.—I separated with the greatest regret from Mr. Charles Kemble, he being one of the most pleasant companions I ever travelled with. He went to Paris, and I, at half-past five in the morning, set out, in the

¹ Friedrich Wilhelm Michael Kalkbrenner, pianist and composer, was born in 1788 and died in 1849. He played first in Berlin and Vienna, and resided in London as player and teacher from 1814 to 1823. The next year he joined the firm of Pleyel & Co., pianoforte makers in Paris (G.D.).

² From the French of Scribe, by Karl Blum (E.N.).

hired carriage which we first took at Coblenz, for Munich. I agreed to pay the driver four old louis for this journey. At half-past eleven I arrived at the post-house at Göppingen or Geislingen, I forget which, and at one of the places, I think the first, I dined. There was a sort of horse-race, or prize-giving for the best cattle going on, which put the whole village in commotion. There was a tolerably good and cheap table-d'hôte. The country consists of woods and for a short part of the way you go along the river Neckar. The succession of hills and dales up to within twelve English miles of Ulm is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. At about half-past ten at night we got to Ulm, on the Danube, this river here is the boundary between Würtemberg and Bavaria. It was too dark to see the town. I lodged at the "Golden Stag"—a good house. I was stopped on entering the town and had to answer a number of questions as to who I was, etc., and had to pay twelve kreuzers for answering these inquiries which are idle in time of peace. The landlord of the hotel took my passport to obtain my name and returned it the same night.

Sunday, August 21st.—I set out again on my journey at half-past seven in the morning. Immediately after passing the bridge at Ulm over the Danube, where the kingdom of Bavaria commences, I was desired to show my passport at the barrier, for which they charged nothing and they merely asked if I had anything contraband in my trunk but did not examine it. I dined at Günzburg at a small inn, the food supply there was tolerable, and I arrived at Augsburg about half-past seven in the evening, where I put up at the "Raisin d'or," or "Goldne Traube," which is situated in a fine long and wide street. The country is beautiful and crowds of people are coming into this large town from the vicinity of the tea-gardens and other places. This is a dear hotel but I am well lodged. It has a very large concert-room and ballroom which I have seen.

Monday, August 22nd.—Just before leaving the boots put into my hand a printed permission to leave the town, for which I had to pay twelve kreuzers, they asked me for it as I left the city. We started at half-past seven in the morning, going through Schwabhausen (twenty-eight and a half

miles from Munich) and after passing through a pleasant country, though nothing remarkable, arrived at about half-past six at Munich. At a village on the road the peasantry were dancing waltzes at a sort of small fair. The ladies' gold ornaments to their caps were curious, also their bunching petticoats. We could get nothing but sausages and beer at Dachau, the village I dined at. On my arrival at Munich my driver took me to the hotel "Black Eagle" although I had desired him several times to take me to the "Cerfe d'or," but seeing that Ries had recommended the "Black Eagle" I took up my quarters there. At supper I had a long musical conversation with a pleasant gentleman of Saxony. On arriving at the hotel I was made to sign a police paper.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—After breakfast I left the Duke of Cambridge's¹ letter at Sir Brook Taylor's² our ambassador. He was out of Munich and expected back to-morrow. I also left Kramer's letter to Winter³ who received me kindly but, apparently being occupied in teaching, he invited me to call this evening at five. I was delighted with the military band when they were mounting guard at twelve o'clock at the palace, they played several pieces which were new to me. The band seemed about forty strong with four trombones, etc., but I have not yet heard a good sounding trumpet. They are all like the Trumpeter Maelzel⁴ had in England.

¹ Adolphus Frederick, seventh son of George III and grandfather of the present Princess of Wales, was born in 1774 and died in 1850. Having served in the army he was created Duke of Cambridge in 1801. He ruled Hanover as viceroy from 1816 to 1837, until his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, became King of Hanover on the death of William IV, when he returned to England (E.N.).

² Sir Brook Taylor was born in 1776 and died in 1846. He was brother to Sir Herbert Taylor, who was secretary, first, to the Duke of York, then to George III, Queen Charlotte, and to William IV (E.N.).

³ Peter Winter, a popular composer of operas and church music. He was born at Mannheim in 1754, and at ten played the violin in the Elector Karl Theodore's celebrated band. In 1776 he became music-director of the Court Theatre, and in 1788 was appointed Court-Capellmeister at Munich, which post he retained until his death in the October of 1826, about two months after his meeting with Sir George Smart (G.D.)

⁴ The trumpeter was an automatic musical instrument made by Johann Nepomuk Maelzel of Vienna "which played the Austrian and French cavalry marches and signals, with marches and allegros by Weigl, Dussek and Pleyel." Beethoven was to have accompanied Maelzel to England, but a quarrel between them prevented this. Maelzel was the inventor of other musical instruments, "and in 1816 set up the first Metronome manufactory on record in Paris" (G.D.).

This is a handsome city but not very extensive, Angsburg is larger as it was formerly a free town. I went into the cathedral, which is of brickwork without, this is bad, but it is rather nice looking within. The organ is not very large. I also went into another church and afterwards walked round the town. After table-d'hôte a Mr. Wilson, with whom I got acquainted at table, took me to a place a little way outside the barrier, built by the Crown Prince¹ and not yet finished, in order to contain statues and other things which he has purchased from Italy and elsewhere. Almost all of them are still in cases but some few are placed in well-contrived halls. A Fresco painting in three compartments, by Cornelius² a famous German artist resident in Munich, is beautiful.

At about half-past five I made my visit to Winter, I found him playing cards with his niece. His reception was all I could desire. I played his printed method and chart in three languages, some parts of which are new and excellent, and also a MS. *Stabat Mater*. I heard from him a full account of music in Germany and I am to go again on Friday evening to hear Madame Vespermann.³

On Wednesday, August 24th, I settled with Jacob for hire of the carriage from Stuttgart to Munich and after breakfast left Mr. Rougement's letter with Mr. Strasburger, the banker. He went with and introduced me to the museum, where there are grand reading-rooms and where I read the *Times*, and afterwards walked into the English Gardens, which are pretty and like Kensington gardens in miniature. The long arched and covered walk paved with

¹ The Crown Prince became Louis I, King of Bavaria, on October 13th of this year. He abdicated in 1848 in favour of his son and died in 1888 (H.D.D.).

² Peter von Cornelius came to Munich attracted by Louis I, who raised that city to the foremost rank as a school of German art. Later Cornelius went to Berlin, and in 1841 became director of the Munich Academy. His fresco of the "Last Judgment," at the back of the high altar-piece in the Ludwigskirche—erected between 1829 and 1842—was said to be the largest picture in the world. He was born in 1787 and died in 1867. It was because of his visit to Berlin that Mendelssohn wrote the famous "Cornelius March" (E.N.).

³ Madame Vespermann, née Metzger (Claire), was born at Munich in 1800 and died in 1897. She was a pupil of Winter and sang with great success. She married one of the court actors (E.N.).

red tiles must be convenient in winter. I was again pleased with the band at the guard mounting at twelve o'clock, though the trumpets cracking ruined the effect. During this walk I took a memorandum of music from the window of a music-shop, writing in my pocket journal. After table-d'hôte I read the papers for a while at the museum and then went with my English acquaintance to the English gardens. They are much more extensive and beautiful than I thought during my morning walk there. At a place in these gardens, which they call the Swiss Tower, two large military bands were playing, one of these I had heard twice before at the grand mounting of the guard.

Thursday, August 25th.—After breakfast I walked about a mile out to see the conveyance from this town to Vienna. According to the information of a *valet de place*, belonging to the inn, it is by rafts. I could see only a most horrid contrivance. I returned through the English gardens and had a long walk as I lost my way in them. I then visited the Royal Picture Gallery which is over the long building I went to see yesterday. The gallery has six or eight large rooms; the cross lights in some of them are disadvantageous. It contains some good pictures by Rubens. After table-d'hôte I took a ticket for the theatre, for a lock-up seat in the front row of the pit next to the orchestra which could be reserved until I came however late. I paid a short visit to Winter and called upon my English friend at the reading museum and went with him to the theatre, which is a magnificent one and perhaps is rather larger than Covent Garden, having one more tier of boxes. The Royal box in the centre is large and handsome and its height is that of the first and second tiers. The pit is larger than that of Covent garden yet the whole theatre does not appear quite so large as our opera house but is infinitely more elegant, though the auditorium is dark like all the foreign theatres I have yet seen. I counted ten wings on the stage, which is very wide; the prompter's place is in the centre near the lamps. The tragedy, *Die Braut von Messina*—"mit Chören," by Schiller—was played and seemed to please. By the "Chören" I suppose was meant sometimes ten, sometimes twenty guards speaking the same words all together, which

had a novel effect to me. Occasionally there was some wind instrument music behind the scenes; also a distant chorus over a dead body at the end of the tragedy, which was well managed, for the music went on very piano with occasionally a slight crescendo while the actors were speaking. The star of the piece was Madame Schröder¹ whom they call "the Siddons of Germany," a fine actress. She was called for and appeared after the tragedy; they also called for Herr Eszlair but he did not come. Herr Eszlair is esteemed a fine actor but he had not a prominent part. The theatre was crowded in all parts, except the block of seats in the pit and some of the boxes. I found on my return a visiting card from our ambassador here, Sir Brook Taylor.

Friday, August 26th.—Except for leaving my card at Sir Brook Taylor's, who was out, I devoted the whole day, with Mr. Watson, to seeing the national library. The guide here said it contained five hundred thousand printed books and sixteen thousand MSS. The building is perhaps not so fine but nothing can be better than the internal arrangement of the books, the smallest can instantly be found. There are some curious books, the covers of which are adorned with gold, silver and precious stones and are certainly valuable without if not within. I understand that valuable additions were made to this library from those of the convents at their suppression. The library from Mannheim has also been brought to it. They have a good collection of English books and there I saw for the first time a folio edition of *Hudibras* and Young's *Night Thoughts*, etc. The librarians were most polite, there was nothing to pay, and though the library was closed to the students of the town yet strangers were admitted and might by obtaining a letter from their minister copy any books for three hours each day or even take them home. When the library is publicly open six hours are allowed for the copy. Under the library I peeped into a room—the museum I suppose—containing stuffed beasts.

¹ Madame Antoinette Sophie Bürger Schröder, also called "die grosse Schröder," married Friedrich Schröder the "excellent baritone singer," who was the first to act Mozart's *Don Juan* in German; he died in 1818. Their daughter was the well-known singer and actress, Madame Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient (G.D.).

At three o'clock I was most kindly received by Sir Brook Taylor, our ambassador, and delivered the letter from Lord Essex.¹ I had left the letter from the Duke of Cambridge when I first called on him. He invited me to dinner on Monday next. He wrote for me a pleasant route for my journey to Linz and invited me to his box on Sunday next. Soon after five I went by invitation to Winter's, there I met Madame Vespermann, the principal singer here, who has sung in Italy, where she is known by her maiden name of Metzzer. She is a scholar of Winter's—rather fat, not tall, and slightly marked with small-pox. Her husband is a performer on the stage at the theatre here; I saw him in two pieces. Madame Vespermann was accompanied at Winter's by Mr. Cramer, a relation of the Cramers of London, who plays the flute in the theatrical orchestra. She sang two bravuras of Soliva and Pacini and a German song. She is undoubtedly a good singer but I doubt her being successful in London where her figure would be much against her. After Madame Vespermann had finished, Mr. Molique²—who wears spectacles—with three young men (who were, he said, his pupils, though Winter said they were pupils of Moralt),³ who were being trained for the orchestra, played, by Winter's kindly arrangement for me, a quartette by Mr. Molique and two quartettes by Spohr. These were:—

Single—Op. 61—Peters, Leipsic.

— —Op. 43—ditto.—(Spohr played in this in London).

¹ George, fifth Earl of Essex, born in 1757 and died in 1839. He married in 1838, three months after the death of his first wife, Catherine Stephens, the well-known singer and actress (see p. 57, note, of the Journals).

² Bernard Molique, a pupil of Spohr and a violinist and composer of great repute, was born at Nuremberg in 1803 and died at Canstadt near Stuttgart in 1869. After a time he went to Vienna and played in the orchestra of the Theater-an-der-Wien. In 1820 he became leader of the band at Munich. From 1826 to 1840 he was leader of the Royal Band at Stuttgart. He then went to England, playing at the Philharmonic concerts of 1849 a concerto of his own. "He was equally successful as a soloist, quartet-player and teacher," and remained in England until he retired into private life (G.D.).

³ Probably either Joseph or Philipp Moralt, two of the four brothers celebrated for their playing of Haydn's quartets. Joseph became Kapellmeister in Munich in 1800, which he remained until his death in 1828. Philipp, the violoncello of the quartet, was in the band from 1795 to his death in 1847. A Mr. Moralt, probably a relation, was first viola player at the Philharmonic until 1842, and was well known in London up to that time as an excellent musician (G.D.).

Mr. Molique is the principal violin at the Court of Munich, he is a very fine player and decided in his execution, but perhaps not so good as Mori.¹ He has taken lessons of Spohr.

Winter told me he had four nieces residing with him, one of them, Mademoiselle Manney, is on the stage. I saw her perform in *Die Braut von Messina* on August 26th. After this music at Winter's I went at a quarter to eight into the pit of the theatre and paid thirty-six kreuzers to see Madame Schröder in *Sappho*. She was called for at the end of the second act and again at the conclusion, when she made a short speech of thanks.

Saturday, August 27th.—In the morning I gave my *carte de sûreté* to Michelle, the French *valet de place* belonging to this hotel, to have my passport returned. Notwithstanding that I had signed a paper the night I arrived here, I was desired to send my passport to the police office, which they kept, sending me a *carte de sûreté* and with it a paper which was to be returned when I required my passport back. Michelle, thinking I intended to go to Salzburg, had had it made out for that place, but Sir Brook Taylor got this rectified and his secretary signed it and also got it signed by the Austrian Ambassador. After breakfast I called upon Winter who gave me a book relative to the musicians of the court and I then went with Mr. Watson—a friend of his taking us there—to the Duke de Leuchtenberg's² gallery of paintings which is open to the public until twelve o'clock. The collection, which is in two rooms, is not large but is most excellent; two statues, the work of Canova, are most beautiful. At a quarter to five I went to Winter's to hear a pupil of his, a young lady, who showed great promise, and who pleased me more than Madame Vespermann but like her abounds in ornaments. It made me think of Handel when he said, "Let me hear my song." The young lady

¹ Nicolas Mori, for many years one of the leaders of the Philharmonic band and first violin at the principal concerts and festivals in England, was born of Italian parents in London, in 1793. It is said "his bow-arm was bold, free, and commanding, his tone full and firm, and his execution remarkable." He with Lavenu started a music business in Bond Street. He died in 1839 (G.D.).

² Eugène de Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, was the nephew of the first husband of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon I (E.N.).

sang "Del par Questo" and some pieces in operas. I then saw Winter's collection of snuffboxes and held an agreeable chat with his nieces,—only one speaks French. I took a short walk in the English garden before returning to the hotel.

Sunday, August 28th.—At nine I went to the cathedral. The organ was my pitch and there was an orchestra. I think the service was Haydn's but it was nothing of importance either as a composition or as a performance. The trebles—women and boys—were good, the men but so so and often out of tune. I dined with Winter by invitation, it was his birthday, he is seventy-one years old. The party consisted of his three nieces—one waiting on us—a little girl, and his two medical men; one wore an order. In the evening I was too late for the beginning of *Freischütz*, I only arrived at the beginning of the second act. By invitation I went into Sir Brook Taylor's box, a gentleman and lady were with him. He told me that Mr. Stunz¹ was the conductor. He beat time at a small pianoforte which he touched but once or twice. The pitch was very little above my fork, the orchestra no great things and contained only three double-basses. The tromboni were good but I have not yet heard a trumpet equal to Harper.² In the Jäger chorus there were six or eight horns accompanying on the stage. The incantation scene was not so terrific as ours but less noisy therefore the music could be heard. The choruses were excellent but the band was nothing extraordinary. I saw little of Zamiel. Madame Vespermann sang well and was the principal singer, but I was greatly pleased with the

¹ Joseph Hartmann Stunz was a pupil of Winter and Capellmeister of the Royal Chapel, Munich. He was born in 1793 (E.N.).

² Thomas Harper, a noted performer on the horn and trumpet, was born at Worcester in 1787 and died in 1853. He played in the band of the East India Volunteers for nearly eighteen years, performing during the first seven of these in the orchestras of some minor theatres. In 1806 he became principal trumpeter at Drury Lane and at the English Opera House, Lyceum. For many years he performed at all the chief concerts and festivals, and was nominated inspector of musical instruments supplied to the band by the East India Company. "Harper played on the slide trumpet, and produced a pure, brilliant, and even tone, with a command of execution which enabled him to surmount the greatest difficulties on this most difficult instrument" (G.D.).

second lady—Mademoiselle Schechner¹ who showed great promise. She is the daughter of poor parents and does the household work, so Sir Brook Taylor said. The tenor was nothing in comparison with Braham.² I thought they left out some of the music in the third act near the end. On the whole the performance was not so superior to England as I had expected.

Monday, August 29th.—I settled a cheap bill at the hotel and after seeing my large trunk to the coach office, (the porter fell with it but was not much hurt) I went over to see the palace and found a party in the room called the treasury, a small apartment (in which there was a soldier on guard) full of rich things, jewellery, crowns, various gold and silver articles and precious stones in abundance. From this room we were taken to the King's private chapel. As he was away there was no service here at this time. The royal seats seem to be closets on each side. We entered over the orchestra which looked large but there appeared to be a small organ on each side of the orchestra, which was very curious, perhaps one was a sham. This chapel leads to another on the same floor, small but truly deserving the name of "the rich chapel." It was shown by a very polite priest not in canonicals. The riches in silver, gold and mosaic were beyond description. Here too was a very small, highly ornamented organ, which from its appearance could not have been used for many years. Not having time I could not follow the company to view the rest of the palace.

At two o'clock I left Munich in the Braunau diligence, a carriage holding six and two outside in the cabriolet—a clumsy conveyance but roomy and easy enough when the roads were good. There were four horses—the postillion generally

¹ Nanette Schechner-Waagen was born at Munich in 1806, she left the stage in 1835 and died in 1860. In 1832 she married Waagen, a lithographer. The Queen of Bavaria early became her patroness, and for ten years she was one of the first in the rank of German singers (G.D.).

² John Braham, the well-known and much-admired tenor singer, was born of Jewish parents in 1774. He first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre in 1787 when a child of thirteen. "His compass extended to about nineteen notes; and his falsetto, from D to A, was so entirely within his control that it was hardly possible to distinguish where his natural voice began and ended" (G.D.).

riding—the conductor in uniform came inside which made four of us. One passenger went but one or two posts, the other, a boy, about half-way, leaving me alone with the conductor who did not speak French nor did either of the other two. The fare, including driver and conductor, was seven florins, thirty-three kreuzers, which included the overweight for my trunk, fifty pounds of luggage only being allowed. What I saw of the road, which was good, was nothing particular, we passed through no large towns. About half-past six I took some coffee at Marktl, having had supper previously at Haag. From Munich we passed through Paesdorf, Hohenlinden, Haag, Ampfing, Oetting, Marktl and Braunau in Austria. A “post” seems to mean what with us is a stage and each single “post” seems to take about two hours. The going was well enough but the stop at each post to deliver and receive parcels was tremendous. You are obliged by law to turn out of the coach in order that they may get at the seats.

CHAPTER VII

1825

VIENNA

Braunau in Austria—Linz—Down the Danube by boat—Fellow-travellers and discomforts—Vienna—Theatres and churches—Calls and letters of introduction to celebrities—Schönbrunn—Quartettes at Währing—Mayseder—Music publishers—Meets Beethoven at Herr Schlesinger's quartette party—The Palace Theatre—Belvedere—Sir Henry Wellesley and family—St. Michael's—The Court Chapel—Meets Beethoven again, when he extemporises—At Mr. Maggi's for quartettes—The Lusthaus—Second visit to Sir Henry Wellesley at Weinhaus—Mödling.

TUESDAY, August 30th.—I arrived at Braunau in Austria at about half-past eight in the morning and was driven to the custom-house where not one person spoke French, and had it not been for a polite traveller, who was there accompanied by a friend in their own carriage and who overtook us next day at Wels, I know not how I should have got on. The first thing demanded was my passport. I gave the police soldier a twenty-kreuzer piece on its redelivery. He asked many questions as to my character, etc. All the custom-house officers were civil but strict in their search. They tasted my lavender water and took out a little of my snuff from the canister, giving me a paper to show that the rest might pass, only six of their ounces being allowed. They also gave me a paper saying my luggage had been examined, for which I paid only three kreuzers. When this was finished—which took up an hour—the trunk was put into the diligence and I gave the conductor a twenty-kreuzer piece, for he tried to make himself agreeable though we could not understand each other, and had taken it over to the post-office where I secured a place for Linz, paying, I believe, about six florins, six kreuzers. The luggage was allowed gratis. The postmaster here spoke French and was

very polite. I then went to an inn nearly opposite the office. The only decent inn in this town I was told is that from which the diligence starts and there I had a good and cheap dinner and met with a pleasant lawyer and his wife. She explained the Austrian silver money clearly. I got two of my twenty-kreuzer pieces changed to aid this explanation. She fell in love with my pen and quill and took it to a man to have one made, which would take him fifteen days to do. She recommended me to the inn at Linz I am now writing at. They both seemed to be good honest people.

At two o'clock I departed in the diligence to Linz. The country which I saw in the day time seemed to be better cultivated than that which I passed through yesterday, it being very woody and plenty of up-and-down hill. We passed through Altheim, Ried, Haag, Lambach,—where we stopped at least two hours until daylight,—and Wels.

Wednesday, August 31st.—I arrived at Linz about half-past twelve in the afternoon. They asked for my passport at the entrance into this town, which was brought to me at the "Kanone" after dinner by a police soldier with a permission to depart by water. In this diligence, which holds but four inside and two in the cabriolet outside, the conductor and I were alone. He could not speak a word of French and therefore our communication was confined to about twelve words the whole way. He appeared surly and only melted at the end when I gave him a twenty-kreuzer piece, which seemed to surprise him. A troublesome custom in this diligence is that the tips to postillions are not included as they were from Munich to Braunau, and by law they can demand three kreuzers for each single stage. I gave six each, which having regard to the custom was perhaps too much. I was directed to the "Kanone"—which is, I believe, opposite the post-house to which I took my bag—leaving my trunk behind, and where I had a good and cheap dinner. At table-d'hôte I had a pleasant conversation in French and a few words in English with a very pleasant Hungarian officer, who was travelling with his own horses to beyond Vienna. They were too fiery, he said, to go there by water, otherwise he would have chosen that route. They did not look it when I saw them, which I did when he departed with

his two servants in a curious but convenient waggon without a top. After dinner, as the landlord could not speak French and I could not find the only waiter who could speak even a few words in that language, the Hungarian officer despatched the boots for me to enquire about a water conveyance to Vienna, to-morrow. The answer not being satisfactory I set out by myself to discover the "Aigle d'or" kept by M. Haslinger, which was the inn to which the lawyer and his wife, whom I saw at Braunau, had recommended me. After several wrong turnings, charming to say, I found out the inn without asking a single question and was so pleased with M. Haslinger that I ordered him to send a porter back with me to my inn to remove my luggage to "l'Aigle d'or." On our way we met a very large regiment returning from exercise, which I had previously seen go by when I was at the "Kanone." It had a very fine band, at least fifty strong, and among the instruments was a curious double bassoon and a curved instrument which I have never seen before. At the "Aigle d'or," at which I arrived at about six o'clock in the evening, the landlord told me no boat from Ratisbon would pass until the regular boat from this place on Friday morning, for which I was not sorry as he gave me an excellent room facing the Danube. So here I took up my pleasant quarters, and had some coffee and went into a most comfortable bed at eight o'clock to recover my fatigue and make up for the want of a bed for the last two nights.

Thursday, September 1st.—I rose at six o'clock to write this journal at a window facing the Danube, which here runs rapidly. Opposite are mountains and most beautiful country and on the left is a bridge leading to a large village close by, the whole reminding me very much of the Rhine scenery. The people were preparing their boats. The wind is very fresh and against us, I fear, for to-morrow. After breakfast I walked about the town and at dinner met with an old German gentleman who had been in England and America and who walked with me to buy a map and a knife. Inspection of our boat with him does not give much idea of comfort, however, go I must, and if any one speaks French all will be well.

Friday, September 2nd.—I left Linz at half-past six in the morning and arrived at the hotel in Vienna at one o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday. The journey was briefly as follows. We left Linz at twenty-five minutes past six in the morning, and at twenty minutes past nine we stopped at a single house on the left bank of the Danube till a quarter to three. The captain said it was the wind being against us which occasioned this delay and it certainly was strong ahead. At twenty-five minutes to seven we stopped for the night at the village of Wallsee, where I had a bad supper and slept in a room with two other gentlemen where there was but one wash-hand-basin for three.

Saturday, September 3rd.—We set out at twenty-five minutes to five and stopped and landed soon after for about three-quarters of an hour owing to the fog—and such a fog I never before beheld. Reichard, in his *Guide des voyageurs en Europe*, alludes to the astonishing fogs on the Danube. We stopped again at the village of Grein, on the left bank, and proceeding on our way, about an hour after, passed a dangerous channel called Strudel where there is a whirlpool near the centre of the river and a gradual descent of the water. The banks on each side at this place are very romantic and beautiful. We had to pay for passing in safety, for here began a practice which was very often repeated during our passage. A boat came from the shore with a saint in a box, and a man, having another box, that was locked. This was fastened to the end of a long handle to enable the bearer to poke out charity from those furthest off in the boat. The donations are for the poor, so they say, in the various chapels and hospitals on each side of the river. We stopped at half-past six for the night at Stein, which is famous for its wine, and walked to a pleasant village adjoining, called Krems. I shall never forget the bad supper, or the heat and odour of the room where we had it, which was crowded with all our passengers and others besides. I got a single bedroom and a tolerable bed.

Sunday, September 4th.—We set out at ten minutes past four in the morning, there was no fog but it was very cold. We saw the ruins of the castle of Durrenstein, where our King Richard Cœur de Lion was confined as a prisoner, and

about eleven o'clock went up the right bank of the Danube in a sort of canal and soon after landed at the village of Nussdorf. Two police soldiers escorted us to the custom-house, where I left my passport and had a paper given to me which would enable me to obtain a *carte de sûreté* from the head of the police at Vienna. M. Dorninger, my pleasant acquaintance, obtained a carriage which conveyed us both with our baggage to Vienna, after our trunks had been looked at by a custom-house officer on the bank. They could not be sealed there till three o'clock, so at the barrier of the suburbs we were again stopped. The distance seemed about two and a half miles from Nussdorf to the place where I took up my residence, at the "L'Imperatrice d'Autriche" in the Weihburggasse No. 906. I never suffered more pain than during this voyage down the Danube, what with the fog and the alternate cold and heat due to a scorching sun. No gentleman should go in a passage vessel, the company and inns are far too disagreeable, but for a party taking a boat to themselves it would be the extreme of pleasure. These Noah's arks are intended to carry freight only and happy is the man who can secure a good berth on or behind a tub or a chest. The landlord of "l'Aigle d'or" at Linz—a good fellow—had supplied me with a stone bottle of good red wine, which was tolerable, two fowls and a large loaf, and it was well that he did so, though the fowls were queer, but hunger is the best sauce, and he set my mind at ease by introducing me to a merchant of his acquaintance who spoke French and he saw me on board too, being with me when I paid for my passage—two florins. He said there were several Italian merchants going also, so I began to brush up my Italian. The boat was a Noah's ark in every sense, for it contained one of each of the dirty kind of men, women, dogs, birds of all sorts and crabs—alive! besides other strange creatures. The Italian merchants turned out to be sausage-makers and I bought a piece of one of them, which was excellent. They had been selling them at the late fair at Linz. They all spoke French and were among the most clever, gay and entertaining people I have ever met. One, having been in the army, was very useful in explaining the various positions of the armies on the banks

when Napoleon took Vienna. We had several sedate, elderly ladies on board and three or four agreeable men, of whom Mr. Dorninger was one. He spoke French and Italian only tolerably, but he was most useful on our landing, making all our arrangements to Vienna. My total expense was about seven florins, white money.

I do not think the tour of the Danube is altogether so fine and romantic as the Rhine, though in some parts it is close upon it. The ruins are not so numerous or grand, though the river is generally much wider and the current seemed to me much more rapid. The water is rather whitish but well tasting. None of the boats have sails, those going down are taken by the current but they row also. In ours the sailors and such of the passengers who chose, rowed nearly all the way with two clumsy long oars, one fixed on each side and one long one projected out at the prow with which the captain—a good sort of fellow—occasionally put the vessel to or from the shore. Another long oar stood out of the stern to steer by, all were clumsy but well answered the purpose. The boat from Ratisbon, which was larger than ours but nearly of the same description, passed us on the way and got in about a quarter of an hour first. The boats going up the Danube were towed by at least ten horses, which was hard work. I understood that the captain was going to sell our boat at Vienna, for this reason it abounded in woodwork.

After dinner *à la carte* at my hotel, I took a walk, looked into St. Stephen's church, which the guide book says "is the most important edifice in Vienna," but where there is a small organ, and then went on the ramparts, returning to coffee, after which I made my way by seven o'clock to the theatre in "der Leopoldstadt." The charge for the parterre was one florin, paper. The opera or burletta was *Jacob in Wein*,¹ and the acting of an old humpbacked man (Schuster) was among the most diverting things I ever saw. I was convulsed with laughter. He was called for and spoke at the end and gave out the programme for the next evening. A woman, whom I suppose was a would-be actress, was also excellent. The

¹ A burlesque or farce in three acts, which was freely taken from the comedy of *Hans in Wein* (E.N.).

music, by Capellmeister Wenzel Müller, was of the Sadler's Wells type, though a duet—number five—which was encoored, and another duet and song, sung by the actress, were effective. The theatre is small and dirty as was the scenery. The orchestra was large but the music gave no opportunity for the display of skill if they had any to display. The pitch was rather above mine. The conductor sat at a queer-toned long pianoforte and beat time with a roll. I took a seat which was not locked up but was ordered off by two gentlemen who had taken that and the next. It was all over at half-past nine. The house was very crowded and the company only tolerably genteel though very quiet, but I thought they rather hissed the actress when she was a little broad in her bravura singing and dancing. This piece would do for us if any one could act the old man's part.

Monday, September 5th.—I again went into the principal church—St. Stephen's—which is beautiful within but I do not like the mosaic or painted stones in the sloping roof outside. I then discovered there are two organs, a small one on the side near the altar for constant use and a large one for great occasions, in the usual place. In the morning I called at Steiner and Co.'s music shop to choose the four pieces for Birchall and was politely received by M. Steiner. I paid him four florins, thirty-six kreuzers, good white money, for postage for letters from Charles enclosing three letters from Lady Susan Hamilton.¹ I was introduced to Joseph Boehm,²—a clever violin player mentioned in Moscheles' letter. He teaches the violin at the conservatorium. I did not hear him play—and also to J. L.

¹ Lady Susan Hamilton was the daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton and his wife Susan Euphemia, second daughter and co-heiress of William Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, Wilts. She married first, in 1832, Henry, Earl of Lincoln (afterwards fifth Duke of Newcastle), from whom she was divorced in 1860, and secondly, in 1860, M. Opdebeck, of Brussels. She was a pupil of Sir G. Smart for eleven years, and the Earl of Lincoln also took a few lessons in singing from him (B.P.).

² Joseph Boehm was noted as much as a teacher as he was esteemed as a violinist, "earning applause everywhere for the soundness of his tone, his irreproachable technique, and his healthy musical style." Amongst his many pupils were Joachim, Ernst and L. Straus. He was born at Pesth in 1798, resided at Vienna for fifty years and died there in 1876 (G.D.).

Blahetka, who has a clever daughter,¹ a pianist, he said she had lately given a concert at Ems, when Weber conducted, and talked of coming to England. I gave him my London card, as also to Mr. Boehm, the principal violin.

Dr. Dorninger dined with me by invitation at my hotel and afterwards showed me a few lions of the place, such as the Prater, the gardens for the people near the king's private garden. We separated at a coffee-house opposite the Josephstadt-Theater and he promised to return to it at half-past nine to escort me home, but did not, though I waited there for five-and-twenty minutes. However he helped me to obtain a locked-up seat in the pit next the orchestra, for which I paid a florin and a half, paper money, for the parterre, here they were playing *Freischütz*. This was a smaller theatre than the Leopoldstadt but more tastefully fitted up. It was very crowded and the orchestra was only tolerable. The violins were weak, and the conductor beat time at a desk in the centre even with the violins, the pitch was rather above my fork. Agathe was played by Madame Heffermann, who was young and neither good nor bad. Max, by Kreiner, a good tenor, but nothing like Braham. Aennchen was Madame Dunst, she was pretty good but left out the song with tenor obbligato after the recitative. The tenor also omitted part of his scena in the incantation scene, in which no Agathe appeared, and there were various other changes, for Caspar did not come on at the beginning. There were plenty of owls with flaring eyes, but the scenery was not to be compared with Munich and, as crossbows were used throughout the piece, the casting of the bullets was quite different. Samiel alone answered to "one" "two," etc., but the hunt being in the first sky border, produced a better effect than any I have ever seen. The *pias* in the hunting chorus were effective. Upon the whole it was well sung, though the drinking song by Caspar was not so good as

¹ Leopoldine Blahetka, an Austrian by birth, was born in 1811. She played both the piano and the physharmonika, and received instruction from Jos. Czerny, Kalkbrenner and Moscheles. She composed some music which met with applause, and settled in Boulogne in 1840. Schumann held her playing in great esteem (G.D.).

Phillips's¹ rendering. The decorations were what our second-rate country theatres would be, the choruses were good. Samiel carried off Caspar down a trap, at Munich he was taken off at the command of the prince, who at this theatre looked a tawdry cobbler and said nothing. In the morning Dr. Dorninger took me to the counting-house where Mr. Kirchoffer, a friend of Ferdinand Ries, is book-keeper, to find F. J. Ries's address. He promised to deliver Ries's letter to his brother and we went to the police office for my *carte de sûreté* which I obtained from the bankers, Fries & Co., signed and sealed by a clerk.

On Tuesday, September 6th, Mr. Kirchoffer brought young Ries to me at eight in the morning—a very pleasant young man—and left us, taking for delivery Schulz's² letter to Worzischek³ who is the emperor's organist, but finding he was dying he brought it back. He promised to make up a quartette for me. I went to Ries's lodgings and played a duet with him and was much pleased with an organ stop to a grand pianoforte in his room made by Amberg. Ries says the following is the rank of pianoforte makers in Vienna. Stainer, Streicher, C. Graff, who is patronised by Moscheles, Amberg, who makes the organ stop, and Lechen.

I gave Ries a dinner at a place which he frequents and afterwards saw the royal stables, several horses were absent with the Emperor,⁴ when full there are over seven hundred.

¹ Henry Phillips, the well-known and greatly-esteemed bass singer, was Sir G. Smart's pupil in 1825, 1826 and 1827. He "was heard to the best advantage in the songs of Handel and Purcell, and the oratorio songs of Haydn, Mendelssohn and Spohr. On the stage he was most successful in ballads." "In the summer of 1824 he sang the music of Caspar on the production of *Der Freischütz* with great effect." He was born in 1801 and died in 1876. In 1863 he became a teacher of singing. He composed several songs and wrote on other subjects (G.D.).

² The father of Edouard Schuls, the pianist. He was a Hungarian who settled at Vienna, and in 1825 went with his two sons to London. He and his younger son Leonard played the guitar. In 1828 the three appeared at the Philharmonic. Edouard was the best known and made much money later as a teacher of music (G.D.).

³ Johann Hugo Worzischek held a position in the civil service at Vienna, and in 1823 gave this up to become court organist there. He was born at Wamberg in Bohemia in 1791 and died in November, 1825. He was a noted composer (G.D.).

⁴ Francis I—earlier Francis II, Emperor of Germany—exchanged his title to that of Emperor of Austria in 1804. He died in 1835. His eldest daughter married Napoleon Buonaparte in 1810 (E.N.).

A gallery above the stables containing stag horns was curious. Ries also took me to a pianoforte maker's where he formerly worked, named J. Promberger, where I played a duet, of Onslow's, with his son, whom Ries began to teach but who is now with C. Czerny¹ and who invited me to a quartette party next Sunday.

Ries showed me various buildings in the town and we left the following letters given me by Schulz, namely, a letter to Schuppanzigh,² whom I met in Steiner's music shop, to Mayseder³ whom I met going out with two ladies, and to Boehm. I also left a letter with C. Czerny, who was at dinner when we called, and with Benelli,⁴ who called when I was out and went next day to Italy. We called on Madame Schulz and von Dembslov but they were in the country; also on Kreutzer⁵ but he had gone to Italy.

¹ Carl Czerny, the noted teacher and composer, was born in 1791, visited England in 1837 and died in 1857. He was a native of Vienna, and one of Beethoven's most devoted friends and pupils. It was his custom to give musical parties on Sunday, when his most advanced pupils performed (G.D.).

² Ignas Schuppanzigh, the great violinist, conductor, and teacher of Beethoven, was born in Vienna in 1776 and died in 1830. He is principally renowned as being one of the quartet players who played Beethoven's and other quartets, and who founded the "Rasoumofsky quartets." He returned from a long tour in 1824, having been absent from Vienna nine years, and it was when these musical meetings had again commenced that Sir G. Smart paid his visit to that city (G.D.).

³ Joseph Mayseder was born in Vienna in 1789 and died in 1863. When young, Schuppanzigh took great interest in him, and early allowed him to play second violin in his quartets. He then became a performer at the court chapel and, in 1820, solo-violin at the Court Theatre. He was made chamber violinist to the Emperor in 1836. He was a great teacher and published much chamber music. He only played in his own country, and it is written of him that "his tone was particularly fascinating and his execution had great breadth and elevation of style" (G.D.).

⁴ Antonio Benelli, an Italian by birth, and a tenor singer, commenced his professional career at Naples. He came to London in 1798, and was in Dresden from 1801 to 1822, becoming afterwards professor of singing at the Berlin Opera until 1829. He was before the public for thirty-two years and then retired on a pension. He was born in 1771 and died in 1830. He was a composer of merit and his *Method* and *Solfeggi* were much in request (G.D.).

⁵ Conradin Kreutzer was a composer of German opera and other music. "His part songs are still standard works with all the German *Liedertafeln*." He was born at Mosskirch, in Baden, in 1782, and came to Vienna in 1804. Later he became Capellmeister to the King of Württemberg, but returned to Vienna in 1822, and was Capellmeister at the "Kärthnerthor-theater" in 1825, from 1829 to 1832, and from 1837 to 1840; he also conducted part of the latter time at the Josephstadt Theatre. He was Capellmeister at Cologne later, returning to Vienna in 1846, and died at Riga in 1849 (G.D.).

I heard in the morning, at Steiner's music shop, a report that Weber was dead.

Yesterday I called with Dr. Dorninger at Sir H. Wellesley's¹ and left four letters for him. One was from the Duke of Cambridge and I believe one was from Lord Essex. I left also a letter for Lady G. Wellesley² from the Duchess of Hamilton.³

On my return at night I found a paper from the police with questions to answer which were nearly the same as those which I had already answered in the written paper given me by the landlord on my arrival. I wrote in French according to Ries's explanation. I also found a printed invitation in French to dine with Mr. David Parish, a pastor in Fries's house, on Friday next.

Wednesday, September 7th.—Mr. Kirchoffer, a friend of Ries, says the following is the rank of the principal violin players in Vienna. Mayseder, Boehm, Jansa,⁴ and Schuppanzigh, who was Mayseder's master and is very portly.

In the course of the day I left the following letters, wafered, and a card with each. A letter for Stainer, a friend of Beethoven, from Schulz. To Wittag, for wind instruments,—he is young Schulz's master—he called upon me on September 7th, in the evening, when I was out.

¹ Henry Wellesley, the youngest son of the first Earl of Mornington (the composer of glees, etc.) and brother of the first Duke of Wellington, was born in 1773. After serving in India he was ambassador to Spain from 1809 to 1822, ambassador to Vienna from 1823 to 1831, and to Paris from 1841 to 1846. He was knighted in 1812, and created Baron Cowley in 1828. He was twice married and died in 1847 (D.N.B.).

² Lady Georgiana Wellesley was the eldest daughter of James, first Marquis of Salisbury, and became the second wife of Sir Henry Wellesley in 1816. She died in 1860. Their only daughter married Sir Henry Lytton-Bulwer (D.N.B.).

³ Susan Euphemia, tenth Duchess of Hamilton. She was a lifelong friend of Sir G. Smart and his pupil for twenty-five years. She married Alexander tenth Duke of Hamilton and seventh Duke of Brandon in 1810, and died in 1859 (D.N.B.).

⁴ Leopold Jansa, violinist, was intended for the law but abandoned this profession for music. In 1824 he was appointed a member of the Imperial Band and ten years after conductor of music at the University of Vienna. Having assisted at a concert in London in aid of the Hungarian refugees he was dismissed. He then became a much-esteemed music teacher in London, Madame Norman-Neruda, later Lady Hallé, was one of his pupils. His compositions also met with much success (G.D.).

Maggi from Weishaupt by Alewyn; M. Bennet and Chevalier de Bayard from Weishaupt. Messrs. Arnstein and Eskeles, Rougement. Mr. Ries left these on September 10th, and they requested me to call on the 12th. Prince Esterhazy, from the Duke of Hamilton. Mr. August and Chevalier de Fodransperg. (I gave him this letter when he called upon me on Friday, he is to call on Saturday morning at eight to show me Vienna, he left me Madame Schulz's direction in the country.—Madame Nina Schultz.—I gave this to Fodransperg when he called this morning,) Dembscher from Schulz. I delivered this to him at his country house on September 7th, and he invited me for quartettes to-morrow. I gave Beethoven two letters at Schlesinger's¹ on September 9th. One was from Ries and the other from Stumpff.² On the 11th he received from me the oratorio book, the bill, and the Philharmonic card.

On the 7th of September, at nine in the morning, I called on Mayseder, who received me most politely. I saw a manuscript catalogue of the subjects of his compositions, they appeared to be about forty-nine in number. Schulz, of London, my neighbour I suppose, is going to print one for pianoforte and violin, which perhaps will do for Mr. Alewyn. We conversed about Beethoven's Choral Symphony, our opinion agrees about it. When it was performed here Umlauf³ conducted it and Kletrinski⁴ and Schuppanzigh

¹ Moritz Adolph, the elder son of Martin Adolph Schlesinger, who, in 1795, founded the great music-publishing house in Berlin—which business his second son, Heinrich, carried on until his death, in 1879. Moritz Schlesinger had settled in Paris, where he had started a similar successful establishment, which was taken over by Messrs. Brandus and Dufour in 1846 (G.D.).

² Stumpff was the well-known harp-maker in Great Portland Street and the friend of Beethoven and Dragonetti. It was he who sent the former, when he was dying, a complete set of Arnold's edition of *Handel's Works*. Early in life Stumpff formed one of the thirty-one performers in the band of the Elector of Cologne at the National Theatre there (G.D. and H.M.H.).

³ Michael Umlauf, son of Ignaz the composer, was born at Vienna in 1781 and died there in 1842. He was first violinist at the German opera and later became Capellmeister there. He wrote *Der Granadier*, an opera, six ballets, and some sacred pieces for the Court Chapel besides other music (D.M.).

⁴ Jean Kletrinski was born in Poland the latter half of the eighteenth century. He was a violinist and published several compositions, mostly for the violin. On leaving Poland he resided in Vienna (E.N.).

were the leaders. All the basses played in the recitative but they had the story that it was written for Dragonetti¹ only.

I had a twenty-pound bill cashed at Fries's and was introduced to Count Fries,² a young man, and to David Parish, who speaks English well, perhaps he is an Englishman. I left my card at Dorninger's house and he returned my visit when young Ries was with me. At three we walked together to deliver Prince Esterhazy's and other letters. I called with him at Herr Dembscher's country house, he is either in the war office or is an army agent, so Mr. Parish says. I was most politely received by him in his beautiful little garden. He invited me to hear Mayseder and others play quartettes to-morrow.

After this we went to see Prince Liechtenstein's garden, which is small but pretty. We saw his most valuable pictures contained in twenty-five rooms—the very best collection I have yet seen in Germany—but we were rather too late for the good light. I received my *carte de sûreté* this day for which I sent a *valet de place* of the hotel to the police office. In consequence of my request, M. le Compté Fries sent me a card of admission to the Reunion Mercantile à Vienne, which is a reading room for newspapers. M. Dembscher told me that Spohr had written a double quartette³ for eight, which young Ries has heard, and that Beethoven has nearly finished three separate quar-

¹ Domenico Dragonetti, the wonderful double-bass player, was born at Venice in 1755, where, when eighteen, he was appointed to a post in the choir of St. Mark's, and commenced composing music for his instrument. He came to London in 1794, where he was engaged for the opera and for the concerts at the King's theatre. He now "became the inseparable companion of the violoncellist Lindley, and for fifty-two years they played at the same desk," wherever their presence was required. In London he made the acquaintance of Haydn, and in Vienna that of Beethoven in 1808. In August, in 1845, he headed the double-basses at the Beethoven Festival at Bonn. He was then ninety. He died in London in 1846 (G.D.).

² A Count Fries—perhaps the father of the one here mentioned—was a friend of Beethoven's early and later days, and one of the aristocracy of Vienna who were devoted to music. He gave musical entertainments at which Beethoven was always welcome (G.D.).

³ Spohr wrote three double quartets, that of which Sir G. Smart writes is described as being one of his finest works. They were written for four violins, two violas and two violoncelli (G.D.).

tettes,¹ of these compositions the first will be printed at Mayence and the other two at Schlesinger's at Paris.

Thursday, September 8th.—At eight in the morning I went with young Ries in a public conveyance carrying eleven, to the palace of Schönbrunn, distant about three-quarters of an hour's drive. It is a pretty place and the gardens are open all the year round to the public. We saw the interior. Buonaparte made this his residence when he was in Vienna, they pointed out his bedroom to us. We dined here well and cheaply and returned in a similar public conveyance to the one we came out in, paying one florin, paper, for going and the same on returning. On our arriving back at four o'clock we went into St. Peter's Church, where they sung a requiem, during a funeral, I never heard so gay an one before. It was not well sung and the band and singers were weak. The organ seemed as if it were in three divisions, which is not uncommon in Germany, or perhaps its being placed so high up prevented my seeing how it was united, indeed, I could scarcely see the performers at all.

Mr. Mittag² called at nine in the morning and the porter told him I should be at Mr. Dembscher's, at the village of Währing, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from Vienna. Thither I went with Ries this evening at six and on our way we popped into St. Michael's church where they were singing something very like our psalm tunes but between each verse there was a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums, which had a most curious effect. Mr. Dembscher received us most politely. There were about twenty persons present, including six or seven ladies, and an Italian

¹ The first of these in E♭ was first played on March 6th, 1825, and published the following March. The players were Schuppanzigh, Weiss, Lincke and Holz. Beethoven made each player sign a compact pledging his honour to do his best to vie with his comrades in zeal. The second quartette, in A minor, op. 132, was first performed on November 6th, 1825. The third in E♭, op. 130, was completed in 1825 and played on March 21st, 1826. This was Beethoven's last completed composition (G.D.).

² Jean Godefried Mittag was a celebrated pianoforte teacher, composer and writer who lived in Vienna in the early part of the nineteenth century. He had many celebrated pupils, amongst whom was Thalberg (E.N.).

who told me he had sung with Braham, Siboni,¹ etc., in Italy. His name was something like Righini. He was rather tall and has been in Vienna these last fifteen years. Mr. Mittag-Besson—young Schulz's master—was there, who introduced me to Mr. Panny² a young composer.

The quartette players were Mayseder, Dembscher—'cello—and two other amateurs. I never enjoyed three quartettes more. Mayseder is a most perfect player, though I thought he had not his own violin, he is a most pleasant gentlemanly person. The quartettes, which were most difficult, were admirably played. After a good supper all the company walked home together and arrived about eleven o'clock. This being the Fête of the Nativity of the Virgin, all the shops in Vienna were closed, and we passed crowds of people on our way to Schönbrunn going to celebrate the festival at the village³ named after this saint.

Friday, September 9th.—A Frenchman or an Italian called between eight and nine with a verbal invitation to dine with Sir H. Wellesley at Weinhaus at five to-morrow and soon after Mr. Mittag called and took me to Artaria's⁴ music shop. Artaria was away in Italy on a tour. A pleasant man, who spoke French, promised to look out the four pieces for Birchall and told me that Artaria's was the first music shop established in Wein, but he also sells maps,

¹ Giuseppe Siboni, an Italian by birth and a fine tenor singer, was born in 1780. He came to London in 1806 and sang at the King's theatre for the three following seasons. He lived in Vienna from 1810 to 1814, and after singing at Prague, Naples and St. Petersburg, settled at Copenhagen in 1819. Here he became director of the Royal Opera and of the Conservatorium. He died there in 1839. He was a good actor as well as singer (G.D.).

² Joseph Panny was born in Austria in 1794, and became a pupil of Eybler in Vienna. Here Paganini selected him to compose a scena for violin and orchestra. After travelling in Germany he settled in Mayence and founded a vocal and instrumental school there. Pearsall was one of his pupils. He died in 1838 (G.D.).

³ The village of Mariabrunn, where there is a pilgrimage church (E.N.).

⁴ The noted music-publishing firm in Vienna founded by the three brothers of that name in 1750. In 1770 the Empress gave Carlo, the son of the eldest brother, Cesare Artaria, permission to establish an art business in Vienna, where were sold engravings, maps and foreign music. The first music-printing press in that city was started by them in 1776, and they issued their first publications two years later. The business was in the hands of Domenico, a son-in-law of Carlo, from 1809 to 1849, and "the house was the resort of all the artists of the city" (G.D.).

etc. We then went to Mecchetti's¹ music shop, they too are publishers, and bought three pieces for Birchall. A pleasant man showed me the picture of Velluti² who was here fifteen years ago. He knows Cipriani Potter and Neate. Mr. Holz,³ an amateur in some public office and a good violin player, came in and said Beethoven had come from Baden this morning and would be at his nephew's—Carl Beethoven,⁴ a young man aged twenty—No. 7½ Alleegasse. Mecchetti sells marble vases and lamps, etc., as well as music. I saw Handel's "Sampson," arranged for voices and pianoforte, in German. He showed me some variations for the violin on a German air by Mayseder and some arranged as a quartette with pianoforte accompaniment. It is printed by Artaria and entitled Opus. 40. At twelve I took Ries to the Hotel Wildemann, the lodgings of Mr. Schlesinger, the music-seller of Paris, as I understood from Mr. Holz that Beethoven would be there and there I found him. He received me in the most flattering manner. There was a numerous assembly of professors to hear Beethoven's second new manuscript quartette, bought by Mr. Schlesinger. This

¹ Mecchetti's firm became extinct about 1835 (G.D.).

² Giovanni-Battista Velluti, "the last of the great male sopranos of Italy," was born in 1781 and made his début at Forlì in 1800. He was said to be the "first singer of the day." After singing in Italy he went to Vienna in 1812. Here "he was crowned, medallised and celebrated in verse." He came to London in 1825, where he did not receive a very good reception, and again in 1829. He spent the latter part of his life in Italy, and died in 1861, aged eighty. "He was a man of kind and benevolent disposition, and of gentlemanly feeling and deportment" (G.D.).

³ Karl Holz became a member of Schuppanzigh's quartet party in 1824, and Beethoven chose him for his biographer, which task he never undertook. He was an Austrian official, and his great love of music caused him to become "an active member of the direction of Gebauer's *Spiritual Concerts*," where he was first violin. He was born in 1798 and died in 1858 (G.D.).

⁴ Carl Beethoven was the son of Caspar Carl, Beethoven's brother, and Johanna (*née* Reis), his wife. On the death of his brother, in 1815, Beethoven took his nephew away from his mother and adopted him. In 1824 he was sent to the University and failed, he next tried trade, but could not pass his examination at the Polytechnic school. He then attempted to take his own life, in consequence of which he was ordered out of Vienna at a day's notice by the police, and later joined the army. These latter events occurred between March and October, 1826. His uncle's affection for him, however, never failed, and he declared him, before he died, his sole heir (G.D.).

quartette is three-quarters of an hour long. They played it twice. The four performers were Schuppanzigh, Holz, Weiss,¹ and Lincke.² It is most chromatic and there is a slow movement entitled "Praise for the recovery of an invalid." Beethoven intended to allude to himself I suppose for he was very ill during the early part of this year. He directed the performers, and took off his coat the room being warm and crowded. A staccato passage not being expressed to the satisfaction of his eye, for alas, he could not hear, he seized Holz's violin and played the passage a quarter of a tone too flat. I looked over the score during the performance. All paid him the greatest attention. About fourteen were present, those I knew were Boehm (violin), Marx³ (cello), Carl Czerny, also Beethoven's nephew, who is like Count St. Antonio,⁴ so is Boehm, the violin player. The partner of Steiner, the music-seller, was also there. I fixed to go to Beethoven at Baden on Sunday and left at twenty-five minutes past two. At four I went to dine with Mr. David Parish and had a most pleasant sumptuous dinner. Fourteen persons were there, those I was introduced to were

¹ Franz Weiss was the celebrated viola-player who performed in "Prince Rasoumowski's string-quartet" at his palace in Vienna, when they practised Beethoven's quartets for the first time. Schuppanzigh would play first violin, the Prince the second, and Lincke the violoncello. Weiss was born in Silesia in 1778 and died in Vienna in 1830. He was also a good composer (G.D.).

² Joseph Lincke became violinist in 1800 in a Dominican convent at Breslau; he was later appointed first 'cellist at the theatre where Carl M. von Weber was Capellmeister. Through Schuppanzigh, in 1808, he joined Prince Rasoumowsky's private quartet party and settled in Vienna, where Beethoven became his friend. "His playing appears to have been remarkable for its humour, and he is said to have been particularly happy in expressing Beethoven's characteristic style." In 1818 he was engaged as first 'cellist in the theatre "an der Wein," and in 1831 played in the orchestra of the court-opera. He was born in 1783 and died in 1837. Three only of his compositions were published (G.D.).

³ Adolph Bernhard Marx was a lawyer who founded, with Schlesinger, the "Allgemeine Berliner Musikzeitung," which did so much to introduce Beethoven's works. He received his doctor's diploma in 1827, and became tutor in the University of Berlin, teaching history and the theory of music. He was appointed professor in 1830 and music director of the University choir in 1832. He helped to found, in 1850, what afterwards became the "Berliner Conservatorium." He was born at Halle in 1799 and died in Berlin in 1866. "His numerous works were of unequal merit" (G.D.).

⁴ Count St. Antonio was one of the sub-committee who helped to form the Royal Academy of Music in 1822 (E.N.).

Lord Stanhope,¹ Count Esterhazy,² a relative of Prince Esterhazy, and Sir James Ramsey,³ a pleasant Scotchman.

At a quarter to seven I went from thence to the Palace Theatre. There was no director of the orchestra and the pitch was above my fork, as it was at Schlesinger's this morning. The pit of this theatre is as long, but not so wide, as any of ours in London. There are four tiers of boxes. The royal box is up one pair of stairs and is in the centre, but I suppose when the Royal Family go in private they sit in three boxes near the stage on the second tier on the right hand side, as these boxes were covered with velvet. At this theatre, at which I was told translations of *King Lear* and *Macbeth* have been given, there was a genteel audience, but it was not crowded. At half-past nine in the evening Sir James Ramsey took me to the Baronin Weksler, a most excellent amateur singer who is intimate with the Duchess of Hamilton. Sir James's brother was there, together with the Baronin's daughter and another lady, also a Mr. J. E. Horzalka⁴ who knows Moscheles and who accompanied in too loud and clumsy a manner and played a tolerable fantasia of his own. They said he had composed a mass.

Saturday, September 10th.—I waited until half-past nine for Chevalier de Fodransperg, Schulz's friend, who promised to call at eight. I then went to the Reunion Mercantile à Vienne to read the papers by right of the ticket given me by le Comte Fries; on my return I found Chevalier de Fodransperg, who took me to see the Belvedere Palace. The picture gallery could not be seen but in the lower palace

¹ Philip Henry, fourth Earl Stanhope, was born in 1761, and married in 1803 Catherine Lucy, daughter of Robert, Lord Carrington. He succeeded to the earldom in 1816, became Keeper of the Records in the Birmingham Tower, Dublin, and died in 1855 (B.P.).

² Probably Count Johann Esterhazy, a great lover of music, who had a country house at Zelész, in Hungary, and a town house at Vienna. Schubert resided with him as teacher to his children, but was away on a tour with a friend this summer and did not return until October. He was therefore absent from Vienna during Sir G. Smart's visit (G.D.).

³ Sir James Ramsey, eighth baronet, was born in 1797; he succeeded to the title in 1807, and married Jane, only child and heiress of John Hope Oliphant. He died in 1859 (B.P.).

⁴ Johann Horzalka, a Bohemian, was born in 1778 and died in 1860. He was a talented writer for the pianoforte, and "his Rondo pastoral (op. 11) and Rondo hongrois (op. 28) were great favourites in Vienna" (G.D.).

the armoury was most curious, besides various articles brought from a palace in the Tyrol. A superb piece of mosaic, the Lord's Supper, is most remarkable. This piece, I understood them to say, was ordered by Buonaparte, which the Austrian Emperor retained. Here I met two Englishmen, one Mr. A. Bugbie, who knew Charles in Edinburgh, and me by sight. He tried to hear the horn music when he was in Moscow. The other gentleman was Mr. David Hunter. From here we went to the church and convent of the Capuchins. Both the royal vaults and the rich chapel are most interesting. The monk, who showed us over, had no objection to the tip of two twenty pieces. Previous to this sight-seeing I called for the music at Artaria's for Birchall, for which I paid, and on our return found a visiting-card from Earl Stanhope and also from Schlesinger of Paris with a message that Beethoven would be at his hotel to-morrow at twelve, therefore of course I gave up going to Baden to visit Beethoven, which he had arranged for me to do. At a quarter past four I started to dine with Sir Henry Wellesley at Weinhaus, a village north-west of, and not far from, Vienna, where I was most politely received. There were about twelve at dinner and among them Lord Dorchester,¹ another nobleman, whose name I could not catch, Miss Wellesley,² who is good-looking, and a Mr. Meredith. The conversation was about the ensuing coronation of the Empress Louisa of Austria at Pressburg, and the fine Italian opera last year. Weinhaus is very pretty with a garden in the English style. Lady Georgiana Wellesley was very agreeable. I got back about eight. In the morning Mr. Kirchoffer called to say he should invite me to his house. It was he who, through Ries, had the arrangement of procuring the Choral Symphony of Beethoven for our Philharmonic Society.

¹ Arthur Henry, second Baron Dorchester, was born in 1805 and died unmarried, in 1836. He succeeded his grandfather, General Sir Guy Carleton, in 1808, who in consideration of his great services during the first American war was created, in 1786, Baron Dorchester of Dorchester, co. Oxford (B.P.).

² Miss Wellesley, probably Charlotte Arbuthnot, daughter of Sir Henry Wellesley—later Baron Cowley—by his first wife, Charlotte, second daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan. Miss Wellesley married Robert, first Lord Ebury. She died in 1891 (B.P.).

Sunday, September 11th.—Young Ries called in the morning and said he had delivered Messrs. Arnstein and Eskeles' letter from Rougemont and that they wanted to see me on Monday morning. Mr. Mittag called at nine, and also Mr. Panny, known to him, to show me the score of a mass he has composed which seems to have merit. He said he should give me a copy and intends to visit England in a year or two. He is an admirer of Handel. Mr. Mittag first took me, at ten o'clock, to St. Michael's church; we went up into the orchestra, which was crowded. The organist, Mr. Schmidt, was placed in the centre with the keys facing the altar. The organ was of bad tone and was placed on the sides to the right and left of him. Mr. Weincup was the director. There was a Baron Prentano, an amateur clarinet, in this orchestra, a middle-aged man who wears spectacles. He invited me to St. Charles's church next Sunday to hear a mass of Beethoven's. The organ loft being too noisy we went down into the body of the church and heard a mass of Haydn's containing some passages borrowed from *The Creation*, such as "The dew dropping morning." There were movements from other composers introduced in this mass. One had a violin accompaniment, written for Mayseder, which was played here by an amateur much better than it was sung by a female who got too sharp. Haydn's mass was played too fast; Mecchetti, who stood next us in the church, gave as a reason that the singers would be more exposed if it were played slower—a curious reason enough—but why were not the band, that is the wind instruments, in better time together? The double-bass here had four strings and Mittag said some had five, but with three Dragonetti does more than I have yet heard. From this church we went to the Court Chapel. The Emperor's brother was there, and I heard that the Emperor and all his family were at the Court Theatre last night, I should have liked to have seen him. He has just arrived at Vienna in order to go to the coronation at Pressburg. We went into the orchestra gallery of the chapel. The keys of the organ, which had pedals and plenty of stops, were here, as at St. Michael's, in the centre. I could see no organ even when I went below in the body of the chapel, but the tone was good. The player introduced

preludes before some of the movements of the mass, which was a very fine one by Albrechtsberger in the good old style. The only wind instruments used in this mass were two oboes. Mittag said a grand mass could not be performed as all the wind instruments were sent to Pressburg—but Albrechtsberger was quite good enough for me. Mr. Eybler¹ was director and stood at a desk facing the altar. On his right, in two rows, were twelve violins, two viole, two 'celli, and two basses. I suppose when there the wind instruments would be behind him and the organist. On the left, close to Eybler, began the row of ten boys, dressed in plain court uniform with the master among them. Behind the boys, on the left, facing the violins, sat ten men in two rows. The boys were most excellent, and infinitely better than ours. The men were good and the performance here was the best I have heard without wind instruments. I saw Mayseder among the violins.

The chapel is small but very neat, the Royal Family sit by the sides in closets, with windows looking into the chapel. Over the orchestra gallery are two other galleries, I suppose for visitors. The public are admitted gratis and not forced shamefully to pay as with us.

From hence I went alone to Schlesinger's, at the "Wilde-mann," where was a larger party than the previous one. Among them was L'Abbé Stadler,² a fine old man and a

¹ Joseph Edler von Eybler was befriended by both Haydn and Mozart, and it was to him that Mozart's widow confided the task of completing her husband's last requiem. He became choirmaster to a church on the outskirts of Vienna in 1792, and in 1794 to the "Schotten" monastery in Vienna. In 1810 he was made music master to the Imperial children, having already been appointed, in 1804, Vice-Capellmeister, and became in 1824 the chief Capellmeister. He was born near Vienna in 1765 and died in 1846. He was ennobled by the Emperor in 1834. His compositions were confined to sacred music (G.D.).

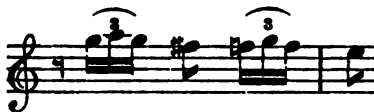
² Maximilian Stadler was born at Melk, Lower Austria, in 1748. In 1758 he became a chorister in the monastery of Lilienfeld and later was educated at Vienna, in the Jesuit College. He joined the Benedictines in 1766, was ordained priest, being parish priest and professor until 1786. The Emperor Joseph then appointed him abbot of Lilienfeld, and in 1789 of Kremsmünster. Afterwards the Abbé settled in Vienna, and was a great friend of Haydn and Mozart, helping to arrange the latter's musical compositions after his death. Abbé Stadler was "highly esteemed both as a man and a musician," and some of his compositions were published. He died at Vienna in 1833 (G.D.).

good composer of the old school, to whom I was introduced. There was also present a pupil of Moscheles, a Mademoiselle Eskeles and a Mademoiselle Cimia, whom I understood to be a professional player. When I entered Messrs. C. Czerny, Schuppanzigh and Lincke had just begun the trio, op. 70 of Beethoven, after this the same performers played Beethoven's trio, op. 79—both printed singly by Steiner. Then followed Beethoven's quartette, the same that I heard on September the 9th, and it was played by the same performers. Beethoven was seated near the pianoforte beating time during the performance of these pieces. This ended, most of the company departed, but Schlesinger invited me to stop and dine with the following party of ten. Beethoven, his nephew, Holz, Weiss, C. Czerny, who sat at the bottom of the table, Lincke, Jean Sedlatzek¹—a flute player who is coming to England next year, and has letters to the Duke of Devonshire, Count St. Antonio, etc.—he has been to Italy—Schlesinger, Schuppanzigh, who sat at the top, and myself. Beethoven calls Schuppanzigh Sir John Falstaff, not a bad name considering the figure of this excellent violin player.

We had a most pleasant dinner, healths were given in the English style. Beethoven was delightfully gay but hurt that, in the letter Moscheles gave me, his name should be mixed up with the other professors. However he soon got over it. He was much pleased and rather surprised at seeing in the oratorio bill I gave him that the "Mount of Olives" and his "Battle Symphony" were both performed the same evening. He believes—I do not—that the high notes Handel wrote for trumpets were played formerly by one particular man. I gave him the oratorio book and bill. He invited me, by his nephew, to Baden next Friday. After dinner he was coaxed to play extempore, observing in French to me, "Upon

¹ Jean Sedlatzek, a Silesian by birth, was the son of a tailor, and he at first followed his father's trade. When twenty-one he started on a travelling tour, finally settling in Vienna as a flute player. He came to London in 1826 and stayed there until 1850. He afterwards returned to Vienna, from whence he made successful concert tours, visiting the principal cities of Europe. His powers of execution are said to have been great. He was born in 1789 and died in Vienna in 1866 (D.M.).

what subject shall I play?" Meanwhile he was touching the instrument thus



to which I answered, "Upon that." On which theme he played for about twenty minutes in a most extraordinary manner, sometimes very fortissimo, but full of genius. When he rose at the conclusion of his playing he appeared greatly agitated. No one could be more agreeable than he was—plenty of jokes. He was in the highest of spirits. We all wrote to him by turns, but he can hear a little if you halloo quite close to his left ear. He was very severe in his observations about the Prince Regent never having noticed his present of the score of his "Battle Symphony." His nephew regretted that his uncle had no one to explain to him the profitable engagement offered by the Philharmonic Society last year.¹ I have had a most delightful day. Schlesinger is very agreeable, he knows Weber and Franz Cramer's² family. About seven I took a little walk with Carl Czerny—whom Neate taught, he says, to speak English. I then went to his house and played four or five duets with him, they are clever compositions but not easy. He taught young Liszt. About nine I went home by myself, having promised to go to C. Czerny's on Wednesday evening.

Monday, September 12th.—Mr. Boehm called to invite me to quartettes to-morrow, he will fix the time when he sees me later. I paid my bill this morning up to the ninth

¹ Probably this was the offer of the Philharmonic Society, made by Neate, in a letter dated December 30th, 1823, offering Beethoven three hundred guineas and a benefit guaranteed at five hundred pounds for a visit to London with a symphony and a concerto (G.D.).

² Franz Cramer was the brother of Carl and Johann Baptist Cramer, the well-known pianists; he was a teacher and performer on the violin, attending all the principal concerts and festivals in England. He was master of the King's band from 1834 to 1848, a member of the Philharmonic, on the Board of Professors of the Royal Academy of Music, and leader of the vocal concerts in 1792. He was born in 1772 and died in 1848 (G.D.).

at this hotel; it amounted to twelve florins, twenty-three kreuzers, good money. I called upon Messrs Arnstein and Eskeles. A clerk, who spoke English, said that Madame Eskeles would be glad to see me at Hietzing, near the Imperial Royal Palace of Schönbrunn. I ordered a pipe for H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex and felt great anxiety as to its being all right. I am to know more about it to-morrow. I deposited five florins, in paper, with the pipe-maker. Le Chevalier de Fodransperg, Schulz' friend, came to take me sight-seeing. On our way we saw a man exposed to public view opposite the prison, a paper was attached to his neck stating his crime. We went first to see the large concert-room, called the Redouten, a magnificent room, with a smaller concert-room adjoining. It is larger than any of our rooms. It is attached to the Burg Theatre and appears to be part of the Royal Palace. The rent here for a concert in the day time is only a few florins. We next saw the Landstandissher's Saal where Schulz and, I believe, Ries have given concerts. The roof seems to be painted in imitation of tapestry. We then visited the City Arsenal, but the other arsenal is very much more splendid though the disposition of the arms in the various rooms is beautifully effective. I found Mr. A. Bugbie and his friend, Mr. David Hunter, here, they dined at my hotel. Sir James Ramsey's brother came to tell me where Lord Stanhope resides. He, like his brother, appears a pleasant young man. The clock in the City Arsenal, indicating astronomical signs, etc., is very curious, but the grand treat to-day was seeing Canova's monument to the Arch-Duchess Christina, the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, in the church of St. Augustine. In this church most of the new masses are tried. The organ was played very badly while we were looking at the monument.

Mr. Stainer called upon me at six, he is the friend of Schulz from whom I brought a letter, a very pleasant young man and employed daily in the Royal bank. We went to the Wein-Theater. *Die Zauberflöte* was performed in the former Wein theatre which was burnt. This is the largest theatre I have seen in Vienne, it is constructed more like ours, with a Royal box, on the right, when you face the stage, covered with velvet, in which sat this evening a brother of

the Emperor. We had a lock-up seat next the orchestra, which cost two florins, paper money. The piece was *Faust's Mantle*, and was broadly comic. The possession of this mantle and cap accomplishes everything. It might bear a translation for us, it has little singing but some few dances were introduced; the women dancers in men's clothes were droll. The orchestra was large but had no opportunity to display any skill, the entree¹ and overture were very quiet and ancient.

Tuesday, September 18th.—Mr. Panny called and gave me four pieces of his composition, they were printed. Also in the morning, before I went out, Dr. Dorninger made me a visit and Mr. Mittag called in the afternoon, he goes to Pressburg to-morrow. Le Baron and La Baronin d'Eskeles, friends of Beethoven, sent me a printed invitation to dinner at the village of Hietzing, to which I wrote an excuse in consequence of a previous engagement to Madame Schulz and Beethoven.

As the result of a letter from M. Rougement, J. B. Maggi sent me a card for this evening, to hear quartettes. I went with Mr. Holz, the violin player. Mr. Maggi is a very gentlemanly man, an Italian, a silk merchant, I believe, and speaks French. I arrived about seven in the evening. About eleven persons were present. They played Beethoven's first new MS. quartette, bought at Mayence. It is about forty minutes long, with slight stops between. Having only heard this once, I cannot yet decide which is the best, perhaps this—it is most difficult and also very much exalted. It was played by the same four who played at Schlesinger's. He came late to this party. Unfortunately I could not stop to hear a quartette of Weiss, having promised to go to a party at the Baronin Weksler's, where I sang, as on the former occasion, English duets with her. J. E. Horzalka again accompanied and in the same style. He is red hot on

¹ Entree, "a name formerly given to a small piece of music in slow 4-4 time, with the rhythm of a march, and usually containing two parts, each repeated. It received its name from being largely used in theatrical and ballet music to accompany the entry of processions, etc. The word is also used as synonymous with 'introduction,' and is applied to the opening piece, after the overture, of an opera or ballet" (G.D.)

coming to England, but what will he do there? He has composed masses, etc. At this party were Sir James Ramsey and his brother, Messrs. A. Bugbie and David Hunter, besides many others whose names I do not know. I got home at twelve. When Mr. Holz called at seven to take me to Mr. Maggi, he brought Mr. Kanne,¹ a fast-speaking author and composer of a piece performed at the Leopoldstadt-Theater. He was "Redacteur" for five years of the *Wein Musical Review*. Walter, of London, wanted him to go to England, but he took Leviati instead. Kanne knows Dragonetti and other musical celebrities. Ries called and I gave him in money fifteen florins, forty-eight kreuzers, to secure a place for Prague, but he came back and said the coach is full for Thursday!

On Tuesday I went out in the morning with le Chevalier Fodransperg, I, first, having left a card at Earl Stanhope's. We tried to see the palace and treasury. Some of the jewels and other beautiful things having been removed to Pressburg, we could not be admitted, but we saw the Imperial library, which has a most splendid hall and contains many thousand books. A cannon ball entered the window here when Buonaparte bombarded the city. We called about my passport at Sir Henry Wellesley's, the young officials in the office were very polite. Sir Henry has invited me to dinner at Weinhaus to-morrow. We then visited the parrots and monkeys—very curious ones—at the top of the palace. A little daughter, very pretty, of one of the princes came into this place while we were there. We went on to the Hospital of Invalids where a fine old veteran showed us two magnificent pictures of Kraft's of the battle of Leipsic, October 18th, 1813, in which, on horseback, is Sir Robert Wilson—who fought so bravely against Buonaparte but was dismissed from the army for the part he took at Queen Caroline's funeral—and of the battle of Aspern, fought on the 22nd of May, 1809, this last was given to the Hospital by the citizens, and the former was the gift of the nobles. They are both very beautiful pictures. We took a

¹ Perhaps Friedrich August Kanne, the composer of German operas, symphonies and pianoforte music, who was born in Saxony in 1788 and died in Vienna in 1836 (B.D.M.).

fiacre from here and drove all round the Prater seeing the Jäger-Haus or Lusthaus. On this spot the Emperor gave a dinner to celebrate the peace to ten thousand soldiers. He, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia dined at a pretty hotel near by. In the open air, close to this spot, magnificent fireworks were preparing for this evening. In coming into the Prater they made us pay a paper florin each, which was returned as we came out before five, had we stayed beyond that hour the money would not have been given back to us.

I called upon C. Czerny, who was out, to say, owing to the dinner at Sir Henry Wellesley's, I might be late at his musical party to-morrow evening.

Mr. Boehm said he would call this morning to fix the time for hearing quartettes at his house this evening but he did not come. At Mr. Maggi's party I requested Mr. Holz to make my excuses to Mr. Dembscher for not being present to hear his quartettes on Thursday as I should be at Madame Schulz'. I called and had part of Artaria's catalogue, he is to send me the rest through Boosey, our English publisher. I also called at Steiner's and was sorry to see the box for Boosey was packed, but M. Haslinger¹ said the music I bought for Birchall was in it. Sir James Ramsey paid me a visit this afternoon.

Wednesday, September 14th.—Ries called in the morning, as did also le Chevalier Fodrerspurg, who bought me the pipe for the Duke of Sussex, for which I paid him, including the five florins in paper left with the maker, forty-five bad florins, which is eighteen good florins. I sent music to Steiner to go through Whistling's music shop at Leipsic, to Boosey, for Birchall; I wrote a note to Boosey with it and left the letter with Baron Eskeles, saying I could not dine with him to-morrow. Owing to the Chevalier Fodrerspurg's kindly help I quickly got my passport from the police office, giving up my *carte de sûreté*, it is viséed for Dresden through Prague, but I am to go again for a paper stating the coach

¹ Tobias Haslinger, the well-known music publisher in Vienna, took over the business of S. A. Steiner and Co. in 1826 (G.D.).

I go by. I took the passport to Sir Henry Wellesley's office, who promised to get it signed by the Saxon and English ministers. Then I went to the Imperial picture gallery, which is in the same palace—the Belvedere in the Wieden Suburb—where I saw the piece of mosaic and the armoury. This gallery is very fine, two large rooms in it are full of Rubens' capital pictures. We could not see all of the pictures because the upper rooms were being repaired. There is a very fine view of Vienna from the terrace of this palace. Next we saw the outside of Prince Schwarzenberg's palace and walked in his garden which is not far from the Belvedere palace. Whilst I was at the Reunion to-day I read in *The Morning Chronicle* of August 30th this account of Charles Kemble and myself. "Sir George Smart and Charles Kemble are in Germany. They appointed to meet at Vienna. Mr. Kemble is expected in England before the opening of Covent Garden Theatre."

At a quarter past three I went in the same *fiacre* I had before to Sir Henry Wellesley's at Weinhaus. The driver put me down on my return at C. Czerny's, when I paid him, as before, six florins, paper money, twenty kreuzers and for turnpikes besides.

We had a very pleasant dinner, there were about twelve persons present. Mr. Gordon, secretary to the Embassy, was there and spoke about the Royal Academy of Music. He was at the Edinburgh festival. I played two duets with Lady Georgiana Wellesley and one with Miss Wellesley, who was much agitated. Nothing but Rossini. Mr. Lascelles showed me the prospect and Turkish fortifications before dinner, he was also civil about my passport in the morning. He and Sir Henry Wellesley's son promised to send the pipe for the Duke of Sussex. It was a very delightful party. I promised to speak to the Duke of Cambridge about Miss Wilson.¹ I came away at seven and then went to Carl

¹ Probably Mary Ann Wilson (see notes, pages 61 and 177), who was born in 1802, and married her singing-master, Thomas Welsh, in 1827. She strained her voice and destroyed her health by overworking when very young. Her youth, "fresh, sweet voice and brilliant singing," made her a great success during the short time she was able to sing before the public (G.D.).

Czerny's where I played two of his trios for six hands and two of Mozart's duets with him, the other performer was young Promberger, the instrument maker's son, a former scholar of young Ries and now of Czerny, who is a pleasant fellow and is living with his father and mother. The same night I received a letter in French from M. Dembsher stating that his quartette party for this evening was put off, Mayseder and others being at Pressburg.

On Thursday, September 15th, at seven, le Chevalier Fodransperg called to take me to the village of Mödling, about one hour and a half's drive on the road to Italy, where I was very kindly received by Madame Schulz. A son, who was there, a daughter, a little girl almost in arms, together with the two boys and the father, who are now in London, make up the family. After breakfast the Chevalier took me to the old and new châteaux of Prince Liechtenstein. The new château is not large but very neat and plainly furnished. The old castle is curious and has been repaired by the Prince to render it safe. The dungeon, from which prisoners were drawn up into a chamber above to be examined, must have been rather unpleasant. On our return we went into Mödling church where the man was tuning the organ—not a bad instrument—I had a long prelude on it. The keys are placed between the great and choir organs, so that the player faces the altar, a method which seems general in Austria. There were plenty of stops, the names of which I could not understand, particularly for the pedals, but the voicing of the organ, as of all the organs I have heard, was too squally. Four persons came into the loft while I was playing.

After a pleasant dinner a coach was hired in which Madame Schulz, her son, the Chevalier Fodransperg and I went to the palace of Laxenburg. We first drove to a neighbouring village to find M. Cassey, a relative of Madame Schulz—they both are Hungarians—who is the second priest in the Royal household, and through his kindness we saw the interior and exterior of the palace and the various sights described admirably in my guide book. Afterwards he gave us coffee in his room. We got back to Mödling about eight o'clock. I think the sights of this day have

pleased me more than any I have seen since I came to Vienna. The Laxenburg Gardens, or rather park, are truly beautiful and all connected with the place is most interesting. We went from the carriage straight to the theatre in Mödling. It is small and only contains three boxes that I could see, they are even with and at the back of the pit. The performance was not edifying and the music was wretched. There were about eight players. I stayed the night at Madame Schulz' and le Chevalier Fodransperg and I shared the same room.

CHAPTER VIII

PRAGUE

Visit to Beethoven at Baden—A quartette party—Church music—Departure from Vienna after a sixteen days' visit—Moravia—Bohemia—Prague—The theatre—The Moscheles' family—Musicians of Prague—Two and a half days' sight-seeing—Journey to Dresden—A sleepy driver—Teplitz.

ON Friday, September 16th, at half-past eight in the morning young Ries came and we went in a hired carriage from Mödling to Baden. The distance is about six miles south of Mödling and sixteen miles southwest of Vienna. The journey cost five florins in paper money and took us about an hour. After walking in the little park and looking at the baths we went to Beethoven's lodgings according to his invitation. These are curiously situated, a wooden circus for horsemanship has been erected in a large court before his house. He has four large-sized rooms opening into each other, furnished *a la genius*, in one is the grand pianoforte, much out of tune, given him by Broadwood, in which is written, besides the Latin line, the names of J. Cramer, Ferrari, and C. Knyvett. Beethoven gave me the time, by playing the subjects on the pianoforte, of many movements of his symphonies, including the Choral Symphony, which according to his account took three-quarters of an hour only in performance. The party present, namely Holz, the amateur violin; Carl Beethoven, the nephew; besides young Ries, agreed that the performance at Vienna only took that time; this I deem to be totally impossible. It seems at Vienna the Recit was played only with four 'celli and two contra bassi which certainly is better than having the tutti bassi. Beethoven and we deservedly abused

Reicha's¹ printed specimen of fugueing. He told me of a mass, not yet published, which he had composed. We had a long conversation on musical subjects conducted on my part in writing. He is very desirous to come to England. After ordering his dinner with his funny old cook and telling his nephew to see to the wine, we all five took a walk. Beethoven was generally in advance humming some passage. He usually sketches his subjects in the open air; it was on one of these occasions, Schuppanzigh told me, that he caught his deafness. He was writing in a garden and was so absorbed that he was not sensible of a pouring rain, till his music paper was so wet that he could no longer write. From that day his deafness commenced, which neither art nor time has cured. The water at Baden, whither he goes every summer, has been of service to his chest and gout, and his health is better than formerly. He would show me Prince Charles's beautiful château in the mountains and also some of the baths. On our return we had dinner at two o'clock. It was a most curious one and so plentiful that dishes came in as we came out, for, unfortunately, we were rather in a hurry to get to the stage coach by four, it being the only one going to Vienna that evening. I overheard Beethoven say, "We will try how much the Englishman can drink." He had the worst of the trial. I gave him my diamond pin as a remembrance of the high gratification I received by the honour of his invitation and kind reception and he wrote me the following droll canon as fast as his pen would write in about two minutes of time as I stood at the door ready to depart.

He was very gay but I need not write down more, for memory will ever retain the events of this pleasurable day with Beethoven.

¹ Anton Joseph Reicha was born in Prague in 1770, and went with his uncle to Bonn in 1788. From 1794 to 1799 he resided in Hamburg, migrating to Paris in the latter year. From 1802 to 1808 he was in Vienna, where he renewed his friendship with Beethoven, whom he had known in Bonn. He dedicated his thirty-six Fugues for the pianoforte to Haydn, and to these he attached much importance; but they were "not the innovations that he believed them to be, as he merely reverted to the *Ricercari* of the seventeenth century. His reputation rests on his chamber music and on his theoretical works. He settled in Paris in 1808 and died in 1836" (G.D.).

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1825 in Baden, set
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ii. - Pennin I must ^{and my dear} receive

by letter

liking I am Beethoven

[Handwritten signature]

Written on the 16th September 1825 in Baden
when my dear talented music artist and friend, Smart
(from England) visited me here.
Louis van Beethoven.

FACSIMILE OF CANON
WRITTEN & PRESENTED TO SIR GEORGE SMART
BY BEETHOVEN.

We got back to Vienna about seven in the evening. I went immediately to bed exhausted with pleasure.

Saturday, September 17th.—Mr. Kirchoffer, the friend of Ries, called to invite me to quartettes at his house this evening, and Mr. Stainer, of the bank, brought me a route from Hanover to Bonn. After paying my various bills I went to the English ambassador's and got my passport signed by him, and, also, by the politeness of the gentleman in the office, it was signed by the Saxon Minister. I called upon Mr. J. Stainer von Felsburg, Liquidator der oest: National Bank. Schulz had given me a letter to him. He got the bank joiner to make me a box for the pipe, which he brought at five o'clock. This morning I walked nearly entirely round the ramparts which surround the town. At half-past two Mr. Stainer came to dine with me at my hotel; he is a pleasant man and speaks English pretty well. He has some hope of coming to England if the National Bank, in which he is employed, gives him any commission. I went with him and young Ries to Leidesdorf's¹ music shop and bought some small prints of places in Vienna. Mr. Leidesdorf speaks English.

I was at Mr. Kirchoffer's soon after seven, where there was a large party. I was introduced at once to his wife, to the head gardener at Schönbrunn Palace—who has been in England—and his wife, and also to Mr. Hoffman, the son of the head of the firm Mr. Kirchoffer is in. He also spoke English well having been in London and Liverpool. The music was played by amateurs, with the exception of the leader, a young man, a Mr. Feigerl, who is in the conservatoire and has been taught the violin by Boehm. They played a quartette by Mozart, dedicated to Haydn. A song of Beethoven's, imitating a quail, was sung by a tall gentleman who afterwards played on the 'cello. An air with variations, by B. Romberg, and the first movement of Ries' pianoforte and variations, by Mr. Feigerl, on the violin, which is dedicated to Paganini, formed the concert, except that I accompanied "Adelaide," and sang in two English

¹ Max Josef Leidesdorf was a musician as well as a music-seller, who seems to have lived in Vienna from 1804 to 1837, and then went to Florence, where he died in 1840 (G.D.).

glees, "Return blest days," and "Thy voice, O Harmony." They seemed to admire these and some subjects from Handel.

Mr. Kirchoffer gave me two cups of something to cure my throat, I could not stay to supper being so unwell. I got home about ten o'clock. I went with Ries in the morning about places in the Eil-wagen for Tuesday but they are all taken. The bureau for the diligence is nearly opposite this hotel—Die Stadt London.

Sunday, September 18th.—After a bad night I rose with a terribly sore throat. I suppose I caught cold coming from Baden. First I wrote letters to Charles and the Duke of Sussex, also to Sir Henry Welleseley declining his invitation to dinner to-day in consequence of my sore throat. I left Sir Henry's letter and the box with the pipe at his house in Vienna. Then I went to St. Charles's church, where Baron Prentano, the amateur clarinet, took me into the orchestra, according to his promise last Sunday at St. Michael's church. He introduced me to the director, Mr. Weber—no relation to the one at Dresden—and to the leader, Mr. Horzalka. Kirchoffer, with young Ries, also came to hear the performance of Beethoven's Mass in C. The opening and gloria were slower than I take them, which in church is more appropriate. Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," with Mozart's accompaniments, was also performed but it was taken too fast to be effective. A movement by Seyfried was also introduced, which I did not like. The orchestra went well together. There seemed to be twelve violins, four viole, three 'celli and three bassi, with the wind instruments including trumpets. I find the flourish of drums and trumpets with the organ extempore, to introduce each movement, is the usual mode in the church service. The organist faced the organ as with us. The pitch was only a comma above mine. The principal soprano was short, loud and good, the alto lady was old, fat and tolerable, and the tenor and bass were coarse but firm. Women and boys were here the altos, as is the case at other churches. The performance gave me pleasure but the performers thought it too long.

Afterwards I read the papers at the Reunion and met

Earl Stanhope, for whom I promised to take a parcel to Dresden. I dined at my hotel being obliged to keep quiet on account of my throat. The Earl sent his parcel directed to "A Monsieur, Monsieur le Docteur Ammon Premier Predicateur de la Cour de S. M. le Roi de Saxe à Dresden."

Ries called to say we could not have places in the diligence for Tuesday either, therefore I determined to go by voiture on Tuesday morning. I took a walk on the ramparts, this, with my former walk, enabled me to go quite round the city. I stopped at the garden for the people, which was crowded. In the centre a good band was playing, the performers were dressed in green uniform. One of the instruments seemed a double bassoon, it had a deep tone and was effective. Mr. Ries put my letters into the post and also gave me fifteen florins as his share of what the diligence would have been to Prague. In the evening the Chevalier Fodrantsperg called and stayed with me till half-past nine. Mr. Schlesinger had left his card during the day.

Monday, September 19th.—Mr. Kirchoffer called to take his leave and I went with the Chevalier Fodrantsperg and young Ries to Janzky, a celebrated, but rough voiturier, and engaged a carriage to take Ries and me to Prague in four days for one hundred and twenty florins, in paper money, or forty-eight in silver and he is to pay the barriers. We are to set out to-morrow morning at five o'clock. I next called and took leave of Madame Schulz at their house in Vienna and left a card at M. Dembscher, who was out. I also called on Sir Henry Wellesley and Lord Ingestre and took my leave. I bought four portraits of Mecchetti, who gave me a letter to Marco Berra, music-seller, of Prague, telling him to recommend me a good inn there. I then went into St. Stephen's church, or cathedral, with the Chevalier Fodrantsperg and Ries, in which there are two organs. The larger, one, at the end of the church, is only used on great occasions; the smaller one, on the left side, as you face the altar, is attached to a pillar; it has a powerful but not good tone. I observed that there is an orchestra in the gallery, this small organ stood in it and was playing as we entered. We went on to Augarten. Ferdinand Ries played for the first time in Vienna in a

room which we saw in these gardens. We then visited the tower in the Prater, and, returning, I pushed a card under the door of Dr. Dorninger's lodgings as no one came when I rang. In the evening we went to the Burg-Theater, where I paid one florin in silver for a seat in the parterre. The band played Mozart and Haydn's symphonies. The violins were weak but the performance on the whole went well. The bassoons were good.

These, according to the information I have received, are some of the appointments held in the Vienna theatres.

Josephstadt-Theater.—Directors, Glasser and Lio de St. Lubin or Aubin.

Leopoldstadt.—Director, Müller.

Theater an der Wein.—Director, Seyfried.¹ First violin, Clement.²

Palace Theatre — Hofburg Theater. — Director, Eybler. First violin, Riotte.³

Those who are accounted highest in talent on their respective instruments are, Flute, Alois Khayll,⁴ Oboe, Joseph Khayll,⁴ Clarinet, Friedlowsky,⁵ Horns, Levi and Kerbst, Trumpet, Rubrich and Khayll,⁴ Cellos, Lincke and Merk,⁶ Double bass, Melza.

¹ Ignaz Xaver Ritter von Seyfried was born in Vienna in 1776 and died in 1841. He left the study of the law to become a professional musician, and was conductor in the Theater an der Wein from 1801 to 1826 (G.D.).

² Franz Clement was a great violin player. He came to London in 1790, where some of his concerts were conducted by Haydn and Salomon. He then became solo-player to the Emperor of Austria, and was conductor of the Theater an der Wein from 1802 to 1811. Later, after travelling in Russia and Germany, he held the same office at the Opera in Vienna for three years. After superintending Catalani's concerts, he was conductor for a short time of the Opera at Prague. He was born in Vienna in 1780 and died there in 1842 (G.D.).

³ Philipp Jacob Riotte was born at St. Mendel, Trèves, in 1776 and died in 1856. He became music director at Gotha in 1806, and began to compose operas. He then went to reside in Vienna, where, in 1818, he became conductor at the Theater an der Wein (G.D.).

⁴ Alois, Joseph and Anton Khayll, three brothers, musicians of note living in Vienna (G.D.).

⁵ Friedlowsky was a professor at the Conservatorium from 1821 to 1847 (G.D.).

⁶ Joseph Merk was born in Vienna in 1795 and died there in 1852. He was a good composer as well as an excellent violoncellist. He became principal 'cellist at the Opera at Vienna in 1818, professor at the Conservatorium in 1823, and Kammer-virtuos to the Emperor in 1834. "He was often called the Mayseder of the violoncello" (G.D.).

Lablache,¹ a bass singer in this Italian opera, was highly spoken of. I doubt if so good an Italian Opera as the last at Vienna was ever collected. Fodor² was the principal female singer.

Tuesday, September 20th.—I left Vienna with young Ries in a carriage hired from Janzky at twenty-five minutes past five in the morning. At the barrier, on leaving the city, we had to deposit the paper we obtained yesterday at the police office, stating by what carriage we were going, which the Chevalier Fodrerspurg had enabled us to obtain so readily owing to his interest in this office.

Stockerau, about sixteen miles north-west of Vienna, was the first place we stopped at. Here we had breakfast, as did a large party of gentlemen in black, who were on their way to attend the funeral of the Duke of Diderrichstein, the late head of the National Bank, in which Mr. Stainer is. Mallebern was our next stopping place and the third was Hollabrunn. Here we had a hurried dinner in consequence of the same gentlemen, in black, who had come for the burial of the Duke in this place; but the ceremony was over, it having taken place already in the morning. They were expecting it would be to-morrow early. It was a curious confusion. We arrived at Znaim at a quarter past eight in the evening. The inn there was good and not dear, here we supped and slept. Znaim is a large town in Moravia, I regretted very much that the moonlight was not sufficiently strong to allow us to see it better.

¹ Luigi Lablache, the much-esteemed singing-master of Queen Victoria and one of the finest bass singers and actors of his day, was born at Naples in 1794, his mother being Irish and his father an Italian, and he commenced his professional career there in 1812. After singing at Milan, Turin and Venice, he went to Vienna in 1824, where he met with the greatest success. He came to England in 1830 and died in 1868. He was tall, and later became very stout. "His strength was enormous. The force of his voice exceeded, when he chose, the tone of the instruments that accompanied it, and rang through the house like the booming of a great bell" (G.D.).

² Josephine Fodor-Mainvielle appeared as a successful singer in 1810 in St. Petersburg. In 1812 she married the actor Mainvielle and went to Stockholm, Copenhagen and Paris. She first came to London in 1816, and was in Vienna in 1823, at Naples in 1825, and went from there to Paris. "Her last appearance was at Bordeaux in 1833. Her voice was powerful, extremely sweet and round, with a peculiarly charming accent and a faultless intonation" (G.D.).

Wednesday, September 21st.—We left Znaim at a quarter to five in the morning. We have had very fine weather all the way from Vienna, the mornings and evenings were cold, but it was very hot during the day. The country we have passed through is dull and very open; there is little water, but it is well cultivated, mostly with vines and corn. We breakfasted at Mährisch-Budwitz and dined in the middle of the day at an inn belonging to a farmer I suppose, for it was the only house in the place. The dinner was tolerable and the landlord's son spoke French. We entered Iglau, which is on the Iglawa and in Moravia, by moonlight at eight o'clock in the evening. This large old-fashioned place is on the borders of Bohemia. The square has apparently three fountains in it, they are the largest I have yet seen and the houses are irregular. Our coachman took us to a vile inn out of the town where we could only get bread and butter for supper.

On Thursday, September 22nd, we set out at half-past four in the morning. It was fine at first but rained violently from two to six o'clock in the evening. The road was more picturesque but nothing remarkable, the women were handsomer and better dressed, many of the lower orders were in white, and almost every one, from Vienna to this place, were without shoes and stockings. We saw plenty of beggars. We breakfasted at Deutsch-Brod, where the food was fairly good, but we fared worse at Jenikau where, at dinner, the veal was bad and the Austrian wine also. We arrived at Kolin, which is about forty miles from Prague and on the Elbe, soon after eight in the evening. Here they gave us a wretchedly small room and obliged us to have supper against our inclination. In the town the horn was sounded to indicate the hours. We heard two or three of these horns, each was of a different pitch which had a curious effect.

Friday, September 23rd.—We set out at half-past four in a very high wind which continued to blow the whole journey. We stopped to look at the solitary inn, about six or eight miles beyond Kolin, from which Frederick the Great commanded when he was defeated in a battle against the Austrians when the Prussians were compelled to give up

Bohemia, and passing through Böhm-Brod and Biechowitz arrived at our inn in Prague, by name "The Golden Angel," at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Our trunks were searched at the entrance of the town. We gave up our passports and were given printed papers instead to enable us to get them again at our departure. We obtained a good bedroom, but I suppose it was our arriving late in the day which occasioned our having a cold queer dinner of veal and cucumbers only. My friend Ries was rather confused with the Bohemian language. There was nothing very remarkable in the road from Vienna. The last day's journey was through a vast open country, almost flat, with corn fields, etc. There were no vines and scarcely a large tree to be seen.

Ries paid Janzky's driver for me for the carriage we came in from Vienna. He was an old fellow, but on the whole did very well for us. The carriage was forty-eight florins in silver, and I gave the driver two florins in silver for himself. I had nothing to pay for turnpikes or for provender for the horses. We then called on Mr. Berra, the music-seller, with Moscheles' circular letter and one from Mecchetti. Afterwards we walked to the bridge, but it was too dark to see it well, and from thence to the theatre. The performance was *Blind Galaden*, a comedy in one act by A. V. Kotzbue. There was some rope dancing by the Ravel family, which was tolerably good, and a stupid pantomime by the children of the same family. The tunes were good; one, with a sort of octavo trumpet which produced a curious effect. The orchestra was fair but the wind instruments were not well in tune, the pitch was exact to my fork. The theatre was not quite so large as Covent Garden. The whole house seemed divided into boxes but the highest of the four tiers is a gallery. On the second tier, in the centre, is the Royal box with drapery and the arms, which consisted of a lion only over it. Above the stage is a clock. The performance began at seven and was over at half-past nine. The price to the pit was one florin in paper, but I stood; the lock-up seats in the pit are dearer. It was for the Prague Theatre that Mozart composed *Don Juan*.

Saturday, September 24th.—Ries and I set out at half-

past eight for a walk to the bridge, which has sixteen arches and an old tower at each end, there are twenty-eight statues of saints on the buttresses. The view was delightful and there was a clever contrivance on the left-hand side in the river, which I suppose was to stop the rafts. We looked into a small church, the Teynkirche, which they say belonged to the Hussites, on the right from Marco Berra's shop, it is not very handsome and has but a small organ. Mr. Berra took me to Mr. Moscheles who received me in the most polite manner, he had heard from his brother¹ of my intended visit. I saw his portrait and the pianoforte he began with. His mother and sisters were not then at home. I gave my London card to Mr. Berra, who expects to be in London in 1827, and invited him to call upon me, he being so polite. He asked us to dinner next day. Mr. Moscheles took me to call upon Maître de Chapelle Frierbersee, who was at the theatre rehearsing, under Moscheles' direction, the new opera for the evening. He was too busy for me to be introduced to him there but I made the acquaintance of Mr. Pixis,² the leader of the band,—brother to the Pixis of Paris,³ who speaks French and received me most politely. I gave him also my London card as he thinks of coming there with his brother. Mr. Moscheles introduced me to Mr. Kainz, one of the three Directeurs du Théâtre, who very politely gave me a card to admit six to a box this evening. Mr. Kainz told me he was a scholar of Mozart, they both were born at Salzburg. Seven of the band, now in the orchestra at Prague, were there at the time when Mozart directed, among

¹ Ignas Moscheles, the much-esteemed pianist, who was born at Prague in 1794 and early became a favourite in the best musical circles in Vienna. He came to London somewhere about 1822, and gave pianoforte lessons to Felix Mendelssohn in 1824 at Berlin. He often played at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, was elected a director in 1832, and acted as regular conductor there in 1845. The next year he was appointed first professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatorium of Music at Leipsic, in which city he died in 1870. He composed and published some well-known music (G.D.).

² Friedrich Wilhelm Pixis, the violinist, was born in Mannheim in 1786, and in 1804 entered the elector's chapel in that city; he was afterwards appointed professor at the Conservatorium at Prague and Capellmeister of the theatre there. He died in 1842 (G.D.).

³ Johann Peter Pixis was born in 1786, and died in 1874. He went to Paris in 1825 and became a well-known teacher there. He was a composer as well as a pianist, and later retired to Baden-Baden (G.D.).

them the principal 'cello and bass, and principal second violin and clarinet, for whom the obbligate song in *Tito* was written, so Pixis told me. *Titus*,¹ as well as *Don Juan*, was composed for the Prague theatre. The power of this band is extraordinary, considering that it consists of but eight violins, two viole, two 'celli and four-stringed bassi, with the usual wind instruments, but Pixis lamented that the band was so small for the size of the theatre. The good order maintained at the rehearsal was delightful, so different to our opera house. Pixis said they usually had but three rehearsals for an opera. They had four for *Freyschütz*, which Weber himself directed here and with the performance of which he expressed his satisfaction. I here heard again that Weber was dead. I was highly pleased with this rehearsal.

We next made an agreement with a coachman near the Black Horse Hotel to take us to Dresden on Monday. We then had a cheap and tolerably good dinner at a sort of dining room next door to the "Black Horse," after which I took a long walk with Ries about the town. We went over the bridge and into a square, here we looked into the large and handsome church of St. Nicholas. The organ there is divided, the choir organ is in front. We also looked into the church of St. Sebastian, which is not so large but is handsome and has a tolerable organ in the usual form. We saw the inside of a small church—St. Francois—on the left-hand side, on repassing the bridge, close to it. I left Ries here who was going to see another church.

Prague is a fine old town with many ancient and remarkable buildings. Though not so large as Vienna the streets seem in general to be wider and the foot ways are smoother for the walkers. The pavement is raised and flagged like ours. There is no bridge in Vienna to be compared to the one here, and the towns, as they are called on each side of this bridge, have a magnificent appearance.

Soon after nine this morning we gave up our papers,

¹ *Titus*, the German title of *La Clemenza di Tito*, Mozart's twenty-third and last opera, was finished on September 5th, 1791, and first performed at Prague the following day. It made its first appearance in London at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, on March 27th, 1806 (G.D.).

which we received at the barrier, and had our passports returned to us written on by a very polite gentleman at the police office who spoke French and English. He also gave me a printed paper, as at Vienna, so that we might depart by a Landkutsche—the stage-coach—or how we liked. Our stay in Prague being so short a *carte de sûreté* was not necessary he said. This gentleman did not detain us long and politely saw us to the door.

Mr. Moscheles called at six in the evening and we went to the house of Mr. Friebersee, who received us very politely, but as he was in a hurry to direct the opera we did not stay long. Mr. Moscheles then took us to his house to see his mother and one of his sisters. The other sister I did not see but I saw her husband. None of these persons spoke French but they were very pleasant. At seven we were seated in the box at the theatre to see the performance, for the first time in Germany, of the opera *Der Graue Pilger*, a serio-comic opera in two acts, from the Italian by Grazioli, a composer from Naples, so I understand. It is much to be regretted that he, with others, thinks Rossini the only model worthy of imitation, one might have supposed this to be one of Rossini's operas. There was nothing striking in it except a trio for three men in the first act with horn obbligato and an aria with variations for the principal female singer in the second act near the end. The orchestra was perfect and the effect wonderful considering there were so few violins. The choruses were very good. Madame Ernst, in man's attire, the principal soprano, is good but has rather a weak voice, though perhaps on the whole she is one of the best I have yet heard. Mademoiselle Comet, the second lady, was not bad. Mr. Kainz, the bass, is a good singer, but there is nothing particularly good in his voice. I understood from Mr. Moscheles that this theatre is chiefly supported by some titled persons, who pay the losses which are frequent, and that three persons are appointed managers, one for the drama, whose name I did not hear, Mr. Kainz (who gave me my ticket) for the voices, and the third, Mr. Sticpenck, for the financial department; we saw him as he came into the pit. I counted sixty-one boxes in the theatre, all of good size. After the opera, which finished at half-

past nine, Mr. Moscheles treated us to supper at a coffee-house, to which came Mr. Antonio Sacchetti, an Italian who spoke French, the scene painter at the theatre and of a panorama here, for which he gave me a ticket. He spoke of coming to London, so I gave him my printed card. He talked of Captain Franklin¹ and the Northern expedition. So ended a very pleasant day. Our party at the theatre was Mr. and Miss Moscheles, Ries and myself.

On Sunday, September 25th, at half-past eight o'clock, I went to Mr. Marco Berra's private house and he took us to see the interior of the Imperial château through the kindness of his friend Mr. Rudolph Ernst, the inspector or keeper of this magnificent palace. We saw all that was remarkable in it. There is a small hall with a small theatre at the end, which was erected last year and is a good room, but adjoining is a magnificent hall in which Lafont² played about five years ago, while the Emperor was at supper. In this hall the Emperor gives public entertainments. Near the top of this palace we saw the windows out of which Bohemian nobles guilty of crime were thrown in former times. A large hall, up one pair of stairs, leading to an audience room with a throne in it, was remarkable. Mr. Marco Berra introduced me to Le Maître de Chapelle, Wittasek,³ at his own house, which was near the cathedral. He is something like Beethoven as to the wildness of his hair. He lamented that he had not known of my coming or he would have had a better mass. The little I heard of the one which was sung gave me pleasure being in the old style. Only boys were the sopranos and one of them sung the solos

¹ Sir John Franklin's second expedition, by way of Lake Huron and the Great Bear Lake, took place between 1825 and 1827. He was knighted in 1829 (D.N.B.).

² Charles Philippe Lafont was born in Paris in 1781, where he was a pupil of Kreutzer, and sang French ballads at the Théâtre Feydeau. He then took lessons of Rode, whose successor he became, in 1808, as solo-violinist to the Emperor of Russia, which position he held until 1814. In 1815 he was appointed solo-violinist to Louis XVIII of France. He died, through a carriage accident, in 1839. Amongst other music he composed two hundred ballads and two operas (G.D.).

³ Johann Nepomuk Wittasek was a pupil of Franz Dussek and a good pianist and composer, particularly of graceful dance music, such as minnets and Ländler, besides sacred works. He also wrote for the pianoforte. He succeeded Kotzebue as Capellmeister at the cathedral at Prague. He was born in 1770 and died in 1839 (G.D.).

excellently well. Mr. Wittasek showed me three organs, one was a small one in the right aisle as you face the altar, the large one is placed in the centre in a gallery above another smaller one which stands in a gallery underneath and which was used this day. The large organ is only used on great occasions. From here we went to see one of the best organs in Prague, in the chapter house of the abbey of Strabow. The mass being just over we could not hear it, the organist was an intimate friend of Mozart. The fine palace of Czernin, near this church, has been quite ruined in the interior by having been made an hospital during the last war. In the cathedral (which is only a quarter of the intended size), the interior of which pleased me very much, there is a magnificent altar, of very large size, all in pure silver, dedicated to St. John.

After enjoying the fine prospect of Prague from the hill on which the château stands we went to dine with Marco Berra, where we were hospitably received. Only the family, Ries and a young gentleman with spectacles (intended for the law) were present. At five we went to the church of St. Dominic to see a magnificent marriage between Le Compte Colloredo and Christiana, the daughter of Le Compte Claus Gallas. The ceremony, which we saw from the gallery, lasted about three-quarters of an hour. Pixis came there, he had previously left his card at my hotel. Moscheles also called at four, during my absence, to take me to Sacchetti's panorama. I regret that the marriage prevented our seeing it.

On our way to St. Dominic's church we passed through what was formerly a convent but is now used by the pupils of the conservatoire, in which, as I understood from M. Berra, there are more than fifty male and female scholars. Weber¹ is the director and very properly has the power to admit or reject the pupils. They have one year of probation but, if approved, must remain six years, during which time they may not play elsewhere. At the end of

¹ Frederick Dionys Weber, the pupil of Abbé Vogler, was born in Bohemia in 1766 and died at Prague in 1842. He was a founder and the first director of the Prague Conservatoire. Moscheles was his pupil (E.N.).

their term the directors endeavour to obtain them situations. This conservatoire is supported by the nobility and others but the Emperor does not assist it.

On Monday, September 26th, I left Prague in a carriage hired from Wirtuschek with young Ries at five o'clock. We gave up at the barrier our printed permission to leave the town. The road we went is not marked in my post road book, or in Reichard's. After a bad breakfast and a wretched dinner (which included Sauer-kraut—this was tolerable at Prague) at two villages, we came into the post road at Libochowitz and proceeded from thence to Teplitz, where we supped and slept at a good inn and were well accommodated. I got very angry with our driver to-day for going so slowly, he slept three parts of the way, which occasioned our being too late to see all the beauties of this town. It is well placed and the mountainous country near it is most beautiful. Some of the hills are tremendous. My guide-book says the waters of Teplitz are famous as a cure for rheumatism. We arrived here at nine in the evening and had to shake the driver when we got here to awaken him. We then settled to set out at half-past four to-morrow morning.

CHAPTER IX

1825

DRESDEN AND WEBER

Saxon Switzerland—Kulm—A week and a day spent in Dresden—Weber and other musicians—The theatre and opera—Churches and music—Findlater's Palace—"The Bath"—The Japanese Palace—Kaufmann's musical instruments—Memorial service to the late Elector, King of Poland—Morlacchi.

TUESDAY, September 27th.—Our sleepy driver was not ready until five o'clock, when we started. Ries had a fuss with him yesterday soon after leaving Prague. The country was now most beautiful, consisting of hill, dale and woods, there is little water until the Elbe comes in sight near Dresden. About Teplitz, I suppose, begins what is called Saxon Switzerland. We breakfasted at an inn which is beautifully situated at Kulm, near which is a bronze monument erected by the Emperor of Austria in memory of the great battle fought there, and close to it is a smaller one erected by the King of Prussia to the memory of the soldiers who fell in this battle. Near this the French were defeated, and I understand General Vandamme was taken prisoner. Our driver took another pair of horses from this inn to ascend a very high mountain, we were more than an hour before we arrived at the summit and the rain and wind prevented our leaving the carriage. Near the village of Peterswald, at the Austrian custom-house, we were desired to show our passports, on which they wrote something and soon after we arrived at the first Saxon custom-house. They did not want to see our passports but asked if we had any contraband goods. They did not examine our luggage but we each paid entrance money. After passing through Peterswald and Zehista, at or near which we had a wretched dinner, we arrived at Dresden at six in the

evening, and put up at the Hotel Golden Angel, which was recommended by Weber when we were at Ems.

We went immediately to the theatre¹ which began at six. *Freyschütz* was performed, directed by Weber, who consequently was not dead. Madame Devrient² and Mademoiselle Miller, in my opinion, were not so good as at Munich but the latter is a good actress. Max was played by Bergmann, he is a good tenor; Caspar, by Mayer, was also good. Cuno was a good bass. Kilian, played by Boehm, was bad, for which reason I suppose the laughing song was taken slowly in comparison with our time. In the first movement of the overture the horns cracked horribly. The time was the same as with us. The various changes of time I can remember. The viola flourished too much in an obbligate song in the third act with Aennchen. The choruses were famous but not very strong. A band on the stage, all except a trumpet which was in the orchestra, played the first march with the villagers, but in the Jäger chorus the horns, who were in the orchestra, played and not those on the stage, as at Munich. To my astonishment there was not one *pia* in this chorus. The band, particularly the oboe, was good, but not strong. More strength of string is required, the exact strength as yet I know not. The scenery was good. The "Incantation scene" about the same show as at Munich, where however the stage being larger it was more effective. The owls in the chorus were not strong, plenty of them were flying about but none with glaring eyes. In this scene Max sings his song on a rock on the left, close to the audience, which is an improve-

¹ The Hoftheater, here spoken of, was burnt down in 1869.

² Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient was born at Hamburg in 1804. Trained by gifted parents at an early age, she took leading parts at the Hofburg Theater in Vienna. In 1831 "she made a brilliant first appearance" at the opera house in that city in *Die Zauberflöte*, and there delighted Weber and others as Agathe in *Der Freischütz* in 1832. Later in the year she took the part of Leonora in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and by so doing, then and afterwards, rendered that opera successful in Germany, London and Paris. She went to Dresden in 1833 and married Karl Devrient, an excellent actor, whom she met in Berlin. She came to London in 1832, where she was engaged at the King's Theatre. Her strength began to fail in 1837, though she continued to sing for some time longer. She died in 1860 at Coburg. "Her face was thoroughly German and her figure superb, her voice was a strong soprano," and her concert singing was greatly admired (G.D.).

ment for the well-going of it. Zamiel pops about three or four times in this scene, but his taking Caspar away at the end was not so effective as at Vienna. Still, the whole performance was very perfect and was over at twenty-five minutes to ten. The Prince Maximilian, so they said, and three ladies in bonnets, were in the left stage box, which was decorated with crimson. The price of admission into the pit was twelve good groschen—namely one and sixpence English money. I sent my card to Weber at the end of the second act and met him at the stage door after the opera was over, that is, I went to him on the stage.

On Wednesday, September 28th, at ten o'clock I went to the theatre, by invitation of Weber last night, for the rehearsal of *Euryanthe*, the perfect order of which was delightful. Weber told me the principal violin was ill. I shall remark on this opera after the performance to-morrow evening, though it should be heard several times to be understood. Weber made them try the passage in the overture which contains the difficult modulation for the horn, before it commenced. I suppose some high personage was at the rehearsal in the King's box near the stage as two candles were placed before him. The rehearsal was over at one.

The strength of the Dresden theatre band is as follows: Five first violins, five second violins, two viole, two 'cellos, two basses, two of each wind instrument—the flutes taking the piccolo—four horns and three tromboni. All the strings were on the right and all the wind instruments on the left of the conductor, who beat time with a roll at a square piano-forte. The tromboni were one behind the other, each in the centre of the oboe desks. The pitch was exact to mine, though at the cathedral it was rather lower. The wind instruments were very good. Weber introduced the flute, Mr. Fürstenau,¹ to me in the street after the rehearsal. During his walk with us to the table-d'hôte—for which we paid eight groschen a head, namely one English shilling—

¹ Anton Bernhard Fürstenau was born at Münster in 1792 and died in 1862. In 1817 he had an appointment in the municipal orchestra of Frankfort. He came to Dresden in 1820, and remained in the service of the King of Saxony until his death. He accompanied Weber to London in 1826 (G.D.).

at our hotel, he wrote a free admission for Ries and myself during our stay at Dresden. He then left us to dine with the Prussian minister in this country after promising me to come to me in the pit this evening after the performance, but it was so soon over—at eight-thirty—that I did not stop for him.

After table-d'hôte we walked over the bridge to the statue of Augustus II, down the avenue of trees in the Haupt-Strasse, and went into the Academy du Roi de Sax, which is an exhibition of pictures and of various domestic and useful articles, including some most beautiful Dresden china and a grand and small pianoforte; the better of these two was made by Graebner and was marked two hundred thalers. This exhibition is on a small scale, but interesting, the paintings are so so in comparison with others in Dresden. We paid two groschen each for admission. The building seemed a ci-devant palace. We then continued our walk along the gardens by the side of the river, on a terrace, which was tolerably amusing. From thence we went to the theatre with our free admission. The first piece was *Die Hagestolzen*—*The Bachelors*, a drama by Iffland. There was a person who would not marry but did in the end. There was a charming peasant, the character being taken by a young and clever actress, a Mademoiselle Gleij. She was called for at the end and was, or appeared to be, much agitated when returning thanks. As I heard, she had not been long on the stage. She sang one song, no great things, without the band but her voice is not good for singing. She acted like Fanny Kelly in her younger days. The second piece, in one act, was *Der neue Gutsherr*—*The new proprietor of the estate*, with music by Boieldieu, of which the plot was a servant personating his master the baron. The overture was nothing particular. The first quartette and a drinking duet, sung by two men, were effective, and the music was altogether light and pretty but nothing very remarkable. The house was not very full; last night, for *Der Freischütz*, it was crowded. This theatre appears not so large as that at Prague. There are boxes and the usual lock-up seats in the pit, about one half of which is benches. As you face the stage the King's Royal (private) box is

on the right. His public Royal box is in the centre—opposite is another Royal box. The gallery consists of wretchedly small pigeon holes.

Before going into the theatre we went into the Catholic church, which is near the theatre and the bridge. The English service was going on, there was a small band accompanying the other music, the pitch of which, as at the theatre, was exact to my fork. I never heard a quicker church service than the one performed this afternoon.

Thursday, September 29th.—The first thing after breakfast I left the letter given me by Sir Brook Taylor at Munich, with Charles T. Barnard, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Dresden. I also left with him the letter Lord Essex gave me to his Excellency G. W. Chad, Esq., who had gone to England for his health. Mr. Barnard received me most politely. He smoked nearly the whole time. He spoke German well with Ries. He has been out of England twelve years and as he left it when young he knows little of the fashionable world there. He resided at Munich for some time and spoke greatly in praise of it. He knows Weber. This being the feast of St. Michael—O that I had tasted an English goose—we went to high mass at the catholic church. The service was good but nothing extraordinary in point of effect. There were two good fugues. The orchestra, and particularly the oboe, was very good. The organ, so Reichardt says, was built by the celebrated Silbermann.¹ It is large and may be celebrated in Germany but would not be in England. The flourish of drums and trumpets to introduce the different movements, which I find is customary, has an extraordinary effect, which is bad I think for a church. When they finish the organ modulates into the key the movement commences

¹ The Silbermanns were "a family of organ builders, clavichord and pianoforte makers. Andreas, the most noted, built the Strassburg Cathedral organ, and Gottfried, who built the organs of Freiberg and Dresden, was the first to construct the pianoforte in Germany." They were sons of a carpenter at Grafenstein in Saxony. Three of Andreas' nine sons were organ builders. "Gottfried built forty-seven organs, and died in 1753 whilst engaged upon his finest work, the Dresden Court organ" (G.D.).

in and as yet I have not heard any extraordinary modulation or organ playing. It appears to me that the soprano and alto were two castrati and good ones. The tenor sung a quarter of a note too flat very often. The basses were tolerably good but the echo of the church prevented us from hearing distinctly. A gentleman, who wore orders, said he was one of the directors of the conservatoire at Vienna, a Colonel Coll, he told me that Handel and Johann Sebastian Bach were much studied there and they had just gone through *Jephtha*. This gentleman dined with us at our ordinary dinner, he spoke French and said he was in the army and appeared to have travelled much. He had spoken to Weber, whom he knows, when Weber came to our hotel yesterday. After mass was over we went into the church of Notre Dame, a Lutheran church. It has the most curious interior for a church that I ever saw. There are galleries to hold persons in almost every direction. A psalm was being sung when we entered, the page or number of it being indicated in large figures from the organ loft. The organ, one of Silbermann's best, was a large one, and was placed over the altar, but there was nothing particular to notice either as to its sound or as to the execution of the player upon it. The squalling of an old woman during the psalm had a curious effect when we were nearly under the dome. The catholic church, in which we heard mass this morning, is beautifully plain, there was not a monument in it, that I saw. Over the altar, or rather on each side, are two Royal pews with windows, the fronts ornamented with red velvet and gold lace; the one next to the altar, on the left as you face it, has more gold lace on it than the others. Even with the altar are balconies, between each pillar, in which a few persons were seated. The last, on the right, next the orchestra, as you face the altar, is devoted to the trumpeters. We tried by going up stairs to get into one of the balconies, the sentinel said "no," but had we found the proper person I suppose money would have made him say "yes." A sort of beadle, with a long stick, dressed like a servant, made all the ladies sit on the left as you face the altar and the gentlemen to sit and stand on the right. There was a general movement when the musical part of the mass

finished. It was, I understood, not Morlacchi¹ but the other chapel master, who directed the orchestra.

Dresden seems a small but neat town, many of the streets have side pavements like ours. There is a fine bridge over a tolerably wide but shallow and quiet river. The Catholic church is a very fine building. The cupola of Notre Dame and the whole church is small, but well built of stone. The theatre is vastly unsightly without, it is near the Catholic church and the palace. The palace looks like our St. James's palace outside but there are many gothic courts within it, and one in which orange trees in tubs are placed. This day, being the feast of St. Michael, all the shops were closed.

The weather was cold and we took coffee at a place facing the river, at the end of the terrace ascending the flight of steps opposite the Catholic church.

Although we were in the theatre to see *Euryanthe* soon after half-past five, the pit was crowded to suffocation and it seemed almost too bad of us to accept the free admission. The Prince Maximilian, brother to the King,² and the same ladies that we saw in the left Royal box, were there again this evening and every box was full except the King's.

The overture we know well at the Philharmonic. Like

¹ Francesco Morlacchi was born at Perugia in 1784, and had composed some church music at the early age of thirteen. Afterwards he studied under Mattei at Bologna, and wrote a cantata for the coronation of Napoleon, as King of Italy, in 1805. His operas and a grand mass made him famous, and he was appointed Capellmeister of the Italian opera at Dresden, which position he held until his death in 1841. In 1816 he was elected member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, and the next year C. M. von Weber became Capellmeister of the German opera at Dresden. It is said that "Morlacchi behaved to him with a studied show of obsequious politeness, when doing his utmost in an underhand way to cripple his activity and bar his progress, while he asked him for a good word as to his own works, and frequently went away for months leaving him to do his duty." Morlacchi's compositions were thought much of in his lifetime but are quite unknown now (G.D.).

² Frederic Augustus I, who became Elector of Saxony in 1763, was created king by Buonaparte in 1806, and large additions were made to the Saxon territory in 1807 and 1809. During the war of 1813 the great struggle between Napoleon and the allied powers took place in this country, its king fighting side by side with the French from 1806 to 1813. When France was defeated the King of Saxony lost all his newly acquired territories, and was a prisoner of the allies for twenty months. In 1815 half of the kingdom was given to Prussia. The king died in 1827 (E.N.).

Freischütz, it is descriptive of the opera in many passages. It was well played, particularly the slow part for eight violins and two viole. Weber makes great use of his viole, especially during the recitatives. From its excessive difficulty I imagine this opera can only be performed in Dresden. It contains science in abundance and modulations in all directions, the audience should be professors of the first rank. The finale to the first act in $\frac{3}{4}$ time is beautifully effective. The voices employed are "Euryanthe," two tenors, a bass and chorus. There is also some slight dancing. Occasionally some beautiful bits with coro were charming but to understand the whole opera, it must be heard at least half a dozen times. There is a "Jäger" chorus with horns and an echo behind the scenes, something like the one in *Der Freischütz*, but not so effective, and there is a droll effect with trumpets on the stage during a chorus after a march, thus :



The orchestra, and particularly the wind instruments, as well as the chorus, were most perfect. The scenery—there were not many changes—was good and the dresses were magnificent. Madame Devrient, who took the part of Agatha in *Der Freischütz*, played Euryanthe. She has a most difficult part to sing and act but performed it well, though I like the other ladies that I have heard in Germany better. Mademoiselle Funck, who was Eglantine, has talent but not sufficient voice for the difficulties which she had to encounter and she failed completely in the endeavour to reach C. Adolar, M. Bergmann, the Max of *Der Freischütz*, is a good tenor, but has not a strong voice. It is something like Tori's. He is a good actor, as indeed are all the German performers. Listowl, Mr. Homser, who did not act in *Der Freischütz*, has a sort of baritone voice sufficiently powerful for this small theatre and is a good singer. Mr. Kelliom who took the part of the king and who acted Cuno in *Der Freischütz*, has a bass voice and the little he had to do

in this opera was well done. All ended by five minutes before nine. At supper Colonel Coll of Vienna, the gentleman I saw in the Catholic church this morning, told me that after the battle of Kulm there was a performance in the Royal stables at Vienna in which the whole of seven hundred performers were amateurs except the drums, which were under the direction of l'Abbé Stadler. Colonel Coll agreed with me that compositions were becoming too learned. He adores Mozart as I do.

On Friday, September 30th, Weber called at half-past nine and we walked out together till he was obliged to attend a rehearsal of Spontini's opera *Olympie*, which is to be given here in about a month, upon the occasion of the marriage of one of the Princes.

I went to the Royal picture gallery with Ries. It contains a most beautiful collection in two large rooms, one as it were within the other. The catalogue had been out of print some time. From hence we went to the warehouse for the sale of the china made at the Royal Dresden manufactory, which is, as I understand, a small distance from the town. The samples were exquisitely beautiful. I gave Weber a dinner at our table-d'hôte. Colonel Coll and I had a bottle of good champagne to drink his health. After dinner Weber took me to a place to buy snuff, which was good. From thence we went to Mr. Morlacchi and on our way we met Mr. Fürstenau and his wife. Mr. Fürstenau is the flute player whom Weber wants to take to London. Mr. Morlacchi, the composer of *Tebaldo and Isolina*, received me in his neat apartments very politely, we found him in the act of writing a cantata for the aforesaid marriage. We talked about Velluti, Rossini, Puzzi,¹ and Benelli of notorious memory.² Weber then left me at a house in the new market, consisting of a music shop, library and reading room, where I read the whole account of the York festival.

There is no performance at the theatre on Fridays. In the summer the company perform, as I understand, where the King's summer palace is, that is to say at Pilnitz.

¹ Signor Puzzi was one of the professors at the Royal Academy of Music in London (G.D.).

² Benelli was appointed professor of singing at the Berlin opera by

Saturday, October 1st.—The first thing after breakfast, Ries being with me, I took the parcel which Earl Stanhope requested me to deliver to Mon. le Docteur Ammon, Premier Predicateur de la Cour de sa Majesté le Roi de Saxe. He was not expected home until twelve o'clock this morning, so I left my card with the parcel. No places being to be had in the Eilwagen for Thursday next for Leipsic, we tried to bargain with the Landkutsche, which does not go so fast. We then walked to the monument of the celebrated French general Moreau which is about two miles from Dresden. It is not on the high road but upon rising ground in a field upon the exact spot where he fell. His legs only are buried under this plain monument, which has a helmet upon the top, his body being buried at St. Petersburg. We saw the guard mounted between eleven and twelve o'clock, there were plenty of officers but not many men. The band numbered twenty-two and was good, but nothing extraordinary. There were three tromboni and two bassoons. Several of the marches and airs were in the minor and one of them was very chromatic and ineffective. After dinner we went over the bridge to the Japanese palace; the gallery of porcelain there is very extraordinary, it is placed in the lower apartments which are vaulted; the paintings upon the Sevres china, given by Napoleon to the present king, are very beautiful. I was told that to obtain eight pieces for this gallery Frederic Augustus II, king of Poland and Elector of Saxony, gave the King of Prussia a regiment of cavalry. We saw in some of the other apartments some tapestry on the same subjects and resembling that at Hampton Court, there was also some curious furniture for a bed made entirely of the most beautiful coloured feathers many years old. As the other parts of this palace can only be seen by ticket we went to Dr. Hassen to procure them. The doctor was very abrupt and said we ought to have known—though how can strangers know this

Spontini, whom later he attacked in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* respecting his opera *Olympie*, having before reviewed it favourably. Spontini had the two accounts printed side by side, and Benelli soon after gave up his post in Berlin. Sir George Grove dates this as taking place in 1828, otherwise we might suppose it was the incident here referred to. *Olympie* was produced first in 1819 and at Berlin, in German, in 1821. It was first performed at Dresden in 1822 (G.D.).

—that the gallery is closed after Michaelmas, but for this once he would give a ticket if we called on Wednesday morning at ten. The gardens adjoining the river of this palace are very beautiful. We saw four criminals in chains each carrying a log going to work, attended by a man in uniform with a sword. We went to the Italian opera of *Maometto*, by Winter, in which the part of Maometto was sung by Signor Tibaldi,¹ a little man with a little tenor voice of not much compass, but he is a good singer. Zopiro, a stout bass, was taken by Signor Benincasa who has almost sung enough, he was the bass in the trio with the harp, which he sings out of sight; Seiole, a man's part, by Signora Constance Tibaldi,² a mezzo soprano. The quality of her voice is peculiar, and I at first thought that she was a man. She is a good actress but nothing remarkable as to singing. Palmira, Signora Funck, who sang in *Euryanthe*, was decidedly bad, her voice is almost gone. The choruses by twelve men and women were well performed, and the three or four scenes were very appropriate and the dresses good. The overture with some bars of Turkish instruments, was nothing. The whole opera I thought was ineffective, certainly it was not aided by the talents of the performers. Marschner,³ I suppose, directed at the square pianoforte, which was brought nearer the pit this evening, he gave the chords for the *rec parlant* strong enough. The orchestra went extremely well.

¹ Charles Tibaldi was born at Bologna in 1776. He made a successful début at the age of twenty-one, and later he became attached to the Court Theatre of the King of Saxony at Dresden. He visited England in 1818 and died at Bologna in 1833 (E.N.).

² Constance Tibaldi, daughter of the above, was born at Dresden in 1806. She learnt singing under Benelli, and was very successful in London, Berlin and Paris. She married M. Biagi, and retiring from the stage, lived at Bologna near to her father (E.N.).

³ Heinrich Marschner was born at Zittau in Saxony, in 1796. He early began to compose music and to study law, which he gave up to become a member of the musical profession. He travelled and made Beethoven's acquaintance in Vienna. In 1823 he was appointed joint Capellmeister with Weber and Morlacchi of the German and Italian opera in Dresden, and became a great friend of Weber, resigning his appointment on his death. He went to Leipsic as Capellmeister of the theatre in 1827. His opera, *Der Vampy*, had a successful run of sixty nights at the Lyceum, London, in 1829. He dedicated *Des Falkner's Braut* to King William IV, and other operas, written by him, followed. In 1831 he was appointed Court Capellmeister at Hanover, where he died in 1861. He published one hundred and eighty works of all kinds, his *Leider* are still popular (G.D.).

On Sunday, October 2nd, during our walk after breakfast, we looked into the Neustadt Lutheran church over the bridge, on the left from the avenue of trees. One psalm tune lasted until we were tired, the organ was the only accompaniment. In the great market in the old town about four men and eight boys, wearing short black cloaks, and directed by a man with a sort of tuning fork in his hand, were singing church music in the open air, ranged before a private house. I understood they were the singers belonging to the Lutheran church.

I met the Chevalier Morlacchi on his way back from leaving his card on me. He took me into the orchestra of the Catholic church. The King, Queen and family were there. The service was by Naumann in A four flats, an Ave Maria of Shulster and an overture, called a sinfonia, by Polledro, were introduced. These three musicians belong to Dresden. The Ave Maria was very effective and Naumann's Kyrie excellent, in rather the old style. It is printed, the first fugue is like Handel. Morlacchi directed and Rolla¹ was the leader. He leads also at the theatre. The band is large, consisting of fourteen first violins, ten second, six viole, six 'celli, five bassi and wind instruments as usual but there were four fagotti. No trumpets, tromboni or drums were in this mass, nor did they flourish between the movements, which seemed to follow *en suite* more than in any mass I have yet heard. Mr. Klengel² was the organist, he speaks English and has been in England. He knows Clementi³ and Cramer and spoke of

¹ Antonio Rolla was born at Parma in 1798 and died in Dresden in 1837, where he was leader of the Italian Opera Band from 1823 to 1835. He published concertos and some music for the violin (G.D.).

² August Alexander Klengel, the son of a painter, went with Clementi as his pupil from Dresden about 1803 and, with the exception of a short interval, remained with him in Russia and elsewhere until 1811. He then made long visits in Paris and Dresden, going to London in 1815. The next year he became Court organist at Dresden till his death. He was born in Dresden in 1784 and died there in 1852. He was a pianist as well as a composer (G.D.).

³ Muzio Clementi was born at Rome in 1752 and died at Evesham in 1832. He came early to England, and lived quietly with his protector, an English gentleman, in Dorsetshire until 1770. He was conductor at the Italian Opera in London from 1777 to 1780. The next year he went abroad giving concerts in European cities. Later, up to 1802, he was

Mrs. Salmon's¹ good singing. He introduced the movements by slight modulations. Rolla, who speaks French, was very polite, as also was Signor Sassaroli the first soprano, the second soprano or alto was a Mr. Moschetti. A boy in a plain uniform sung on each side of them. No women are allowed to sing in this church. The other singers, that is, the solo tenor and bass, were good. Weber says there are twenty-four violins, though I did not count so many, and five of each wind instrument, except horns and trumpets, of which there are eight and six respectively. The wind instruments take the duty by turns. It seems that there are two *Maitres de Chapelle*, Weber and Morlacchi, who also direct at the theatre, and two church composers, namely, Marschner, who also directs at the theatre when the piece is not important, and Rastrelli,² an Italian, who, I understood, is too *passé* to direct anywhere but at the church.

After church we went to Weber's house, which is near and rather elegant. Mrs. Weber is pleasant and speaks French. He has a son between five and six and a young daughter. Colonel Coll came in while Mr. Fürstenau, the first flute, was playing an air with variations from *Preciosa*. He also played another air composed by himself. Weber accompanied both these pieces, his pianoforte was too sharp for the flute. After dinner was over Weber took Ries and myself to "Findlater's Palace."³ It is about three English miles from Dresden and is beautifully

again in England getting rich as a teacher and conductor. He also started publishing and pianoforte making, and his business was afterwards carried on by Messrs. Collard. He married three times, and lived to be eighty, spending the last years of his life in London. He had many notable pupils and composed much music (G.D.).

¹ Eliza Salmon, née Munday, the renowned, beautiful soprano singer, was born in 1787 at Oxford, and appeared at the Covent Garden "oratorios" at the Lenten concerts in 1803. Two years later she married James Salmon, organist at St. Peter's, Liverpool. She lost her voice in 1825 and died in great poverty in 1849 (G.D.).

² Vincent Rastrelli, born at Fano in 1760, was a musician from infancy, and made such rapid progress that at the age of sixteen he was teaching singing in his native town. He became composer to the Elector's chapel at Dresden, but left it for Moscow, where he spent four years. He then returned to Dresden and, in 1824, was reinstated in his old position. He retired on a pension in 1831 and died at Dresden in 1839 (E.N.).

³ Albrechtsburg, built by Prince Albert of Prussia, now stands on the site of Findlater's Palace (E.N.).

situated upon an eminence upon the banks of the river Elbe. It was built, they say, by an English—I suppose a Scotch—nobleman, who left it to his steward. The lower part of it is a public room in which Weber treated us to coffee. The gardens are small but pretty and the country is well wooded in front. A great many people were there.

On our way back we stopped at a place which Weber called "The Bath." There is also by the side of the river and close to the gardens a small theatre in which the Dresden Company are obliged to perform twice a week during the summer. Weber paid six groschen for our admission, about twopence halfpenny each, the money for which is appropriated to a most excellent band, which on our entrance was playing Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." We requested the master of this band, as he gave us our choice, to play Spohr's overture to "Jessonda," which they did extremely well. From this band, which does honour to the town, Weber says the performers for the regular orchestra are selected, they are allowed to hear rehearsals to improve their taste. He also spoke in praise of the artillery band, which contains stringed instruments as well as wind. Certainly many towns would be glad to possess so good a band as that which we heard in the garden. Weber set us down at the theatre, where the piece performed was *Die beiden Galeeren-Sklaven*—*The two Galley-slaves*, which I suppose we have on the English stage. The music, which was by the church composer, Schubert, was indeed very church-like, and not one of the pieces in it were of the least importance. There were no songs. Madame Müller, who was the principal lady, is fat and tolerably good. Both the galley-slaves were good. A demoiselle Angelique St. Romain Mees, who came, as I understood Weber to say, from Berlin, danced a shawl dance in the piece and a sort of Spanish solo dance after the piece. In the ballet a large box was brought on to the stage out of which twelve children were taken who jumped about in a poor sort of fashion. None of the ballet music was effective.

On Monday, October 3rd, the waiter gave us our passports signed by the police for Leipsic, which I took to Mr. Barnard, and finding him out, I requested him in a note to

obtain the signature of the Prussian minister to them. I met Weber, who, in consequence of a request from me in a note to him in the morning, had been to look after a voiturier to take us to Leipsic. I then called upon the Chevalier Morlacchi but he was out. I could not leave a card his door being shut. After dinner Weber called with Schlesinger, who has just arrived, to take me and Ries to hear candidates for admission into the King's band, for the following vacancies, namely, violin, flute, trumpet, and drums. There were about five candidates for each situation but there was only time to hear the violins, all of whom were good players, and four flutes, one good, the rest only tolerable. The trial began at three and lasted until half-past five. The trumpets and drums were to be heard another day. The judges were Morlacchi, Weber, Rolla, etc., with the director of the theatre and the secretary Winkler who translated Lord Byron's works, though he declined speaking English with me. The trial took place in a large, rather round room, formerly a library, in or near the Zwinger palace, in the Theater-Platz—near which, I understood, is a large concert room formerly a theatre, capable of holding, as I am told, five or six thousand people. Morlacchi's new cantata is to be performed there at the approaching marriage. I consulted with Weber and Schlesinger about a carriage to Leipsic. After the trial I called upon the latter at the Hotel de Berlin, near the picture gallery, in the New Market and saw him set off to travel all night, with his friend, a jeweller's son, to the King at Berlin. Ries went to the play. It being a comedy without music I declined going.

Tuesday, October 4th.—Mr. Fürstenau called and we walked and talked about his coming to London. Mr. Boodie, who was here with his daughter a short time since, has promised to support him in London.

Weber called to say that Dr. Hassen expected us at the Japanese palace at ten this morning. Weber marked the order in which he composed his overtures. Mr. Fürstenau walked with us over the bridge to the Japanese palace. The doctor was very civil, he took no notice of having seen us the other day when he was so brisk. We waited for the arrival of a M. and Madame de Flad, of Munich, he, a

councillor in the state there, and she, a genteel fat woman. Both spoke French well. She knows Mademoiselle de Schauroth,¹ Cipriani Potter, Weber, Kalkbrenner and many others. She has taken lessons of the Abbé Vogler, who taught C. M. von Weber and started schools of music at Mannheim, in Sweden and at Darmstadt. The Doctor Hassen was most prolix in his dilations upon the statues, mummies, etc., in about eight halls on the ground floor of this palace. Though the library was closed it being twelve o'clock, yet by the interest of M. and Madame de Flad, whom we followed to the first floor, we saw with them this library, which also occupies the second floor. It is large and the books are well kept but it loses in interest after having seen the library at Munich. I bought a portrait of Weber, which cost a dollar, three shillings English, and another of Morlacchi which was six groschen, about ninepence. Being again disappointed at finding no letter at the post-office, I left with Weber an order to the postmaster to give him all letters which may arrive for me and a letter to Charles Kemble stating my movements.

I had a pleasant dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Weber, who three or four days ago came into Dresden for the winter from their country house, a short distance from Dresden; we saw the place on our way to Findlater's palace. At our dinner were Ries, Hofrath Winkler, the theatrical secretary, who writes poetry under a pseudonym, and a M. Boettiger,² who also speaks English. He left us rather early, as I understood, to give a lesson in Greek to some prince. There were millions of dishes and plenty of excellent wine, including Madeira and tolerable port and some good Italian luscious wine. After dinner we went with Weber to the Landkutsche he patronizes and arranged for him to take us on Thursday morning at four o'clock to Leipsic. We then went with Weber into the orchestra for

¹ Delphine von Schauroth, a Bavarian of good family, a fine pianist, and friend of Mendelssohn, was born at Magdeburg in 1814. She was taught by Kalkbrenner, and later married Mr. Hill Handley, an Englishman. She appeared in England when only nine years old, and was living at Charlottenburg in 1881 (G.D.).

² M. Boettiger was Counsellor of the Court of the King of Saxony and a friend of Weber and his family (H.M.H.).

the second time to hear *Euryanthe*. I see no reason to depart from my former remarks upon this opera. I found that Rolla only leads at the Italian operas and at the church. At the German operas the leader is M. Tietz,¹ whom I sat next to at the church. He is a fat civil man, not young but a strong player. He speaks a little English.

Wednesday, October 5th.—I called on Mr. Barnard for our passports, which he had very politely got signed by the Prussian minister. At eleven I went into the orchestra at the Catholic church. This day was devoted to the memory of the last King and Elector Frederic Augustus II, who died in 1763. A solemn mass by Hasse, composed by him for Dresden, and not printed, was performed. This composition is in the old style and nothing particular. There was one effect produced by, I suppose muffled, trumpets. There were five trumpeters, of whom four were in uniform like the King's servants, and one in plain clothes. They and the kettle-drums were placed in the pew on the right of the orchestra, all were excellent players. Weber said that twenty-four violins play at this church, I counted accurately only eleven first and ten second. In the church the altar and the front of the orchestra gallery were covered with black cloth with an escutcheon and near the altar a tomb was erected covered with black and ornamented with gold. This was surrounded by a quantity of candles in large candlesticks. Klengel, the organist, was very polite and we talked about Mr. Kalkbrenner and Miss Buckwald, who was his scholar. After service Mr. Fürstenau, the flute, took us to a gallery where we saw the King and Queen and the Royal Family pass. From thence we went to a mechanical instrument maker, near Prince Maximilian's palace, a Mr. Kaufmann.² His organ and pianoforte instrument called

¹ August Ferdinand Tietz, or Titz, was born in 1762. He was a member of the orchestra at the Imperial Chapel, Vienna; later he held a similar position at Dresden. He composed and published several works, chiefly for strings (E.N.).

² Friedrich Kaufmann was a noted maker of musical instruments in Dresden. He completed the harmonichord in 1810. It was in shape like a small square piano, and the sound was produced by wires and a revolving cylinder—as in the hurdy-gurdy. "All gradations of tone, as well as the power of swelling or diminishing the sound upon a sustained note, were produced by the pressure of the finger." Weber composed music for this instrument (G.D.).

a chordanlodian has merit. With its barrel it played Donet's "God save the King" with variations. His harmonichord, an improvement on the celestina¹ and his trumpeter, with its double stops, is better than Maelzel's.

After this we passed into the gardens of Prince Maximilian, where is a theatre formed with trees for his children. His palace is small. We saw a little garden planted by his daughter, who, as I understand, is the present Queen of Spain.²

I called on Morlacchi and took wine and grapes with him. He gave me a printed "Agnus Dei" of his composition. He wishes to send the score of his opera *Tebaldo ed Isolina* gratis to London if it is to be performed. I played from the score, newly arranged, the Romance in it, and also I played a clever fugue of his in some church service. I then went to the theatre for the rehearsal of *Zelmira*. From there Mr. Winkler, who superintended the rehearsal with the book on the stage, sent a man with me to show me the great concert room in the Zwinger Palace, which was formerly a theatre. It is in three compartments and is one of the largest rooms I ever saw. They were preparing it for a grand concert for the marriage which will soon take place. The rehearsal of *Zelmira* was conducted with the greatest order. Neither Morlacchi nor Rolla were there. The principal soprano was Madame Balazezzi, who has talent. She is young, short and inclined to be fat and is neither pretty nor ugly. She does not appear to have a high voice but, of course, it being a rehearsal, I could not hear her to the best advantage. After the rehearsal I called at a quarter to seven to take leave of Weber but he was out. I saw, however, Mrs. Weber; she had several other visitors with her and was very polite, though she found it difficult to speak French. At half-past eight Weber himself called on me; he had been dining with the French ambassador.

¹ The celestina of Adam Walker was patented in London in 1772; it was a "sostinente harpsichord producing a sustained sound, such as that of the organ, harmonium or violin" (G.D.).

² Marie Joseph Amelie, who was the third wife of Ferdinand VII, King of Spain. She died in May, 1829, aged twenty-five years (E.N.).

CHAPTER X

1825

LEIPSIK

From Dresden to Leipsic—Music publishers—The theatre and opera—Lutheran hymns and church services—The Thomas-schule—A Gewandhaus concert—Departure from Leipsic—Entry into Prussia—An uncomfortable night.

ON Thursday, October 6th, we set out at ten minutes before four in the morning for Leipsic in a carriage which Weber had procured for us. I was to pay eighteen thalers for it, namely, about two pounds fourteen shillings, the driver paying all the barriers, etc. The weather was fine but rather cold. Throughout the first stage to Meissen, the country is beautiful, the rest of it was not remarkable and there was scarcely a hill the whole way. Ries and I were obliged to travel by this Landkutsche, the Eil-wagen being full. Its passengers dined at the same inn we did. This coach carries nine persons inside and ten out, with a conductor, there is very little room for luggage in it. We went by way of Oschatz and Wurzen where we crossed, in a large sort of barge, the river Mulde, which is very narrow at this place. We arrived at Leipsic at a quarter to eight this evening and put up at the Hotel de Russie.

Friday, October 7th.—I wrote a note to Weber which I sent to him by our Dresden driver. I dislike the custom of being attacked in my room at almost every town I reach on the morning after my arrival by a man who says he is collecting for the poor. I wrote down the sum I gave in his book but there is the probability that it may go into his own pocket.

It being the time for the Michaelmas fair at Leipsic, which I am told lasts for three weeks, almost every street was full of booths or small shops for the sale of merchandise of

all sorts and I suppose from every nation. These temporary shops disfigure the town, which is not large or so good looking as Frankfort but the houses are old and curious. There are no side pavements as in Dresden but sharp stones at the side of the road. When we entered the gates last evening they took our passports and gave us papers to procure them again on our departure. The man asked for a 'Trink-geld' and we gave him eight groschen, about one English shilling. I did not expect any questions about our entry into this free town nor to be asked if we had any goods to declare at the custom-house, neither did they, nor did they attempt to search our baggage.

The first thing we did this morning was to secure our places in the Schnell-post to Berlin for Monday next, we each paid, in Prussian money, six thalers ten groschen. We then called on Peters,¹ the great Leipsic publisher, at his music shop and I left the letter Schulz, my neighbour, gave me for him. Peters was very polite, and invited us to dine with him to-morrow. He told us some curious anecdotes about Beethoven and spoke of the English trade copying foreign music. He promised to look out the music for Birchall. After leaving him, we went to see the bridge, part of which was blown up too soon at the battle of Leipsic and so prevented the escape of the French troops, it is close to some beautiful gardens belonging, I believe, to Reichenbach the banker, to whom Mr. Bell gave me a letter of introduction. I left this letter, with my card, by Peters' boy whom he politely sent with me to show me the house. The answer was "Mr. Reichenbach's compliments." After table-d'hôte we called upon Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel (the heads of another well-known, and greatly esteemed music publishing firm), their music-shop being named in Moscheles' letter. Mr. Härtel is a very pleasant man and speaks English pretty well. He has a list of London music-sellers and would do business with any of them. I took his catalogue. He has many unpublished manuscripts of Johann Sebastian Bach, who resided in this town, some of which I

¹ Carl Frederic Peters published many important works of Haydn, Bach, Beethoven, Spohr and Schumann, besides the first complete editions of the works of Haydn and Bach (G.D.).

saw. He also has some by Haydn and Mozart. He thinks that the best symphony Mozart ever wrote is lost, it was performed in this town at a benefit for Mozart. He showed us a plan and gave us a description of the battles here. We went to the theatre which began at half-past six. It is pleasantly situated in a sort of garden close to the gate, near the suburbs, but within the walls. The pieces were *Das letzte Mittel* and *Die Wiener in Berlin*. The first piece, which was in four acts, I could not well understand but it was pleasant and might possibly do for us. The acting of Madame Jenast and of Mademoiselle Gahn, a youngish girl possessing great *naïveté*, was very excellent. The second piece seemed to be a skit upon the gentlemen of Vienna and contains some popular national airs. I bought the music of it at Peters' as I thought it might be performed in London with success. The performance finished at a quarter past nine. The theatre, which was not so full as I expected to find it, being fair time, is pretty, better looking perhaps than that at Dresden and certainly larger. In style it is rather like the theatre at Munich, in that it has a balcony in front of the boxes, but in splendor it cannot compare with the Munich House, though it is a good place for hearing. We sat in the parterre, for which we paid twelve groschen, and in front of us were four rows of locked seats divided off. The band played, amongst other things, parts of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." Their pitch was exactly that of my fork.

Saturday, October 8th.—We saw yesterday in Reichenbach's gardens the spot where Prince Joseph Poniatowski, the great Polish general who fought so bravely for his country, tried to leap his horse over the river, during the battle here, when he was covering the retreat of the French army. He was drowned but the horse was saved. He had been wounded before this happened. A small stone indicates the spot but there is also a large monument in these beautiful gardens.

We had our trunks this morning carried to the post as they were too heavy to go with us in the Schnell-Post. They are to be sent to Berlin to-night and we shall find them I hope when we get there. Mine weighed they said

sixty-nine pounds. I then went to Peters and paid for the music I had bought there for Birchall and myself. Ries was present at the payment and they said they would send it to Boosey. We went on from thence to see the Pleissenburg, within the walls of the town and not far from our inn, it has an observatory at the top. We dined with Mr. Peters at his private house in the suburbs. He has charming apartments. His wife has been dead three years but her sister was present, she is about sixteen, very silent and rather good looking. The rest of the company were his young daughter and a lady who keeps his house, Ries, Mr. Bume or Boeme, son of the music-seller at Hamburg, Mr. Florenz Härtel, a nephew of Härtel, who was with him for twenty-one years, and now keeps a music shop for himself and Mr. Praeger,¹ leader of the band at the theatre.

We had a very pleasant dinner but Peters broke his promise to let me go in time to hear the church music at half-past one. The dinner was at half-past twelve. After it was over we called at Whistling's music shop to buy music for Birchall. Whistling is the agent for André's of Offenbach, near Frankfort. I could only procure one piece. We walked for some time in Reichenbach's gardens, whose son Bernard left his card on me to-day. We went to the theatre, where we were to have heard *Der Berggeist*, the new opera by Spohr—who was in Leipsic about fifteen days ago in order to direct it—but Madame Devrient being ill, as was stated in a red bill issued about three hours before the performance, it was changed to *Rübezühl*, music by Würfel. There were some fine scenes and dresses but the opera—with enchantment—was ridiculous, the music wretched throughout, and the whole performance unworthy of criticism. The band consists of twelve violins, two viole, two 'celli and two bassi with the usual number of wind instruments and four horns. A Mr. Matthasi, so I understood, is director and Mr. Praeger is leader. He played a short solo to a song in the opera only tolerably. In figure he is short and

¹ Heinrich Aloys Praeger, violinist and composer, was born at Amsterdam in 1785. He was leader of the band at the Leipsic Theatre from 1825 to 1829, and for a short time Capellmeister at Hanover. His son was Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, who came to live in London in 1834, and was well known as a teacher, composer, violinist and pianist (G.D.).

inclined to be fat and is not unlike Schuppanzigh of Vienna. The band seems a good band, though the tone of the oboe is indifferent. The performance was over by a quarter to nine.

Sunday, October 9th.—At half-past six in the morning a small band of wind instruments began to play in the inn yard some Lutheran hymn tunes, which they did extremely well. They afterwards sang some of them not at all badly. We were in St. Thomas's church by half-past seven, a large building, handsome within but ugly outside. The service was Lutheran and began with a sort of psalm tune in four parts, without the band. The organ played a prelude in the key before the voices began. This was followed by a very good kyrie, exactly resembling those of the Catholic church, but there was but one priest and the ceremonies at the altar were different. The mass was composed by a Mr. Drövisch,¹ a young man, rather deformed in the shoulders, whom I saw after church. Mr. Praeger was the leader and Mr. Weinlig² the director. He is cantor³ or precentor of the choir of the school of St. Thomas's; a school of about fifty boys whom I suppose he teaches. I imagine that they receive instructions with a view to becoming priests, music being a principal part of their education. On Sundays they are divided up among the different Lutheran churches. Sebastian Bach was cantor of this school and

¹ Charles Louis Drövisch was born at Leipsic in 1803, and while at college at Grimma he wrote several bagatelles without having received any real musical instruction. Later he received lessons from Droebs, the organist of St. Peter's, Leipsic. He wrote some motets and sacred music which were performed at the Leipsic churches, and composed several other works including an oratorio. He died at Augsburg in 1854 (E.N.).

² Christian Theodor Weinlig was born at Dresden in 1780; in 1823 he succeeded Schicht as Cantor of the Thomas-School at Leipsic and held that post until his death in 1842. In 1830 Wagner was one of his pupils and has left on record how highly he esteemed his teaching (G.D.).

³ "The Cantor, in German towns and villages, corresponds to the precentor or leader of the choir in English cathedrals and churches, and the Cantor of the St. Thomas-School at Leipsic has for long been acknowledged as the head and representative of them all. For more than two centuries the office has been filled by very distinguished musicians." "The *Thomas-school* is of the nature of our English cathedral and grammar schools; here about sixty of the boys are taught music, who are called *Alumni*; they are in charge of the Cantor and form the '*Thomaner-Chor*' (G.D.).

his portrait is to be seen in the house of the college near St. Thomas's school in a room where the rehearsals are held. The boys are very genteelly dressed in black and, I understood, that the singing was alternately at St. Thomas's and St. Nicholas's churches on Sundays and fête days. Mr. Praeger told me that the band, which was good, consisted of ten violins, two viole, two 'celli and two bassi, with the usual wind instruments including also drums and trumpets. The chorus, with the exception of the boys, was hardly strong enough, there were no women, but the men altos had famous, high and strong, though rather coarse, voices. The organ is large and tolerable but the plain metal pipes do not look well. The pitch was exact to my fork. Soon after nine o'clock Mr. Peters called and took us to a village near Leipsic, through a wood where, when his wife was alive, he had a country house, and near to which place the cavalry of the two armies had had a grand struggle. He treated us to chocolate in the wood through which we passed and talked about his sport, and said that there was plenty of game near Leipsic. On our return he took us to a pleasant garden, the proprietor of which has made much money by dividing it into cheerful, small tenements. Here we left him and walked nearly all the way round the town on the outside. The part they call "in the English style," is beautiful. In it there is a monument to the memory of the Burgomaster who planned these gardens. After the table-d'hôte we looked into the church of St. Nicholas. It was closed, but a man let us in through the vestry, which was crowded with persons preparing for some religious ceremonies. This church, which is Lutheran, is in form very much like that of St. Thomas but is more handsome. Some pictures, about eight or ten in number, near the altar, seemed good. The organ is very large but I did not hear it as no service was going on. From there we walked into Rudolph's gardens, which are only frequented during the fair, where a band of wind instruments, which was very good, played, amongst other music, many pieces from *Euryanthe*. Here we met Mr. Härtel's nephew and the gentleman from Hamburg who dined with us yesterday, and also, as we were going out, Mr. Peters' shopman who speaks English.

In the evening we went to a concert in the Saal des Gewandhaus. It is a good room for sound and size and has a refreshment room attached in which the company paid for what they had between the parts. Thinking to get a good place Ries and I took two twenty groschen tickets, but we left these places—upstairs at the end of the room—for seats in it at sixteen groschen each. The concert, which began at six, commenced with a symphony of Mozart in D major without minuet, which was well played but slower than we take it. The bassoon was shy, and there was much tuning between the movements. This was followed by the scena *Al desio*, Mozart, sung by Miss Peters, who is no relation to the music-seller of that name and who is nothing remarkable or ever will be. The basset horn was well played and was very effective. Then came variations by Polledro on the air "Hope told a flattering tale," the violin being played by Müller¹ of Brunswick. He is a good player and the scales in *al* at the end were wonderfully well run up. This piece lasted twelve minutes and the first part of the concert came to an end at eight minutes past seven. Between the parts Mr. Praeger, the leader, came to speak to me, as also did Mr. Müller the clarinet player,² who was in London a few years ago and who is now concert player at the French court. He is at present travelling, giving concerts and preparing clarinet instructions upon a new plan. He speaks English well and was very polite, he requested me to give his compliments both to his father-in-law, who is a painter in Foley Place, and also to Clementi.

After an interval of twenty-eight minutes the second part of the concert began with an overture by B. Romberg in D which I had never heard before. I think the parts were printed, it is brilliant towards the end. After a song by Miss Peters, of no importance, came an overture and introduction by Righini, which was not striking and nearly all in the

¹ Aegidius Christoph Müller, Hofmusikus to the Duke of Brunswick, whose four sons were the renowned quartet-players who visited the chief cities of Europe. The father died in 1841 (G.D.).

² Probably Iwan Müller, the celebrated clarinet player, who made his debut in Paris in 1809 and did much there to improve the instrument. From 1820 to 1826 he travelled about Europe giving concerts; he afterwards became professor at the Conservatoire in Paris. He was born in 1786 and died in Germany in 1864 (G.D.).

minor. The chorus was good and the boys were excellent. Mr. Schulz¹ directed—the vocal pieces only—at a desk, there was no pianoforte in the orchestra and the pitch was the same as mine.

I understand that twenty-four concerts are given, one every week beginning at Michaelmas, and that they are under the management of six gentlemen, two of whom are from the University. They are satisfied if they have three hundred subscribers at eight thalers each, that is to say two thousand four hundred thalers and the door money. I suppose there were five hundred people present this evening. The greatest silence was preserved and no one left the room till the last piece was over soon after eight o'clock. On our return the waiter brought us our passports for which he said he had paid four groschen each.

Monday, October 10th.—After calling upon and taking leave of Mr. Peters and trying in vain at several booksellers to buy an English and French grammar, we settled our account at the hotel, and at eleven precisely left Leipsic in the Berlin Schnell-post carrying six passengers inside and only the driver outside. The fare was six thalers, ten groschen Prussian money,—here ten silber groschen are about one English shilling. Our fellow travellers were five men and one pleasant lady.

We entered Prussia soon after leaving Leipsic, where we were desired to get out while they examined the inside of the coach only. Our next stopping place was Delitzsch, which is twelve miles from Leipsic and about ninety from Berlin. Here we drove to a Prussian custom-house and they took out all the luggage and slightly examined it. Two or three of the passengers had duty to pay for some of the things in their trunks. Our next resting place was Bitterfeld, where we had a horrid sort of luncheon, each individual snatching what he could get. Here we waited until a coach arrived from Halle which brought two passengers. Ries and I, being number five and six in the Schnell-

¹ Johann Philipp Christian Schulz was born at Langensalsa in Thuringia, in 1773. He was sent when ten years of age to St. Thomas-School in Leipsic, being destined for the church; he however adopted a musical career, and studied under Engler. He was conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts from 1810 to 1837, in which year he died (E.N.).

post, were obliged to turn out and follow it in a four-wheeled carriage which was changed, much to my discomfort, at every post. Fortunately the night was fine and not cold though it was dark. After leaving Gräfenhainichen we crossed the Elbe on a long and curious bridge which seemed to wind about and soon after arrived at Wittenberg, which is a very large town but it was too dark to see much of it. Here we had a tolerably good hot supper, and then travelled on past Belzig to Potsdam, where we had some good coffee and rusks. We arrived here about half-past five in the morning and it seems a beautiful place. I hope to see it later. As one of the passengers left the Schnell-post here I was ordered by the postmaster to get into it, so Ries travelled hence alone to Berlin.

CHAPTER XI

1825

BERLIN

Sixteen days in Berlin—The opera—Letters of introduction—Entertained by the Earl of Clanwilliam, the Mendelssohns, Schlesinger and others—The theatres and music—Mademoiselle Sontag—Mounting of the guard—Sight-seeing—Charlottenburg—The Beers and Meyerbeer—Potsdam—*Freischütz*—*Fernand Cortez*—Liedertafel—Parts from Mr. Ries and his brother Hubert.

TUESDAY, October 11th.—We arrived in Berlin at nine precisely this morning and the entrance is truly handsome. During the daylight I saw nothing remarkable on the road, which is paved nearly two-thirds of the way from Leipsic. Near Berlin our bones had some rest as the road appeared macadamized, it is firm and good from Potsdam. We drove to the post, where our luggage was merely just opened. I had to pay nearly three thalers for my large trunk, which was sent from Leipsic last Saturday. The post-house, which is a large establishment here, was in a complete bustle. They did not ask to see our passports nor were they enquired for on the road hither from Leipsic. A porter in uniform belonging to the post-house carried all our things from these to the Hotel de Rome, which was recommended to me by young M. Schlesinger of Paris.

Soon after our arrival Ries set out with my letter to his brother Hubert,¹ from Ferdinand Ries; later he introduced

¹ Hubert, the brother of Ferdinand Ries and the son of Franz Ries, was born at Bonn in 1802. He studied the violin under his father and Spohr. In 1824 he went to Berlin and entered the band of the Königstädter-theater, joining the royal band the next year. He became director of the Philharmonic Society in Berlin in 1835, Concertmeister in 1836, and a member of the Royal Academy of Arts in 1839. He was a "thorough musician, a solid violinist, a highly esteemed leader and a methodical and conscientious teacher." Three of his sons became well-known musicians (G.D.).

him to me and he dined with us at our table-d'hôte. He speaks French and is a very pleasant young man. We all went to the post, where I found letters from Charles Kemble and my brother Charles. Ries then removed his luggage to his brother—Hubert Ries'—rooms, where I was introduced to a pleasant young man, Mr. Muhlenbruch, who is leader of the Königstädter-theater. He speaks both French and English.

In the evening Ries and I went to the Opera House. The pieces were *Die Geschwister*—*The brothers and sisters*, to which there was no music and it was dull; *Das Concert am Hof*—*The concert at the Court*; and *Der rosenfarbener Kobold*—*The red goblin*. I suppose it was a ballet, the dancers and the dresses were good but the scenery was common. The music to *Das Concert am Hof* was written by Auber of Paris, which was well enough. The plot seemed to be that a Maestro de la cour would not advance a candidate for fame—whose part was played by Madame Seidler¹—on account of the talents of his own wife—played by Madame Schulz.² The tenor singer, Mr. Stümer, was nothing in particular, there was too much falsetto in his voice. Astuccio was played by M. Blume,³ the Kapellmeister. He has a bass voice and was not very comic in the part which is comic. Both the ladies sing well; at present I prefer Madame Seidler. Madame Schulz flourishes more than any female singer I have ever heard. Her voice has great flexibility. A very long shake, which was too quick, was much applauded. The theatre is the most beautiful that I ever saw, about the size of Covent Garden, though perhaps not quite so large. The pit, taking it as a whole, is very large but more than two-thirds of it is parted off for lock-up seats. We paid twelve good groschen—eight good

¹ Caroline Seidler was engaged at the Royal Theatre, Berlin, in 1816, and was later attached to the Court at Potsdam. She retired from the stage in 1838. She married, in 1812, Charles Seidler, who was born at Berlin in 1778 and died in 1840. He was one of the two leaders at the Opera in Berlin; first violin at the Chapel Royal and Concert Director (E.N.).

² Madame Schulz was the wife of Johann Philipp Christian Schulz spoken of on page 163 (E.N.).

³ Heinrich Blume was born at Berlin in 1778 and retired from public life in 1848 (E.N.).

groschen make the English shilling—each for places in the pit. Fourteen stone pillars support the boxes over the dress circle and have a fine effect. There is a little cupid on each side of a large Royal box in the centre; some of the Royal family were present. The King usually sits in the stage box on the left hand side as you face the stage. There was a circular drop scene, which was excellent, corresponding in a degree with the pillars of the centre Royal box. The rest of the scenery was nothing remarkable. The performance commenced at six and was over at half-past nine. The following are the particulars of the band, which was in pitch a little sharper than my fork. I copied them from the list at the house to which Ries took me on October 15th to hear quartettes. Spontini¹ is the general music director, Seidel² the Kapellmeister and Schneider,³ Music Director. There are twelve first violins, as when they use a full orchestra two out of the following three players are included, namely, Möser,⁴ the Kapellmeister, Seidler, who always leads when his wife sings, and Bohrer,⁵ senior, who they suppose will soon leave for Munich. There were twelve second violins,

¹ Gasparo Luigi Pacifico Spontini, the child of peasants, was born at Majolati in 1774 and early commenced to write operas. He went to Paris in 1803 and became a favourite of the Empress Josephine. Louis XVIII gave him the post of Court composer. In 1819 he was appointed General Director of Music, Capellmeister, and "Superintendent-General of the Royal Music" at Berlin, where he seems to have tried the patience of all musicians with whom he had to do. Spontini retired from Berlin in 1842. He died at Majolati in 1851 (G.D.).

² Frederick Louis Seidel was born at Trenenbrietzen in Prussia in 1765; he was the son of the schoolmaster of that place, and studied under Reichardt. In 1792 he was appointed organist at the church of St. Mary, Berlin. He was successively joint-director and sub-director, also conductor of the orchestra at the Royal Theatre at Berlin. He died at Charlottenburg in 1831 (E.N.).

³ Schneider was joint-conductor with Frederick Louis Seidel of the operas given at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. Spontini had had but little practice as a conductor, nor was he very capable in this respect. The two leaders were Möser and Seidler (G.D.).

⁴ Karl Möser, the violinist, was born in Berlin in 1774 and died there in 1851. He joined the royal orchestra in that city and then travelled for several years, rejoining it in 1811. He received the title of "Royal Kapellm." He was a pupil of Bottcher and Haacke (B.D.M.).

⁵ Anton Bohrer was born in Munich in 1783, and became violin player in the Court orchestra there. In 1823 he and his brother Max joined the royal orchestra in Berlin but left through a disagreement with Spontini. Anton then went to Paris, and in 1834 was made Concertmeister at Hanover. He married a sister of Madame Dulcken (G.D.).

ten 'celli, and seven bassi, four flutes, five oboes, five clarionets, five fagotti, five corni, three trumpets, three tromboni and two drums. There are also as supernumeraries two first violins, two second violins, two 'celli and three corni. This is the full orchestra but it seldom plays as such except in Spontini's operas. The players take duty in different weeks but sometimes there are performers at both the Royal Theatres on the same night and sometimes also there is a performance at the Royal Theatre at Charlottenburg, a little way out of Berlin, in which case all are employed. These two Royal theatres are under the superintendence of Count Brühl,¹ to whom I was introduced by Lord Clanwilliam the first day I dined with him.

Wednesday, October 12th.—Ries and his brother called at nine o'clock and we hired a one-horse cabriolet, the charge for which was six groschen for a quarter of an hour. The driver gives a little blue ticket and this serves as a check with his master. In this vehicle Vienna Ries and I left the various letters. The first was to Lord Clanwilliam sent by the Duke of Hamilton but I left the letter from Byng, for Charles Kemble and myself, when I dined with him this evening. The second was for Dr. Spiker from Schulz my neighbour, and the third was also from him to Professor Lichtenstein at the university. He called upon me this day whilst I was dressing. I left the fourth at Messrs. Mechow and Pietsch and a fifth for Mr. Beer,² these last two were from Mr. Bell.

When we had done this I called on Mr. Schlesinger—the Berlin publisher—at his music shop, where I was politely received by his son, the same who gave me a dinner in Vienna. His father is a jolly fellow and speaks English; he has a capital house, horses in his stable and every luxury. He has

¹ Count Brühl became in 1815 Intendent at the royal theatres of Berlin. He was a good actor, musician and scene painter. He brought the opera to a high state of efficiency, and suffered much from the insults of Spontini. At last worn out by his opposition he resigned in 1828 (G.D.).

² Herz Beer was a native of Frankfort, and a Jew. He later became a rich banker in Berlin. He married Amalie Wulf, who was "a woman of rare mental and intellectual gifts and high cultivation." Jacob Meyer, their eldest son, became known to the world as Giacomo Meyerbeer, whose operas have given so much pleasure to the lovers of music (G.D.).

more reading books than music but the *mélange* of these articles is great with German music shopkeepers. He abused the *Harmonicon Magazine*,¹ of which he has several numbers, and I recommended him the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, edited by Richard Bacon of Norwich.

Young Schlesinger took me to Mr. A. Mendelssohn's,² mentioned in Moscheles' circular, where I was most politely received. He is building a most magnificent house and at present resides in a capital building at the back of it, which has a remarkably fine garden. He invited me to dine with him to-day. He has a clever son, (Felix) about fifteen years of age, who has composed operas and other music. On my return from this visit I found a verbal invitation to dine with the Earl of Clanwilliam, and I sent a verbal answer to say yes. It is curious that foreign ambassadors do not write their invitations,—so I had to dine twice.

I went with young Schlesinger to Mr. Mendelssohn's dinner at three o'clock. His wife was very polite; his daughter is stout. His sister-in-law and two or three of the family were present, also M. Zelter,³ who is mentioned also in Moscheles' circular, the music master of the family.

At a quarter to four I was obliged to go to the second dinner at the Earl of Clanwilliam's. It was a state affair, we were all in full dress and there were plenty of stars—

¹ The *Harmonicon Magazine* was a monthly musical periodical of great worth, which was edited by W. Ayton. It commenced in January, 1823, and ceased in September, 1833. It was a quarto size and in twenty-two volumes (G.D.).

² Abraham Mendelssohn was born in 1776, and married in 1804 Lea Salomon-Bartholdy, one of a Jewish family in Berlin. They lived in Hamburg until 1811, and then settled in Berlin, where he grew to be a very rich banker. Their children were Fanny Cécilie, who became Mrs. W. Hensel, Jacob Ludwig Felix, the composer, who married Cecile Jeanrenaud, Rebecka, later Madame Dirichlet Lejeune, and Paul who married Albertine Heine (G.D.).

³ Carl Friedrich Zelter, born in 1758, was the son of a mason, and was apprenticed to his father's trade. When eighteen he had already composed a cantata. From 1792 to 1800 he was accompanist at the Berlin Singakademie and afterwards became the director, when "under him some of the greatest works of the time were added to the repertoire." Felix Mendelssohn was his much-loved pupil, and he was greatly attached to Goethe, some of whose songs he set to music. He also wrote songs and quartets for the Liedertafel of Berlin of which he was the founder, an oratorio, and other works. He died in 1832. He has been described as "strong, healthy, full of sap and good will, a rough diamond and of good hard lasting stuff" (G.D.).

namely orders—worn. All the Corps Diplomatic were there, with a brother of the King; about fourteen were present. With much pleasure I met Colonel Coll, with whom I became acquainted at Dresden, he knows Weber and is a director of the conservatoire at Vienna. I sat next to a Mr. Temple, a pleasant man. After dinner Lord Clanwilliam introduced me to Count Brühl, the director of the Theatres Royal, who abused Spontini, who is at present away from Berlin, and promised me that I should hear some good operas. His alteration of *Così fan tutti* seems most judicious.

Mrs. Mendelssohn told me that Cipriani Potter had been four or five years in Berlin and that *she* had given him letters of introduction to Vienna. I think this must be a little imagination on her part.

After Lord Clanwilliam's dinner, at about half-past six, I went to the Schauspielhaus, or Royal Theatre. The play, a comedy in four acts, was without music, except between the acts, to which I did not pay much attention. The piece was entitled *Die unglückliche Ehe durch Delikatesse* which I believe means in English "The unhappy marriage on account of delicacy." A Herr Clausius was the star of the piece and he was starred in the play bill. It is a good comedy and the principal actor is on the stage nearly the whole time during the three first acts. Towards the end of the third act he came on blind-folded. He was called for at the end, and appeared, when he made a short speech. The other actors had little to do. The women were genteel and the scene was in a chamber which did not change. What would an English audience say to this?

The house is small and of a sort of oval form which brings the front boxes near the stage. In appearance it is not unlike Drury Lane, but it is by no means so large. I had a chair in the Parquet which was very comfortable and large enough for a very big person. The theatre is neat and there is a Royal box in the centre ornamented with the Prussian arms but not so much so as at the Opera House. There were two boxes on each side upon the stage which also had crimson decorations, one, I suppose, was for the King. From the immense size of this magnificent theatre outside I was much surprised at the smallness of the interior, but a gentleman, who sat next to me, told me that there is also a large concert room in this building.

Thursday, October 18th.—After breakfast I called upon Dr. Lichtenstein at the University. He is a very pleasant man. Miss Plumptre,¹—the daughter of Mr. Robert Plumptre, the president of Queen's College, Cambridge,—has translated his travels in Africa. His daughter is learning of Logier who is now in Dresden. Dr. Lichtenstein applauds his system² and the government has ordered various professors in Prussia to study it so that they may teach it in their Gymnasias, where music forms a part of a polite education. I wish it did in England but not on the Logier system. Mr. Mendelssohn does not like this teaching by steam. I called on the Schlesingers but both were out. I afterwards heard a most capital military band at the mounting of the guard, it was forty-eight strong, including three drummers, who played with the band. It was most beautiful music.

I walked with M. Muhlenbruch to see the Königsstadt theatre, where he is leader and where Mademoiselle Sontag³

¹ Miss Anne Plumptre translated some of Kotzebue's dramas into English; she was a good linguist and one of the first to make German plays known in London; she published novels and other works. She was born in 1760 and died in 1818 (D.N.B.).

² John Bernard Logier, who was descended from French refugees, had two methods of teaching the pianoforte: he made his scholars, twelve or more, practise at the same time, each on a different instrument, and he invented the chiroplast, which was made with a wooden frame extending the whole length of the keyboard and fastened tightly on to it. In front of the player were two parallel rails between which the hands were placed, the wrists were thus kept at the same level. Other contrivances prevented the fingers from moving in any but a vertical direction, and there was a newly constructed gamut board to teach the names of the notes. In 1818 Sir G. Smart had been appointed one of a committee of distinguished musicians to consider this system at Logier's request, and Logier was angry at the conclusion to which they came, as it was adverse to him (G.D.).

³ Henrietta Sontag was born at Coblenz in 1805. Both her parents were actors, and when six years old she first appeared at the Darmstadt Theatre. When nine she and her widowed mother settled at Prague where Weber was the conductor at the theatre, and in 1815 she became a pupil at the Conservatoire in that city. Later she went to Vienna, where in 1823 Weber offered her the title-rôle in *Euryanthe*. From 1825 "her career was one unbroken triumph." She went to Paris in 1826, and appeared at the King's Theatre in London in 1828. Later she married Count Rossi, and a patent of nobility was given her by the King of Prussia, when she retired from public life until 1848. The next year she came to London and was a greater favourite than ever; she was a pupil of Sir George Smart in 1850, when he gave her lessons gratis. She died in Mexico in 1854. Her voice was a good, clear, high soprano, and "it fell to her lot to achieve an international popularity and fame never before accorded to a German singer" (G.D.).

sings. As we went along I admired the neat articles in iron in a shop window and a clever contrivance for the vessels to pass the drawbridge near the château, without impeding the passage for carriages. This bridge opens in six compartments. M. Muhlenbruch, who says that his family come from the Isle of St. Thomas, told me that the band at the Königstadt Theatre consists of twelve violins, two viole, four 'celli and three bassi, with the usual number of wind instruments. After this M. Muhlenbruch, the two Ries and I dined at one o'clock at a cheap and good table-d'hôte and then proceeded in a carriage, for which we paid four groschen each, from the Brandenburg gate, through the park or Thiergarten, down a beautiful long avenue like the Champs Elysee in Paris or the Prater in Vienna, to the King's summer palace at the village of Charlottenburg. Meyer Beer's father lives on the right in this park. The palace is not large nor are the gardens anything particular but there is a most beautiful recumbent figure of Louise, the late Queen of Prussia, by Rauch which would do honour to Canova, in a Mausoleum in the garden under which lies the body of this queen. The marble figure is said to be very like her, if so she must have been beautiful.

I bought a ticket for Spohr's *Jessonda* to-morrow at the opera-house and also took a ticket for Ries, they are both for the parquet seats. Dr. Lichtenstein gave me two tickets, for to-morrow at twelve, to see the university Zoologisches Museum of which he is the director. Dr. Spiker, the friend of my neighbour Schulz, called and left his card. He is the librarian at the Royal library. On our return from the Charlottenburg palace at seven o'clock, I went by invitation to Mr. Mendelssohn's. There were present his lady, his two sons and two daughters, Mr. Rietz,¹ who is they say a good violin player, and the only pupil here of Rode. Rode, he told me, now resides at Bordeaux, he is rich and about fifty years old. I could not make out that he had any appoint-

¹ Eduard Rietz, a great friend of Felix Mendelssohn, was born at Berlin in 1801. He received instruction on the violin both from his father and Rode, and, like his father, became a member of the royal band. He also founded and conducted an orchestral society at Berlin. His health giving way in 1824, he had to give up his profession, and died of consumption in 1832 (G.D.).

ment at Bordeaux but he had some relatives there, and, as I understood, he occasionally gives concerts for the benefit of the poor. He was a pupil of Viotti and was, I believe, once in England for three days though he did not perform when in London. Young Mendelssohn played a clever fugue, pastorale and fantasia of Sebastian Bach, all on the organ with a very difficult part for the pedals which his sister played upon the pianoforte. Next he played a clever kyrie of his own composition, the voice parts well put together but difficult. He uses two sopranos for the cantos and another soprano for the alto, this being the usage in the academy he studied in at Berlin. He and his sister played on two pianofortes an overture of his own composition, which was learned and good. The pianoforte young Mendelssohn played on was one of Broadwood's, the compass only up to C, which Mr. Mendelssohn bought in Paris. We had a pleasant evening, with excellent tea and a fishy supper. I walked home at a quarter to eleven with Mr. Rietz, who would go out of his way to put me in mine. We had much laughter over Logier's system. Mr. Mendelssohn knows Mr. Doxat¹ of London. He was much pleased with the Philharmonic library catalogue.

Friday, October 14th.—Mr. Mendelssohn called at nine o'clock according to his promise of last night, to take me to L'Eglise Dorothee to see the beautiful monument, but little known or noticed, of a natural son,² about nine years old, of the late King, by Schadow the great Berlin sculptor and Directeur de l'Academie des beaux Arts. In the same church is a beautiful bust by Wickmann, of the late chancellor d'Etat, Prince Hardenburg. This church is but meanly ornamented within and without, the organ is not large and the ornaments to the case are in bad taste. They have but one Catholic church in Berlin, in which they say there is seldom good music.

After hearing the band at the guard mounting, Vienna Ries and I went with the two tickets Dr. Lichtenstein gave

¹ Lewis Doxat, journalist, was born in the British West Indies in 1773 and died in 1871. He was manager of the *Observer*, and manager of the *Morning Chronicle* after 1821 (D.N.B.).

² Count von der Mark. This was Schadow's first important work and it was executed in 1790 (E.N.).

me to the university to see the Zoological Museum, an excellent large collection in several rooms, of birds, beasts, shells, etc., well preserved and displayed and all collected within the last fifteen years by the doctor, so he told me, who was there this morning. He also informed me that the Prussian government had several travellers abroad who will add greatly to this collection. From this museum, which is on the second floor, we went downstairs to the first floor to see a collection of pictures in two large rooms, called Giustiniani. This collection was greatly praised by Mr. Mendelssohn, who in the morning introduced me to Mr. Beer, the father of Meyerbeer, a short, very corpulent man whom we met walking in the Mall called "Unter den Linden."

Dr. S. H. Spiker, "*un des Conservateurs de la Bibliotheque de S. M. le Roi de Prusse*," called again and left his card. He wishes to see me at the library, but goes to Potsdam to-morrow, returning on Monday. The Earl of Clanwilliam also sent a visiting card this morning. On my return from the opera I found an admission card forwarded by young Mr. Schlesinger for the Berliner Börsenhalle.

After my visit to the university I took a long walk about the town. Hubert Ries took us to see the concert room in the Schauspielhaus or Royal theatre, in which the Moscheles had a concert. The hire of it, as I understand, costs about one hundred and twenty thalers, including all expenses but orchestra and printing. It is large and beautiful and will hold, they say, with the galleries, sixteen hundred people. The ante-chambers are most commodious and are ornamented with busts of dramatic authors and performers. The Royal box is in the gallery and from this box the King can easily go into his private box in the theatre. This concert room is not so large as the great concert room in the palace of Vienna but is more neatly and beautifully fitted up. The orchestra is not much elevated, it has only one platform. Around the room, in excellent good taste, are placed the busts of the following musical composers: Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Gluck, Bach, Fasch, Naumann and Graun. I was very much pleased with the room. They say also it is good for sound. From thence we went into the theatre and upon the stage, which is small but the rooms are numerous, for, I understood, all

the stores, dresses, etc., are kept in this theatre and not in the opera-house. We went up to the top into the painting room, which is very large, but little business seemed to be going on. There is so much depth under the stage that whole scenes can stand, in short, every part of this building seems on an enormous scale except the interior of the theatre.

After table-d'hôte I called at Schlesinger's, they were both out. The younger, they told me, is to go to Paris to-morrow. I went in the evening at six to the Opera House to hear *Jessonda*, the music by Spohr. The book of the opera contains all the words but not the stage directions. I was very much pleased with it, it is a fine opera, in the German school certainly but not so much so as *Euryanthe*. The wind instruments were so much out of tune in the overture that the effect was ruined, the rest however was very good. The playing of the tromboni in one of the songs was beyond all praise. It was very difficult for them to accompany but they were well kept under. Herr Bader,¹ the tenor singer, having been absent on his travels, was applauded on his entrance and slightly called for at the end but he did not come on. Madame Schulz, who took the part of Jessonda, and Madame Seidler are both good singers and did not flourish so violently to-night. Mr. Bader, though a good singer, is nothing extraordinary and could not stand by the side of Braham. The choruses, one of which was encored, and also the dances, were perfect, the dresses in capital costume and the scenery good. There was a full house and altogether it was a great treat. The performance was over at twenty minutes before nine. We secured two tickets yesterday for the parquet at sixteen groschen each. Several of the Royal Family were there in the centre and in the right private box. The parquet and parterre are badly contrived for getting out quickly.

Saturday, October 15th.—A man of the name of Wolff,

¹ Karl Adam Bader was born at Bamberg in 1789 and died in Berlin in 1870. In 1807 he succeeded his father as cathedral organist at Bamberg. In 1811 he began his stage career, and from 1820 to 1845 he was first tenor at the Berlin Court Opera. He then became stage manager until 1849. Later he was music director at the Catholic Hedwigskirche. "The heroic tenor rôles in Spontini's operas were his forte." He is said to have been a fine actor (B.D.M.).

a German, called and wanted me to take him to England as a servant. He had a cross on and had served as a dragoon in the Brunswick Hussars. He spoke English and had been in England and wished to go there again as he could not get into service here. I gave him a thaler and took his address.

Soon after nine o'clock I went with both the Ries to the lodgings of a friend of Ries to hear quartettes. All the party were members of the Royal band and often meet to practice which does them much credit. They played quartette No. 2 Op. 58 Spohr, published by Peters of Leipsic, composed at Dresden in 1821, the second movement of which has curious variations and the last rondo is à Espagnole. It is a good quartette in a comprehensible style. Next they played my favourite quartette of Beethoven and then a quartette in D (MS.) by Hubert Ries, composed in September last. This does him credit. In the last movement there is a passage resembling one in the "Drinking Song" in *Freischütz*. Then came a quartette in F four flats No. 3 Op. 45, by Spohr, which was much too learned to please, or even to be understood, it is very difficult for the first violin.

I called and took leave of young Mr. Schlesinger, who goes to Paris by Leipsic this evening. His father asked me to dinner to-morrow and I promised for to-morrow week at half-past two. I went to the Berliner Börse (the Exchange) where I was sorry to hear of Crosdill's¹ death. Here I saw the *Times*, *Sun* and *Courier* newspapers, up to the 7th instant.

I had a most pleasant dinner at Lord Clanwilliam's, there were eight persons present, two were Englishmen, who had been at Milan, one of these gave me an account of the ill-

¹ John Crosdill, from being a chorister at Westminster Abbey and a clever player on the violoncello, was appointed in 1768 a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and the next year was principal violoncello at the meeting of the Three Choirs at Gloucester, which post he held until he retired. In 1776 he was appointed to the same position at the Concert of Ancient Music. In 1777, until his death, he held the office, a sinecure, of violist of the Chapel Royal, and was a member of the King's band of music. He became, in 1782, chamber musician to Queen Charlotte, and teacher of the violoncello to the Prince of Wales. He was born in London in 1751 and died in Yorkshire in October, 1825 (G.D.).

success of Miss Wilson.¹ Here I again met Colonel Coll and Mr. Temple, the secretary to the Legation. Lord Clanwilliam took me and brought me back in his carriage to the Königstadt Theatre. This day being the Crown Prince's birthday "*The 15th of October*" was given in his honour, there was no music to it. It was followed by *Der Schnee*,—*The snow*—the music is by Auber, it is a translation from the French. The only singers worth notice were Spitzeder²—a most capital Buffo actor and bass singer,—he reminds me of De Begnis³ but has a better voice, and Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag, a very pretty young lady and a very good singer and actress, with a light flexible voice. She sang in the Vienna opera with Madame Fodor, of whom I understand she took some lessons, probably she has more power of voice than I heard. A snow scene through the window was famously managed.

The theatre is perhaps as long as the second Royal theatre, it is well fitted up for seeing and though not handsome is neat. There is a Royal box on the stage, not in the centre, into which the King often goes. Under it is a box which is taken by the Crown Prince and the Duke of Cumberland.

In going out Lord Clanwilliam introduced me to Madame Beer, the mother of Meyerbeer.

The band at the Königstadt Theatre is good. The pitch was above my fork. The director is Mr. Stegmayer,⁴ a clever young man from Vienna, the leader, Mr. Muhlenbruch, who

¹ Probably Miss Mary Ann Wilson, who later married Thomas Welsh. See notes, pages 61 and 120.

² Joseph Spitzeder was the son of an actor in Bonn, where he was born in 1795. He first appeared at Weimar and spent some time in Vienna; later he was engaged at the Königstadt Theatre in Berlin. His comic acting gained him great repute, and he was a good bass singer. He died at Munich in 1832 (E.N.).

³ Giuseppe de Begnis, an Italian by birth, studied in Italy and sung in operas. He married Signora Ronzi, also a singer and actress, appearing with her in Paris in 1819. They came to London in 1822, "where he was considered an excellent comic actor and singer. In 1823 he had, with his wife, the direction of the operas at Bath, and was engaged for the operatic season of 1824." He was born in 1793 and died in 1849 (G.D.).

⁴ Ferdinand Stegmayer was born at Vienna in 1804 and was a pupil of Albrechtsberger. He was a good violinist and pianist. He was Under Chorus Master at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, and later musical director at the Königstadt Theatre at Berlin (E.N.).

lives with Mr. Hubert Ries. There is also another director, a Mr. Henning, ancient and not thought so well of as Stegmayer, who, I believe, studied at Vienna with Seyfried and was there when Rossini performed his opera in Vienna, which therefore he knows. The band has twelve violins, two violas, four 'celli, three bassi and the usual number of wind instruments, but two more horns when necessary. The theatre was built a year ago by subscribers and is intended for minor pieces. Five gentlemen direct it, who go out of office every two years. Meyerbeer's father is now a director. There is a manager who carries their orders into execution.

Sunday, October 16th.—I called upon the Ries with the intention of going to church to hear Bach¹ play but, difficulties arising, we walked into the gardens of Mon Bijou, where the Duke of Mecklenburg resided, the brother of the late Queen Charlotte, whom King George III made commander-in-chief in Hanover. It is not a large or handsome palace but the gardens must be pleasant in summer, particularly a walk near the river. After a long walk with Mr. Muhlenbruch I looked into the cathedral or Dom Kirche, in which are the tombs of the ancient electors and the kings. The organ was curiously placed over the altar, service was going on and they were singing out of tune accompanied by the organ only. It has plain metal pipes filling up three compartments and hardly looks like an organ. The tone is nothing remarkable.

Mr. Muhlenbruch informed me that Seyfried of Vienna had composed an opera which he believes is not printed, called *Ahasuerus* the libretto of which is founded on the story of the Jew whom our Saviour said would never die. The music is selected from Mozart's works, such as sonatas, etc. and not from his known operas. On my return to the hotel the porter there introduced a person named Baumgart in case I should want to hire a servant.

At three o'clock I dined, by invitation, at Mr. Mendelssohn's

¹ Possibly Wilhelm Friedrich Bach, grandson of Johann Sebastian Bach, and the last of his descendants. He lived for some years in England, and was a much-esteemed teacher of the pianoforte. In 1790 he was appointed "cembalist" to the Queen and Capellmeister at Berlin, which offices he served under Queen Louise, and was teacher of the royal children in both generations. He retired in 1810 and died in 1845 (G.D.).

and spent a pleasant day. There were about eighteen persons present. Mrs. Mendelssohn spoke English well, as did also a very agreeable medical man, who has been studying in Edinburgh some years, and knows Mr. George Thomson,¹ the music collector; he saw me at the rehearsals and performances at the Edinburgh festival last year. He is coming to England or Edinburgh next year. Mrs. Mendelssohn is niece to the Baroness Eckles of Vienna. We had music after dinner, I played Mozart's duet in F with Miss Mendelssohn, and Mozart's fantasia with Mr. Mendelssohn, junior, who also played three extremely difficult and clever exercises of his own composition. A pleasant lady from Dresden, whom I sat next to at dinner, sang some pretty German songs by Weber, with an agreeable voice. I came away about half-past eight and on my return received a letter from Lord Clanwilliam.

Monday, October 17th.—Mr. Muhlenbruch called upon me. I went out and bought some prints of Berlin and on my return home found an invitation to dine with Mr. Beer to-day. It seems I left the letter from Mr. Cox by mistake at his son's house, instead of at his, which is in the park near the Exercise Platz. I called on Lord Clanwilliam, who let me off dining with him to-day on account of Mr. Beer's invitation. I am to dine with Lord Clanwilliam on Wednesday. His cook knows Baumgart and will answer for his good conduct as a servant. I called on Schlesinger, senior, and bought some music of him, which he will send in a parcel with other music to Cox, to whom I wrote a note dated this day. My name is written in pencil on each piece. I ordered a score of a hymn of Weber's to be copied out. I am to dine with Mr. Schlesinger next Sunday at half-past two.

I hired the coach belonging to the hotel to take me to Mr. Beer, the father of Meyerbeer, where I had dinner at three. I was politely received and about twenty-four persons

¹ George Thomson "was clerk to the Board of Trustees for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures and a collector of Scottish music. He published collections of Scottish, Welsh and Irish airs, for which Haydn, Beethoven, and others provided accompaniments, and Burns, Scott, Byron, and other poets new words." He was born in 1757 and died in 1851 (D.N.B.).

dined. Previous to dinner, one of his sons,¹ who speaks English well, took me round the grounds and through his greenhouses. It is a most delightful residence near the river. Some of the ladies spoke English. Mademoiselle Sontag was there with her lively mother and younger sister. Mademoiselle Sontag is a pretty, well-behaved, unaffected girl. She does not as yet speak French and only tolerable Italian. She was born in Coblenz, so I understood, and first sung at Prague, then at Vienna and came here last August. She is engaged here for two years then she means to go to Italy. My coach set me down about seven at Lord Clanwilliam's, where after a little conversation he went out leaving me to drink tea with Messrs. Temple and Magenies, who is Attaché à la Legation de S. M. Britannique près la Cour de Berlin. I returned to the hotel about a quarter to nine. This has been a very pleasant day.

Tuesday, October 18th.—Baumgart called, the servant I want to hire. Instead of Mr. Muhlenbruch, who promised to come and talk to him, Berlin Ries came but we could not settle the agreement. Ries and I went to enquire the price of the Schnell-post to and from Coblenz at the post-office, and I am to see Baumgart again at two. I called upon Dr. Spiker at the Royal library who received me most politely and speaks English excessively well. He was in London for some time in 1815 and I believe likes the English. He wishes to be intimate with Mr. Bacon of Norwich the editor of the *Norwich Mercury*. He showed me all over the library and also into the room below stairs, which is not yet opened to the public, in which I saw some curious musical manuscripts. Dr. Spiker knew Clementi and wants to buy a grand pianoforte of the Broadwoods. They asked him only eighty guineas for one when he called at their warehouse. He has composed to English words, and wishes to publish more of his compositions. His private house is in Leipsic Street. He walked with me to Count Brühl's. Count Brühl was out and I left my card, but he called in the course of the day when I was out and left his card. There were clouds of dust and high winds with rain to-day and the

¹ Two of Meyerbeer's brothers distinguished themselves: "Wilhelm as an astronomer and Michael (who died young) as a poet" (G.D.).

country being surrounded with sand, plenty of it gets into the town. Berlin Ries did not keep his promise of coming at two o'clock to meet the servant, who is to call again on Friday morning, but he came at four and left a ticket for the opera, for which I paid him when he called upon me after the performance.

At three o'clock I went by invitation to dine with Mr. Mendelssohn. No one was there but Mr. Maurer,¹ the first violin in Kiesewetter's place at Hanover. He wears spectacles and is pleasant, but seems to have a good opinion of himself and understands talking the Mendelssohns over to aid his concert. Soon after five o'clock I went with Mr. and also with Miss Mendelssohn to the Singing Academy now held in a tolerably sized room in "Unter den Linden," (in this street also is my hotel) but a building is being erected for it near the back of the university. A Mr. Zelter, a scholar of and successor to Mr. Fasch,² is the director. Mr. Mendelssohn informed me that there are three hundred subscribers to this academy, at nine thalers each per year. They meet every Tuesday and rehearse on the Monday evening. They are supposed to begin at five o'clock but end at seven, all are amateurs. Mr. Zelter directs. He has one or two assistants but he is scarcely ever absent. He conducts at the pianoforte. No other instrument is allowed, but this society occasionally performs oratorios of Handel and others with the band in the great concert room. The performances this evening were a mass

¹ Ludwig Wilhelm Maurer was born at Potsdam in 1789, and in 1809 became a probationer in the Royal Chapel, Berlin. Four years later he went to Russia and was Capellmeister in a private orchestra in Moscow. In 1817 he went on tour, visiting Berlin and Paris, and was very successful. He then became Concertmeister in Hanover. He revisited St. Petersburg in 1839, and in 1845 settled in Dresden. He died at St. Petersburg in 1878. Besides being an excellent violinist he was a good composer (G.D.) (D.M.).

² Carl Friedrich Fasch was a performer on both the violin and clavier, and studied music in all its branches and particularly the art of accompanying. When twenty years of age he became accompanist to Frederick the Great. In 1790 he commenced his choral meetings which resulted in the "Singakademie," an institution which, under his pupil and successor Zelter, exercised an important influence on the musical taste of Berlin for many years." He was the composer of some ingenious canons, one being for twenty-five voices. He was born at Zerbst in 1736, and died in 1800 (G.D.).

by Spohr for voices, and I suppose organ, only. Young Mendelssohn did not like it. I did, though I admit there are many passages which are too chromatic for voices, still it is very fine. Spohr, I hear, likes it. It is interspersed with solos and is rather long. After this there was a sort of motetto composed by Fasch, the former director of this academy. I did not stop to quite the end of it, what I heard of it was good but nothing extraordinary. Young Mr. Mendelssohn took me up into a gallery to hear the performance. His sister joined the singers, he used to sing among them formerly and is still a member. There appeared to be about one hundred and fifty singers, nearly two-thirds of whom were females who sang the soprano and alto well in tune considering the little support purposely given from the pianoforte, but female voices are ever prone to drop, they are too smooth for a chorus, you require the shrill boys' voices. Mr. Zelter looks something like our Mr. Stevens who writes glees and is professor of music at Gresham college, and this institution, though upon a much more extended scale, reminded me of our Harmonists on a ladies' night particularly. It does honour to Berlin. I observed several carriages waiting as I went out.

The Royal library, which I saw this morning, may be valuable but it is not large in comparison with others I have seen nor is there room to display the books. I understood it is only in the afternoon that it is open to the public to whom a certain class of books is lent out.

Being anxious to go to the opera this evening I left them a little before seven at the Singakademie and arrived in my locked-up seat in the parquet just at the beginning of the second act of Salieri's opera *Axur, King of Ormuz*, lately performed, I believe, at Arnold's theatre under the title of *Tarare*. The music is good. It seems that Herr Bader is considered the Braham of these parts. He is a very good actor but cannot rank with Braham as a singer; he sings too much in the throat. As for Madame Rothamer, from the Frankfort theatre, the sooner she goes back there, or anywhere else, except to England, the better. She has a note or two good but no style except a crying one, she looks also a little *passée*. A Mademoiselle Hoffmann has a curious alto

tone like a man's voice. Herr Blame, who played Axur, has a good bass voice. The dresses and scenery were excellent. The music, the dresses of harlequin, columbine and the clown, with their ridiculous sort of jokes, had a curious effect to an Englishman. The columbine's dress was all patches, like the harlequin's, and her petticoats stuck out famously. When a small attempt was made to applaud the star, Madame Rothamer, it was hissed down, so I suppose she will not go down long.

I reached home about nine o'clock and Berlin Ries called after the opera to say that the arrival of a friend from Coblenz prevented his coming at three. He wishes me to hear quartettes to-morrow morning.

Violent wind and rain prevailed during the night and some of the latter paid me a visit, the window in my room not closing tightly. I long for an English fire.

Wednesday, October 19th.—A soldier's funeral went by with a small band which played solemn tunes, this had a fine effect. Three or four hired cabriolets followed with mourners.

I went in a droschke, a Russian carriage or hack-cabriolet, the fare for which is always four groschen for one course, to Mr. Böhmer's,¹ who plays in the Royal orchestra and is a friend of Ries, to hear quartettes. I got there at half-past ten and found nearly the same party as on the former occasion. They played two manuscript quartettes of Böhmer, which are no great things but show promise, and also two quintettes of Ries, which are too much like Beethoven. They are not printed.

I paid Ries sixteen groschen for my ticket for a place in a coach to take me to Potsdam to-morrow. Later I read the papers at the Börse and came upon an article in the *Morning Post* of October 8th about my reception on the continent. It says: "Sir George Smart has visited Weber, who is at the Baths at Ems, for the recovery of his health. At Munich he dined with the veteran Winter on his natal

¹ Charles Böhmer was born at Dresden in 1802, and at the age of thirteen appeared at some concerts in Berlin, where his playing was greatly admired. Later he was attached to the orchestra of the Royal Theatre there. He was also a composer, his works chiefly consisting of violin concertos, duets and some small operas (E.N.).

day, who then completed his seventy-first year. At Baden, near Vienna, he was also kindly entertained by Beethoven, at his country house; and we are gratified to learn that this highly respected Gentleman has been received by the whole of his professional brethren on the Continent with the respect and kind attention he so justly merits."

I tried to buy two tickets at the post for Magdeburg on Wednesday next but could not succeed, as no person in the office could speak French. Whilst I was out Lord Clanwilliam had called and he also left a note relative to the theatre. Mr. Temple, secretary to the Legation, had left his card too. At half-past four I took a cabriolet and went to dine according to invitation with Lord Clanwilliam, where we had a quiet, excellent and pleasant dinner, with only him, Mr. Temple and Mr. Magenies, who is attached to the Embassy. Lord Clanwilliam went out but returned at nine, during his absence Messrs. Temple and Magenies took me into the park to see rope dancing by Chariui's family. Though a performance had been announced the theatre was closed. We supposed that no audience came on account of the wet day.

Thursday, October 20th.—At half-past five in the morning I went with the two Ries to Potsdam—which is, I suppose, fourteen miles from Berlin—from the post-office, by a coach carrying six inside and none out. The fare for each person was sixteen groschen and the same back. We returned about half-past ten in the evening. It rained hard the whole day, which greatly interfered with our walks and sight seeing. Soon after our arrival we saw the king depart to Berlin in a plain open carriage with no guards and only four horses. He had an adjutant with him and a servant on the box but none following the carriage.

Court mourning began to-day for three weeks for the late King of Bavaria,¹ the Crown Princess of Prussia is I believe his daughter. I called upon the director of the gardens, a

¹ Maximilian-Joseph I was born in 1756 and became King of Bavaria in 1806. He deserted Napoleon, but had the territories which he had bestowed on him confirmed to him in 1813. He granted his people a constitutional charter in 1818 and died of apoplexy on the 13th of October, 1825 (H.D.D.).

great man at Potsdam, who has travelled in England. He was a friend of Ries when they were both at Vienna. He was out hunting, which could not be very charming sport in such weather. He resides at the entrance to the gardens at Sans-souci. We walked about them, first going to a long picture gallery next the palace. There were some beautiful paintings. The head of our Saviour, by Raphael, struck my fancy as being the best I have yet seen. From thence we went to the palace of Sans-souci, where Frederick the Great lived and died. The portico is circular. Outside we descended several steps, passing several terraces which in summer are full of orange trees, the effect must then be beautiful. This palace is not large and seems to be all on the ground floor. The apartments are not handsomely furnished and, as I understood from the rather genteel, stout housekeeper, the furniture remains the same as when Frederick resided there, with the exception of the bed in the room in which he died, which has been taken away, it being the perquisite of the then Lord Chamberlain. In the adjoining room is a clock which they say stopped at the moment when he died, I believe at half or twenty minutes past two. They have not set it going since. In this room are four good solid quartette desks, so I suppose this king was fond of music, particularly as he seems to have erected a monument in the cemetery in this town to Quantz, the flute player, which I did not see. The last room we saw in the palace was Voltaire's, it contains a plain bed and furniture. The writing table was placed as he left it. From here we walked through the rain to see the exterior of the Marble Palace, the interior of which, I understand, is fitted up with marble. This palace is agreeably placed near the river, which is broad here. It is small and is mostly ground floor except the centre, and looks rather queer, being built with red bricks, with long flat columns of marble pilasters. It looks at the sides rather unfinished but it stands in most beautiful gardens, in which I saw some extremely large horned bucks separated from the deer in a fenced-off place. Some of the bucks looked savage but the deer were tame and came hoping to eat out of our hands. We returned to the hotel, wet through, to a good table-d'hôte, after which

Ries and his brother went out again to see the garden director, while I walked by myself about the fine but sombre town. Adjoining the hotel is the fine, large palace from which we saw the king start in the morning. The columns on the outside, near the bridge, which they have just finished, have a grand effect. I was much pleased with this palace.

I found on my return to Berlin that Count Brühl, whom we met returning from Potsdam, had called to say that he had appointed *Freischütz* to be performed to-morrow night expressly on my account. I am very much obliged to him but having heard it already so well done I would much rather have had *Don Giovanni* which he rather promised I should hear.

Friday, October 21st. — Dr. Becker called at nine and brought me a parcel from the ladies I saw at Mr. Mendelssohn's at dinner on Sunday last, to carry to Windischmann at Bonn, in which, I believe, is something for Mrs. Ries. Dr. Becker was at Edinburgh during the last festival and speaks English famously, he knows George Thomson. I hope he will publish a German and English grammar. Berlin Ries and Mr. Muhlenbruch called and the latter drew up an agreement in German with J. F. Baumgart, to the effect that I, giving him two dollars in advance, he is to set out with me as my servant on the 26th, on which day and on the following days, I am to give him two dollars until we arrive at Coblenz, on November 7th, 8th or 9th as it may be. Out of this he is to provide his own board and lodgings, while I am to find his carriage to Coblenz and to give him twenty-six dollars for his carriage and keep from Coblenz to Bonn.

I went to take a place for myself and Baumgart in the Schnell-post to Magdeburg on Wednesday evening next, paying for the two seats ten dollars, sixteen groschen.

At half-past ten I called, as arranged, on Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag and stayed until nearly one o'clock. Miss Sontag is a very unassuming, clever girl, not yet twenty-one. She sang some airs of Mercadante, Rossini and Mozart's in *Zauberflöte* and *Tito*. This last opera she said she did not know and if this be so she is very clever at sight reading.

She studied in the conservatoire at Prague and knows both the Moscheles. She has a good voice, though more power is desirable and she requires teaching in Italian words and music. She speaks little French. Her pianoforte was rather sharper than my fork. She is engaged here for two seasons and then wishes to go to Italy for three months and after that to England or anywhere. She would do in England, I gave her my direction there.

Mr. Stegmayer, the director of the theatre in which she sings, came in and accompanied her in the song in *Zauberflöte* very well but there was no opportunity to do much. He was very polite. I gave him my Berlin card only. Though a very young man he is, I understand, sharp and clever. I met him and Mr. Muhlenbruch at the door going out. Some German songs of Mr. Muhlenbruch were on Mademoiselle Sontag's desk. I was extremely pleased with this visit. On my return I left cards at Count Brühl's and at Dr. Spiker's at the university, they were both out. I spoke with Schlesinger relative to the score of Weber's hymn, which I ordered to be copied from his manuscript score. He had put on the title that I was only to let the Philharmonic have it performed. I explained that it was not for the Philharmonic but for my own use at concerts, etc., he then altered the conditions of sale. I paid him for this score and also for the music I bought, which he said he had sent to Messrs. Cox in London with other music this week, in Muhlenbruch's presence. I fully understood that I was only to pay thirteen dollars but he said he told me it would be seventeen dollars, which I paid rather than dispute the matter. I do not wonder, however, at his being rich.

After table-d'hôte at my hotel I went to Ries's house. We took a droschke and drove to the Thor at the end of the Friederick Strasse, a short way out of this gate. We went to see the iron foundry which belongs, as I understood, to the King. It is a large place but nothing to compare with the one I saw in Derbyshire, except that they cast large and small articles. I bought a neat iron snuff-box with Wellington's head on it, which cost twenty-four groschens, or three shillings. We did not stop to see the casting which they said was to be at six o'clock. We walked half of the way

down Friederick Strasse, which is the longest street in Berlin, extending the whole width of the town; they were building a new bridge in this street, Mr. Beer's brother lives in it.

At six I went to the Schauspiel Royal Theatre to hear *Der Freischütz*. It was over at twenty-five minutes to nine. I had a seat in the parquet. There was a tolerably full house. The overture was not well played, the violins were dead out in one passage. The scenery was good and the "Incantation Scene" terrific, though not more so than at Munich or Dresden. Max sings on higher rocks and at the conclusion Samiel appears and knocks him down. One owl had glaring eyes and a bat flew about well. I think Max left out part of the song where the basses move in quavers. Samiel spoke more than I think he did in the other theatres. The hunters moved about in a circular contrivance. Three or four spectres walked across. The lightning in the sky border had a good effect and there was plenty of thunder and drums. N.B. The drums were forte in Max's first song in the first act and when Samiel hurries off, which had a good effect. There was no *pia* in the hunting chorus. A village band played in the march, in the first act, on the stage. The best singers, from illness or other causes, did not sing to-night. Mademoiselle Reinwald, as Agathe, was respectable but nothing more; the 'cello was vastly queer in her slow song and the viola now and then had hard work in Annchen's song in the third act. Mademoiselle Hoffmann performed this part with the same sort of "castratto" voice as on the other evening, though to-night she sang up and her performance was also respectable. Max, played by Mr. Stümer, was second rate. The Caspar,—M. Devrient, junior, was pretty well. He was the only one who gave about three steps as a dance at the last verse of his song. This performance could not be compared with that at Munich or Dresden. The orchestra seemed to take little pains, I believe it has been performed eighty times.

Saturday, October 22nd.—Berlin Ries and Mr. Muhlenbruch called at half-past nine. After Ries left us I went with Mr. Muhlenbruch to see the Royal Porcelain Manufactory in the Leipsiger-Strasse. Three hundred workmen are employed. There were beautiful things in the show rooms,

which were well warmed by the German stoves. I saw a pattern of the dinner service sent to the Duke of Wellington. The articles were very dear, and, as it appeared to me, not so beautiful as the china at the Sèvres manufactory in France, or as the painted French china in the gallery at Dresden, given to the King of Saxony by Napoleon. We saw the different artists at work in the turning, painting and burnishing rooms. They charged eight groschen for admission and I gave four more to the guide. From hence we went out by the Halle gate to see the monument of iron erected by the King of Prussia in memory of the soldiers who died in the battles and in compliment to the living. Over the tablets of the different battles are large figures of the different generals who commanded in them, mostly Prussians, the Emperor of Russia is there but not Wellington. Blucher is to be put in a vacant niche. The late Queen of Prussia is there holding in her hand a small model of the chariot and four horses which are at the top of the Brandenburg gates. She was very anxious that the original should be brought back from Paris, where Napoleon had sent it. This monument stands on a small hill about an English quarter of a mile from Berlin, near to which reviews occasionally take place, the country being open. The one-armed guide, who unlocked the gate close to the monument, told us that a battle had been fought near this spot in which the Prussians had conquered the French. Berlin being so flat, the view of it from this point is not so striking as might be imagined.

On our way to Schickler's the bankers, Mr. Muhlenbruch and I passed the house where the English reside, who under the direction of Sir W. Congreve are to light Berlin with gas. The pipes, as I understood, are sent from England and are not so good as could be made at the iron manufactory we saw yesterday. When I called and paid Schlesinger's bill he invited Mr. Muhlenbruch to dine there with me to-morrow. We then paid a visit to Professor Lichtenstein at the university, who invited us to supper on Tuesday.

I received a message to go early to Lord Clanwilliam's to read the English papers, up to the 17th instant, which had just arrived. We had a very pleasant dinner there, only Lord Clanwilliam, Mr. Temple, Mr. Magenies and Mr.

Bramtone—who was recommended to Lord Clanwilliam by Lord Sandon, son of the first Earl of Harrowby—were present. At six o'clock Lord Clanwilliam took me to his box at the Königstadtisches-Theater to see the opera of *Aschenbrödel, le Cenerentola*, or *Cinderella*, by Rossini. Mademoiselle Sontag was the principal female singer, the other two ladies were well enough for their parts. Mademoiselle Sontag's acting was extremely good, her passages in the head voice, in which she sings rather too much, were excessively neat. If she attains more volume of voice, for she is but twenty, she will become a very fine singer. Her dresses, bunched out at the back, which is a general ugly custom here, make her look too stout. Herr Spitzeder, as Don Magnifico, was perfect, his comic acting, particularly in the scene where he is a little drunk, and his fine bass voice are delightful. I like him better than any comic buffo I have yet seen, he is most comic without being coarse. The band went excellently, though now and then it was too loud for the voices. The scenery, particularly the white fire at the end, was very good. There was a most crowded house. The opera was not recitative throughout but had dialogue between the airs. After the opera I went with Lord Clanwilliam into Madame Beer's box, who informed me that Mr. Meyerbeer arrived this day, and invited me to come and see him on Monday morning at ten. On going out of the theatre I saw Count Brühl and thanked him for giving *Freischütz* on my account, which he said he had done, though I wish he had not. Lord Clanwilliam brought me home at half-past nine, after a hard working but pleasant day.

Sunday, October 23rd.—At ten I went to Ries and thence with him to St. Nicholas Church, which is handsome within but bad without. The organ has an immense front with plenty of pipes and has a tolerable tone for Germany. Mr. Grell,¹ the organist, was prepared for our coming and there-

¹ Eduard August Grell was the son of the organist of the Parochial-kirche in Berlin, and when sixteen he became organist of the Nicolaikirche. He entered the Singakademie the next year and was connected with it for nearly sixty years. He was a member of the Royal Academy of Arts from 1841 to 1881. He was one of the most learned German musicians of his time and wrote much music. Born in 1800 and died in 1886 (G.D.).

fore played them out with a good voluntary, extempore so he said, which was short owing to a christening. I was introduced to him afterwards. He is young, being about twenty-two years of age, and looks like a genius, which I understand he is. At twelve o'clock I went to Mr. Mendelssohn's, who has a musical party every other Sunday. There was a large company present and among them were Messrs. Zelter, to whom I gave my London address, Maurer, a Hanover violinist, Dr. Becker and many ladies and gentlemen I did not know. Miss Mendelssohn being unwell could not play. The music consisted of clever compositions of young Felix Mendelssohn rather in the old school, with the exception of a difficult pianoforte quartette which was quite modern and good. The party ended about a quarter past two with a pianoforte Concerto (MS.) of S. Bach, which was extremely curious, particularly the chromatic passages in the slow movement. The band consisted of four violins, two tenors, one 'cello and one bass, with no wind instruments. Messrs. Muhlenbruch and Riolz were the first violins. The latter seemed the leader and certainly did not shine. Berlin Ries was there but did not play.

At half-past two I went with Mr. Muhlenbruch to dine with Mr. Schlesinger, where we had a pleasant and good dinner. Messrs. Marx¹ and Greulich² were there, they are mentioned in Moscheles' circular letter, and the latter is master of young Eckert,³ mentioned in the *Times* of August 10th. A doctor was there who spoke a little English, as

¹ A. B. Marx. See note 3, p. 109.

² Carl Wilhelm Greulich was born in 1790 at Loewenberg and was intended for an ecclesiastical life. He went to Hirschberg to study, taking organ lessons, and made so much progress that he determined to follow a musical career. He went to Berlin in 1816, where he published many compositions. The work which made him famous was a pianoforte method which he published in four parts (E.N.).

³ Carl Anton Florian Eckert, born in 1820, was early left an orphan, and owed his education to Hofrath Förster, of Berlin. He was both a player and composer from a very early age. He studied under several musicians, and became a pupil of Mendelssohn at Leipzig in 1839. In 1851 he was accompanist to the Italian theatre in Paris, going on tour later with Sontag to the United States that same year. In 1852 he was conductor of the Italian opera in Paris. He took the direction of the Court Opera at Vienna in 1854, where he was most successful. In 1861 he became Capellmeister in Stuttgart, and in 1868 was appointed to the head directorship at Berlin. His compositions have had no lasting success (G.D.).

did also a son of Mr. Schlesinger, who is studying in Berlin for college in order to be a merchant, these, with Mrs. and Miss Schlesinger, who both spoke French, formed the party. After dinner, to induce Miss Schlesinger to sing, I played a Sinfonia Duet of Ries' at sight with Mr. Greulich. He is no great player, he evidently knew the duet however. After all Miss Schlesinger declined singing but instead played a stupid duet with her master, Mr. Greulich, of some ballets in the *Vestale* of Spontini. I had some conversation about Logier, Mr. Schlesinger thinks him clever. His son learns of him and he would have asked him to dinner but he did not on my account. (I was obliged to mind my hits about his system as he has humbled some of the good folks here.)

At six I went to the parquet in the Opera House. The performance was over by a quarter past nine. I thought to retain my ticket, which I did not deliver in passing in, the crowd being too great, but a man attacked me for it at the end of the first act. The opera was *Fernand Cortez* by Spontini, which upon the whole was as well performed as at Darmstadt, while the scenery and getting up were equal to the most splendid opera in Paris, if not superior. It was perfect. The choruses were admirable. Amaziln was played by Madame Schulz, who was good, as was the tenor, Mr. Bader, who played Cortez. Blume, who took the part of Telasko, is a good singer. At the end of the second act and at the beginning of the third, there were eighteen horses on the stage. Cortez, or someone representing him, was on one with a groom on each side. The marches were most splendid, more than two hundred persons being on the stage and the effect of distant cannon was the best I ever heard. The band was excellent and larger than I have ever yet heard here, though there were only four double bassi, however there were two other Royal theatres open this evening which were also supplied from the Royal band. I was much delighted with the whole performance, we have no opera so perfect in England. As to the opera itself there is a great want of songs and melody in it. The theatre was crowded and there were soldiers who prevented the rush in going in. On my return I found a card from Mr. Magenies, "Attaché à la Legation de S. M. Britannique près la Cour de Berlin," and

a letter of invitation for Tuesday evening next from Dr. Spiker. I also received a letter from Lord Clanwilliam relative to calling upon Madame Sontag to-morrow morning and with it an invitation to dinner to-morrow.

Monday, October 24th.—Mr. Maurer, first violin of Hanover, called at a quarter before nine and was very polite. He is to come to-morrow at eleven to play quartettes. I hired a coach for half a day from the hotel and went in it at half-past nine to Lord Clanwilliam, whom I saw in bed. From there I went to the park, where I saw Mr. and Mrs. Beer and was introduced to Mr. Meyerbeer, their son, who was polite and kind. He speaks excellent French, and understands, but could not talk English. We had a long chat about his plans. He has to compose an opera for Naples and two at Paris and if he has time is to get up one of these for London. He saw Messrs. Ebers, Allen and Seguin in Paris and has been invited by Lord Burghersh to write for the Conservatoire concerts. I plied him closely for the Philharmonic and Covent Garden Theatre and was highly pleased with his reception of me. I gave him my London card.

From thence I got to Mademoiselle Sontag by eleven o'clock. She sang many pieces from *Euryanthe*, *Don Juan*, *Figaro*, etc., and I am to look out some of Handel's songs and give them to Lord Clanwilliam for her, when he comes to England. Her mother came often into the room, a queer one. The daughter was most amiable. I believe Mademoiselle Sontag was the first who sang in *Euryanthe* when Weber brought it to Berlin. She sang in most of Mozart's operas at Prague. I came away at one, and called at the Ries', where they were all out, and left a letter for Mr. Muhlenbruch inviting him to quartettes to-morrow, as Lord Clanwilliam has promised to come. I then called at Schlesinger's and bought and paid one dollar for Fasch's life, in which there is an account of the Singing Academy. He lent me the pianoforte part of *Emma di Resburgo* the opera by Meyerbeer which has been very successful. At half-past four I went to dine by invitation at Lord Clanwilliam's. He did not dine but we had a pleasant dinner with Messrs. Temple and Magenies. Lord Clanwilliam

came in but soon went out again. I reached home at half-past eight and as the evening was raw I ordered a fire at my expense so that I might see for the first time how it could be lighted in a German stove.

Tuesday, October 25th.—F. Baumgart and Mr. Muhlenbruch called at nine and we took my trunk to the post to be conveyed to Magdeburg. The man who weighed it winked to Frederick not to count the weights, he pronounced thirty instead of sixty pounds. I really regret that I gave him four groschen for this rascality but what could I do in a strange land?

We went round by Mr. Muhlenbruch's to fetch his violin. He told me both the Ries called yesterday to take leave while I was out. At half-past eleven, instead of eleven, Mr. Maurer came and brought with him three gentlemen, two belonging to Muhlenbruch's theatre and the other a bad 'cello player who is going abroad. These, with Mr. Muhlenbruch, formed the quintette. The first thing they played was a concerto op. 32 (MS.) of Maurer's for a full orchestra. The other piece was a printed quartette of Maurer's. Lord Clanwilliam had promised to come but sent an excuse at eleven, so Mr. Temple, the secretary to our Legation, was the only visitor. Maurer is a fine bold player but has a manner, which to me is not agreeable, of making the last note of some passages ridiculously short. His execution is rapid, he plays well in tune and his adagio playing is very effective. He certainly is a violinist of the first rank. He talked of Rode, with whom I believe he formerly studied or played. He has never heard Kiese-wetter or Mayseder. He gives a concert in Berlin on November 2nd, and one in Potsdam immediately after, as he must return to Hanover in time for a concert on the 12th. They will not prolong his leave of absence, which he desired, in order to give a concert at Breslau. All left about one o'clock, when Mr. Muhlenbruch and I called upon Professor Lichtenstein relative to the supper to-night. He was out so I left a card and one also on Dr. Spiker. I then called to take leave of the Mendelssohn family. Mr. Mendelssohn was out but I had a pleasant conversation with Mrs., Miss and Mr. Felix Mendelssohn. Mrs. Mendelssohn

gave me the printed rules of Zelter's Singing Academy and I gave Miss Mendelssohn a set of Maundy pence for 1825, which seemed to please her.

At about half-past four I dined with Lord Clanwilliam at a big-wig dinner. Those present whom I knew were Messrs. Temple, Magenies, Bramstone and Sir C. Gunn. I believe one of the three foreign gentlemen present was the French ambassador to the Court of Russia, to which he was to set out to-night at twelve. After dinner Mr. Magenies copied out a list of Shakespear's plays which are well read weekly in small pieces by Carl von Flottie, a theatrical author of some merit. From Lord Clanwilliam's I took a Droschke and arrived at the Liedertafel—which means literally Singing-table—at the “Englischen Haus,” Mohrenstrasse, at about twenty minutes to nine. I had a double invitation from Dr. Spiker, whom I sat next, and Professor Lichtenstein. The latter had also invited Mr. Muhlenbruch but his theatrical duties would not allow him to come. There seemed about sixty gentlemen present. Those I knew were Spiker, Lichtenstein, Count Brühl, the two Mendelssohns, Zelter, Maurer, a Mr. Russell, who sat next to Spiker and who is the son of a medical man in Edinburgh, and Sir C. Gunn, who dined this day at Lord Clanwilliam's and came as Count Brühl's friend. Supper began about a quarter past nine. Between each dish, as they were brought round, they sang a short piece something in the style of a glee but not so good or long. In many of these the bass part, which I sang with Dr. Spiker, went down to D. The pitch was rather flatter than my fork. About eight or ten pieces were sung, some in Latin, and most of them composed by Zelter, one, “St. Paul,” was good. There was also one which was rather pretty by Dr. Spiker and one by Carl M. von Weber, which was not very effective, in which a passage the facsimile of the “la, la, la,” in the hunting chorus in *Freischütz* is introduced. Owing to the singing of one or more pieces before the entry of each dish the supper was long. The whole was over soon after twelve. This entertainment reminded me of our old Harmonists, old Zelter being exactly like Stevens. Zelter is the director and called out the number of the piece to be sung. In the centre of the table

was a handsome gold or gilt cup, given by or placed there to the memory of Flemming, a medical man who was, as I understood, the founder of the club, he has also composed some pieces. I believe that six times in the year any member can introduce two friends, the other six nights are for practice. They meet the last Tuesday in every month. Each member seems to have his own place and near his plate are placed three tickets with his name on them, one for himself and one for each of his friends. He has his bound printed books of the words for himself and friends and also the music books containing the single voice parts of the pieces sung. The different voices sat together. Spiker and I were second basses. The members generally send their own wine, the name being on each bottle, sixpence being allowed for every cork drawn. It was a very pleasant entertainment, but in my opinion our similar glee meetings are more animated.

Wednesday, October 26th.—Mr. Muhlenbruch called at nine and I went first, he being present, to return to Schlesinger the score of Weber's hymn and *Emma di Resburgo*, the pianoforte score of which he had lent me. He was out, so we left them with the shopman, and I called again in the course of the day to thank him for his present of yesterday, namely, fifty-two numbers of the year 1824, and forty-two numbers for 1825 of the *Berliner Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, edited by A. B. Marx, whom I met at Schlesinger's house. He was not at home this second time so I requested the shopman to send, when he could obtain them, through Lord Clanwilliam, *Der Berggeist* and another work which Mr. Charles Kemble requested me to buy. At nine I went with Mr. Muhlenbruch to Mr. Greulich, master of the little boy called Anton Florian Eckert, son of a sergeant in the second regiment of Fencible Guards, born December 7th, 1820, a very pretty child. He played several pieces from Cramer's instruction book and an air with variations by Mozart. He was extremely quick in naming the discordant note and the resolutions of modulations. He is being well taught by Mr. Greulich, and has no other master at present for any branch of education but music. He has every promise of becoming a great musician. I saw some pieces of his

composition but did not wish to hear them, it was ridiculous to print yet, as they have done; his portrait is on the frontispiece of one of them. I played a march of Ries' with Mr. Greulich at the request of a gentleman who was there, it seemed to please the boy.

I called on Mr. Zelter, who gave me prints of himself and of Fasch and showed me a MS. oratorio of Handel, composed before he went to England. He has some studies of composition written by Handel. Zelter is a pleasant, unassuming man. One of his fingers is crooked. He was formerly a mason. He said he had built ten or twelve houses in Berlin, and did not begin music before he was twenty. I went upstairs into his library, which is large. On my return I found a letter and scores of three pieces in *Emma di Resburgo*, from Meyerbeer.

Dr. Spiker called and I wrote in his album. He gave me a title for a play for Mr. Charles Kemble. Later Sir C. Gunn came into my room to make me a visit, he is staying in this same hotel with his lady. I then settled my accounts with everyone. It is a cruel custom not to give the chambermaids anything.

Frederick Baumgart's service began this day. I sent him with my cloak and bag in a droschke to the post. Mr. Muhlenbruch went with me and we started from Berlin at six in the evening precisely.

CHAPTER XII

1825

FROM BERLIN TO HANOVER AND CASSEL

Magdeburg—Brunswick—Four days in Hanover—Reception by the Duke of Cambridge—The Kramers—The town—The theatre—Parade—Bands—Cream-coloured horses—The riding school—*Sieben Mädchen in Uniform*—Jäger band—Leaves Hanover on November 1st—Göttingen—Cassel—The theatre—Entertained by Spohr—His family—Wilhelmshöhe—Château of Löwenburg—A concert—Acting in Cassel—Spohr's double quartette.

WE left Berlin at six in the evening of Wednesday October 26th, and arrived in Hanover at nine on the Friday evening, our journey taking fifty-one hours. From Berlin we passed through Zehlendorf, Potsdam, Gross-Kreutz, Brandenburg, Genthin, Burg and Magdeburg. The fare in the Schnell-post cost five thalers and some odd groschen each, and there were six passengers inside and one out. It was very cold and I had place number one, meeting the wind. The passengers would not allow the curtain to be shut on my side, they were, however, tolerably pleasant. Finally I made Frederick sit in my place, his in the centre of the coach being warmer. We stopped occasionally for refreshments. It was a fine moonlight night but I could see little of the road. Brandenburg appeared a large town and so is Magdeburg, the citadel of which is quite separated from the town. It seems very strongly fortified and is surrounded by the Elbe.

Thursday, October 27th.—We arrived at Magdeburg at about half-past ten in the morning and had a good breakfast of beef-steak and onions with Moselle wine at the Hôtel de St. Petersburg, close to the post where we landed. I made arrangements with a coachman for eleven thalers and one trinkgeld to take us to Brunswick, for which place we left Magdeburg at half-past twelve. The stage from Eilsleben

to Helmstedt is one of the worse roads I have ever travelled, nearly stiff clay all the way. For this stage of two and a half posts the coachman took three horses, but we walked nearly the whole time and did not arrive at Helmstedt until between seven and eight, where we had a good dinner. Here we met a young scholar, with his open shirt collar, he was about eighteen years old and could speak English a little; he admired Shakespeare. There was also a pleasant officer who spoke French. We were delayed an hour in a cold room at Königsutter while our driver obtained his ticket from the post and arrived at the Hotel d'Angleterre, in Brunswick, about half-past nine, where they neither spoke French nor English. We found the waiter overjoyed, he having obtained a three-hundred-dollar prize in the lottery this morning.

Friday, October 28th.—We went to the cathedral and saw the interior of the Royal vault which contains the coffins of the late Queen Caroline and of the Duke of Brunswick, her brother, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo,¹ when at the head of the "Brunswickers." This church has many monuments of the Guelph family and some curious relics in the Royal vault. The church was formerly Roman Catholic. In something like a square before the cathedral is a lion on a pedestal. We saw the outside of the palace in passing through the town, it is tolerably large but the tiled roof looks very mean, the iron palisade outside is the most handsome part of the whole affair. The town is large but dreary, it contains more flat pavements than any other German town. We hired another carriage from hence to Hanover for ten thalers and one thaler for trinkgelt. All the payments hitherto have been in Prussian money. We had no plague about passports none being demanded. At our entering and going out of Brunswick a sentinel at the gates asked if we were strangers, to which Frederick said "No."

We left Brunswick about half-past eleven on Friday morning and arrived at Hanover about nine in the evening,

¹ Duke William Frederick, "whose reign may be dated from the battle of Leipsic in October 18th (although he became Duke in 1806), fell at Quatre Bras, commanding the *avantgarde* under the Duke of Wellington on June 16th, 1815" (H.D.D.).

going to the Hôtel de Hanovre, where F. Ahles is the proprietor, which was recommended to me by M. Maurer. After passing Peine, where I had a tolerable dinner, the driver took us across the country and over commons, through mud and dirt. We thought he chose this way to avoid paying at the barriers but he said that it was nearer than going by the post road, which perhaps it was, but if an accident had happened we should have remained in the mud for hours.

Saturday, October 29th.—I had a good night in a comfortable bed and was amused by my next room neighbour singing when he came to bed and playing with his dog. I wrote and took a letter with my card to the Duke of Cambridge and I also left the letter to him from Sir H. Wellesley. I waited in the ante-chamber about half an hour. The aide-de-camp was very pleasant, he had been in England often and therefore spoke English well. The Duke received me very graciously. Our tastes quite agree relative to the style of music of the present day. His son¹ was rather unwell with a cold. He informed me that Winter died lately. He likes Kiesewetter's concerto playing better than that of Maurer, but praised the latter's character. The Duke of Cambridge's house formerly belonged to the Duke of York. The late King of England gave it to the Duke of Cambridge. It is a good house opposite the palace in which none of the government reside, and if they do not pull it down they say it will soon fall. In order to learn the address of the father of Christian Kramer, the Master of our King's band, I went to C. Bachmann's music shop where one of his shopmen, who speaks bad English and worse French, told me that Herr Sutor² was the director of the orchestra at the theatre. Owing to a wrong address this shopman gave me to Kramer's father, the scene I had in finding that gentleman was curious. I enquired at a

¹ George William, the late Duke of Cambridge (E.N.).

² Wilhelm Sutor was born at Munich about 1780. He studied singing, the piano, the violin and theory, and was attached as a singer to the Prince-Bishop of Eichsbadt. He left this service to become Capellmeister at Stuttgart and director of the opera. In 1816 he was appointed Capellmeister at Hanover, which post he held until his death in 1838. Among his numerous compositions were two symphonies and incidental music to *Macbeth* (E.N.).

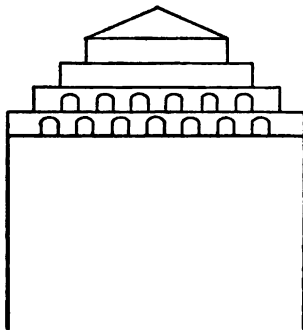
shop and a man there, who thought he spoke English, took me to "Mr. Kramer" who proved to be a knock-kneed baker or seller of cakes. Then they both took it into their heads that I wanted a lodging and carried me over the way to a polite gentleman who spoke French but so so. He turned out to be a Mr. Berger, a tenor singer of the theatre, who was in the act of studying Othello with a good-looking lady in the room. He kindly set out with me to find the real Kramer. Passing by Kramer's the baker, he sent a boy with me to Kramer, senior, in the Mühlenplatz and there at last I found Mr. Kramer, with Mrs. and Miss Kramer whom I have seen at Brighton. They seemed very glad to see me and I am to dine there to-morrow at one. Miss Kramer speaks English pretty well. The old folks, unfortunately, do not speak any language but German, though Mrs. Kramer understands a little English and French.

I walked about the town which is not very large, however it has, or I fancied it had, something English about it. I observed our Royal coat of arms at the post-office and the soldiers wore red coats. Many of the streets have a sort of flat pavement like ours, they seem narrow and in many parts were crowded with passengers. I regret that there is no theatre this evening. At present, I was told, they perform four times a week, namely on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and they often have concerts on the Saturday evenings. The court band gave one last Saturday, it was not well attended. At half-past six Mr. Taberger, a pewter merchant, so Miss Kramer calls him, came to take me to his house to hear him play and his playing for a "pewter" amateur was not bad. He played by heart Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, which he said Kramer had made him play several times at Brighton, as he was arranging it for the band. He also played a rondo of Kalkbrenner dedicated to Moscheles. Just as I was finishing playing a duet with him a letter was brought me from Major Sir William Davison with an invitation from the Duke of Cambridge to come to a musical party this evening. Accordingly I took a coach from the hotel and got there by half-past eight. The party present were H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Count Plandein, B. Hausmann, who knows Ries well, and three

professional gentlemen of whom one was a Mr. Pott,¹ a young man and a good violin player. The Duke had him taught by Kiesewetter and Spohr, he played the first violin in a quartette of Maurer's. B. Hausmann played first violin of a quartette of B. Romberg and the Duke played the first violin of a quintette of Mozart and a quartette of Haydn. He was excessively polite and told me that Colonel d'Este² was here. Count Plandein played the second violin very well in Mozart's quintette. The Duke said there were four Stainer or Amati violins in the room. I walked home at half-past eleven after a very pleasant evening.

Sunday, October 30th.—I called upon Colonel d'Este at half-past eight but he was not up. He asked me to come again in twenty minutes and breakfast with him. I promised to do so to-morrow at nine.

I waited for three-quarters of an hour for Mr. Taberger, who did not come. I then went inside three Lutheran churches, namely the Marktkirche, the largest church, the Schlosskirche and a smaller one near a curiously built house, at the corner of a street, something like this:—



¹ August Pott was born in 1806 at Nordheim in Hanover, where his father was Stadtmusikus. He studied under Spohr at Cassel and first played in public in 1824. After some time spent in travelling he became Concertmeister and later Capellmeister to the Duke of Oldenburg, this post he resigned in 1861. He visited England in 1833 and played with great success at the Philharmonic. Later he retired to Gratz. He composed some music (G.D.).

² Sir Augustus Frederick, Colonel d'Este was the only son of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. He was colonel in the English army and became deputy ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks. He was born in 1794 and died unmarried in 1848. His sister was a pupil of Sir George Smart (B.P.).

Hanover has many of these curious houses and many old buildings. The new houses, many of which are built by the English, are in the modern style.

After visiting the churches I went to the parade, which is held in the Mall near the statue of Leibnitz a great philosopher, as I understand. I counted about three hundred and eight privates on the ground, their red coats and mountings are like our guards but their pantaloons are different. I was informed that Hanover can supply thirty thousand men. There was a mixture of bands on the parade, namely the guards band in white, the artillery in blue and the rifle band in a sort of dark green. Their instruments were chiefly bugles and trombones, besides drums and fifes, altogether they numbered about one hundred and fifty. I did not hear them play together. The Duke of Cambridge arrived with two aides-de-camp, one I had seen when I had called upon him, they saluted and he retired. He was on foot but the commanding officer was on horseback. The marches were good and well played. It being cold I went into Kramer's house before the dinner hour, which was one o'clock. This small but convenient house for the old folk, being on the ground floor, belongs to the widow of the court tapissier, so Miss Kramer told me, who lodges in one room, the rest of the house belongs to the Kramers.

At a quarter-past one Mr. Taberger arrived. I observe he does not understand punctuality. The other five at dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Kramer, their two daughters and myself. The elder, who speaks English better than the younger, has also been in England some time ago. She lives with her uncle and aunt. We had a very pleasant and good dinner, and the old folks seemed happy in the occasion. Herr Kramer is past eighty-two. Frau Kramer was not very well during dinner and had to leave us; Miss Kramer is not very strong either. The meal was not over until past four, after which Mr. Taberger and I called on Madame Maurer who is a genteel woman and has many children. We next went to see Madame Kieseewetter who must have been handsome. She did not seem melancholy although she was suffering with a weakness in one eye. I heard one of the sons practising in a room as we went upstairs. He, or one

other of the sons, who is about eighteen, will go on the stage, which the parents do not like. The eldest is in the law and practises.

After these visits we went inside the Royal stables. A young man, whom I saw at supper this evening, who is studying riding and farriery at the expense of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, in order to become his head groom, told me that the breed of cream-coloured horses is kept up and many are sent to England. In return they breed from our racers when we have done with them. The long stables on the right and left are full of horses. The Duke of Cambridge uses the coach horses, his saddle horses are his own from England.

The riding school here is famous, the manner of riding being different from other places. They have four masters of the horse at present and one hundred and fifty scholars from all parts, but only one of them, the above mentioned young man, is from England.

We then walked round the boulevards, which were extremely pleasant. We passed the former cannon foundry, now used as barracks, the famous large house of Count Plandein, and also the residence of Mr. Taberger's brother, the head physician to the court.

I returned home to dress. Mr. Taberger called and we got to the theatre by six but not a ticket would they sell. Money was being returned in all directions. In despair we went to the parquet door, when, to my astonishment, the check-taker took a bribe of eight groschen and let us both in so that we only paid half-price. We found plenty of room but it seems they are obliged to reserve places or rather not to sell too many tickets as the officers take out subscription tickets; if they do not arrive anyone may sit in the seats, with backs, usually occupied by them. They have no lock-up seats here in the parquet but the first comers sit where they like. There were plenty of officers but very few, if any, ladies in this place.

The Hanover theatre is a good size for the town, containing about seventy boxes in four tiers and a gallery. The parterre has seats and plenty of standing room. The Royal box is in the centre, over which are our king's arms. It is

only used by the Duke of Cambridge on state occasions, though it is lighted up every night. The Duke of Cambridge's own box is on the right as you face the stage, it is ornamented with crimson and has a crown at the top. Next to it is Count Plandein's box, who is at the head of this theatre. I compare this house in size to the theatre in Dresden but perhaps it is wider. The drop scene was painted by a famous man, Reinbach, I believe; the scenery is neat. There is a bust of George III, and another of Apollo, besides a statue of a white horse. The pitch of my fork was exact with that of the orchestra. At the head is Mr. Sutor who beats time seated at a square pianoforte. There seems to be but eight violins, two viole, two 'celli, two bassi with the usual number of wind instruments. The fagotti were good and the violins weak. Maurer of course was absent. The first piece was *Die Witwe*, namely *The Widow*, it was short and neat with no music. The second, *Sieben Mädchen in uniform*, is a Vaudeville, from the French. The medley overture was from *Der Freischütz* and other airs, little tunes, but well enough for the subject. I understand that one song "Le petit Tambour," which is accompanied on the drum by one of the girls, was left out. I was delighted with this piece, I think it would do for us. The opening scene which shows the old commandant in the fortress and one of his old soldiers, with a patch on, mending his trousers, and another old hobbling soldier on duty on the ramparts mending his stocking, was capital. The skill also of the seven good-looking girls, neatly dressed in Prussian uniform, going through the martial exercise was famous. The one acting as fogle was beyond all praise. Their whiskers were excellent, one forgetting to take hers off when in her woman's clothes, was most laughable, as was also the old hobbling sentinel tumbling down the ramparts when the Algerine muskets went off, and when the commandant ordered the girls to face to the right while he drank. The piece was excellently acted and it was received by a most crowded house with cheers. The seven girls were called for at the end and saluted with their muskets. We must have this if it has not already been had.

Monday, October 31st.—After calling to arrange to walk

with Mr. Taberger at three o'clock, I went to a pleasant breakfast with Colonel d'Este and walked with him to see the Royal menagerie. We saw the Prince of Saxe-Coburg's groom riding with other pupils and went into the Royal stables where we saw Major Sir W. Davison. I told him I had called in the morning with Colonel d'Este, to write down my name, and requested him to acquaint the Duke of my departure to-morrow, which he promised to do. As we came out we saw the Duchess¹ at the window with her beautiful little daughter² listening to the music of thirty excellent bugles and trumpets of the Jäger band on their way to mount guard. At the Royal stables Colonel d'Este introduced me to Count Kielmansegge, master of the Horse, and Duke of Montrose of Hanover. He showed us the cream-coloured and large black and white coach horses, most beautiful creatures, many of which are sent to London. The total number of horses and large mules in these stables, the Count said, was one hundred and fifty. They have also a large Royal breeding establishment at Meising, a few miles from Hanover. After this interesting sight we walked all round the boulevards. At the table-d'hôte I sat for the second time next a lame gentleman, who had been in Ireland when serving as chaplain in a German regiment and who knows the Kollmans³ and also Logier. He seems up to his system. Opposite to me sat a German improvisatore, who said Moscheles did not accompany his recitals well. Soon after three I walked with Mr. Taberger past the Veterinary Horse College and Horse Barracks, to the King's Palace of Herrenhausen, in the long beautiful avenue to which we met the Duchess of Cambridge in a four-horse carriage, with her little girl and also the Duchess's sister from Hesse Cassel. Soon after we overtook

¹ Augusta Wilhelminia Louisa, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. She married the Duke of Cambridge in 1818, became a widow in 1860 and died in 1889. She was greatly beloved and esteemed (E.N.).

² Princess Augusta Caroline, elder daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge. She was born at Hanover in 1822 and married in 1843 Frederick, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (B.P.).

³ The family of August Friedrich Kollman, who was an excellent musician. He was born at Engelbostel in Hanover in 1756 and appointed, in 1782, chapel keeper and schoolmaster at the German—now Marlborough—Chapel, St. James's, London. He became organist, or "clerk," of the chapel in 1792, when George III provided it with a chamber organ. Mr. Kollman died in 1824 (G.D.).

the Duke walking. He spoke kindly to me but as he was engaged talking to the first minister here I would not wait for the end of the conference to take leave of him. In this avenue we passed the residence of the chasseurs. About one hundred persons are retained for the hunt, of which Colonel d'Este gave me a curious account, as also of one of the Duke of Cambridge's country houses, Montbrillant. We walked through part of the gardens of Herrenhausen and then called upon Mr. Kollman, who is related to the Kollmans in London and is a fat jolly chamberlain or palace keeper, living in a small wing of the palace which he kindly took us all over. The rooms are small but neatly furnished. Our King resided in it when here. When the French were here Mr. Kollman took the six large silver chandeliers and all the plate over to Windsor Castle. He stopped in England in the service of George III some years and married an English lady, whom we had not time to see. Mr. Kollman seems a jovial, pleasant fellow. He gives lessons in music either in Hanover or near the palace.

We then walked back to take leave of the Kramers. We found the lame Miss Kramer and another lady taking lessons of a handsome English master, a Mr. Benson. The old folks took a kind leave of me. Later I went by myself to see *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. Marr,¹ the Shylock, was very good, Portia, Madame Artour, nothing particular. It seemed an exact translation by Schlegel but I thought that they did more of it than we do. There was a very thin house and a thin band which played the military movement in Haydn's symphony disgracefully. With the exception of the horn and trumpets there was only one wind instrument to a part and but five violins. After returning from the theatre I called and took leave of Colonel d'Este.

On Tuesday, November 1st, I left Hanover at seven o'clock in the morning, in a voiturier's carriage with Frederick Baumgart. In the kingdom of Hanover we passed through Brüggen,—where we had a tolerable meat breakfast at the post-house while a most excellent violin and tolerable harp

¹ Herr Marr, a German actor, became the chief director of the Thalia Theatre at Hamburg. He was born in 1797 (E.N.).

played in the hall,—Einbeck and Northeim, where we had supper and rested from twelve o'clock, midnight.

On Wednesday, November 2nd, we started again at four in the morning and passed Göttingen, where is supposed to be the largest university in Germany. We drove through the chief street which has excellent side pavements like London. The college is, I believe, opposite the fountain. The Dukes of York, Kent and Clarence, if not more of the Royal Family, went to this university.

Soon after leaving the town of Münden we walked up a very high hill and entered the Electorate of Cassel. About an English mile from the town, I was stopped at the frontier to give my name, etc., by an officer who had been in Ireland during the "revolution" there, as he called it, he has married an Irish wife. He spoke bad French and bad English but was very civil and declined taking money for looking at my passport, which I was not asked to show on entering the town, but I wrote my name on a slate at the hotel "The Crown Prince of Prussia," where we arrived at four in the afternoon of Wednesday.

At six I went to a lock-up seat near the orchestra. Two pieces were performed and neither were musical. The first was *Das diamantene Kreuz*, a comedy in two acts by Deinhardstein, which was not amusing to me, the second was *Der leichtsinnige Lügner*,¹ a comedy in three acts by F. L. Schmidt. At the beginning of each act the large chandelier was drawn up quite out of sight which left not even light enough to read the bill. In the centre, adorned with crimson velvet, was the Royal box, into which, rather late, came the Elector¹ with a rather elderly lady and a young one, there were persons in waiting upon them. Upon the stage, up one pair of stairs, was a box on each side adorned with red velvet. The curtains were closed, except when some company came into one of them. The band played the overture well. This was the first time that I have seen persons in uniform playing in the orchestra, there were three

¹ William II, who was born in 1777, became the second Elector in 1801 and died in 1847. Heise-Cassel was made an electorate in 1803; it was incorporated with the kingdom of Westphalia in 1807, but became again an electorate in 1813 (H.D.D.).

or four of them. The band was made up of nine violins, two viole, two 'celli, two bassi, with the usual number of wind instruments. There were no drums used in the overtures.

Thursday, November 3rd.—After a good night's rest, in a good bed, I rose quite recovered from the windy and stormy voyage of yesterday. I called upon Spohr¹ soon after nine. He lives in a small house in a pretty garden, with a greenhouse just out of the gate. He received me very politely, gave me the words of his last opera *Der Berggeist*, and told me he had just sent, or was going to send, the score for a theatre in London, he did not know which. He said that a score would cost twenty-five louis. He informed me that the full Royal band consisted of sixteen violins, four viole, four 'celli and four bassi, though I only counted three, together with a double set of wind instruments, therefore they had always two good ones of each. He praised the Elector's military band as being the best in Germany; it was some of these gentlemen whom I saw in uniform in the orchestra last night. While I was at Spohr's François Schalk, "Artiste en Musique de Prague, Membre de l'Academie de Musique Grande Ducale de Parme," came in to talk about his intended concert to-morrow night. There were difficulties owing to the fact that some lady is going to give a ball which will take away some of the band. I met this gentleman before at my hotel when he gave me his card with the above titles. He also gave me a ticket for his concert and said he wanted to come to London. He knows Moscheles. I rather think Marco Berra laughed at this man's pretensions when I was at Prague. Spohr does not seem to fancy him.

I walked in a drizzly rain about the town which has some good streets. They are building a gate, in the style of the Brandenburg gate at Berlin, at the bottom of the Friedrich's-Platz, where there is a statue of Frederick the second. In

¹ Louis Spohr was born at Brunswick in 1784; his father was a physician and his grandfather a clergyman. In 1805 he became leader in the band of the Duke of Gotha. After travelling much, he came to England in 1820, and renewed his visits in 1839, 1842, 1847, 1852, and 1853. He resided for a while in Dresden, but in 1822 left there for Cassel, where he remained until his death in 1859. Here, on Weber's recommendation, he was appointed Capellmeister to the Elector (G.D.).

this large square I heard the band, about fifty strong, at the mounting of the guard at half-past eleven. They played beautifully and all were well in tune. After table-d'hôte I had a chat with M. Schalk about his concert and took a long walk. The view from the new gate is very fine and the walk from there, to the right, in the town is very pleasant.

Friday, November 4th.—Mr. Spohr called at twelve while I was absent at Wilhelmshöhe, to which I went at half-past eight in the morning in a hired carriage from the hotel. It is about half an hour's drive from Cassel and is a modern summer palace of the Elector. It seems sufficiently substantial for a winter palace but is perhaps too elevated for the wind and the cold. On the right is building a new handsome guard house and there is also to be a new inn. The present one is concealed by the trees as is also the theatre. On the left of the château is seen the ruins of a castle and the château, or castle, of Löwenburg, built by the last Elector, who is buried in the chapel there and who often lived in this house which is built in imitation of the old style and has very old furniture in it. Beyond the château you get a view of an aqueduct and of the great figure of Hercules on the top of Winterhausen. We mounted in all nine hundred steps in order to take a peep through the legs of this Hercules, at a tremendous height and with the wind roaring, much to the discomfort of Frederick, whom I had taken with me. You mount by steps on each side of the cascade, which for money they will set playing. About three quarters of the way up we saw the room in which Jerome Buonaparte used frequently to dine. It seems that Cassel was not despoiled when the French were here. It costs the Elector a large sum of money annually to keep Mr. Hercules and his house in repair. It is an extraordinary thing, and the *jets d'eau* are doubtless very fine; but it is a pity so much money was expended in erecting this affair, which was put up by the great-great-grandfather of the present elector. We returned about half-past twelve well pleased with the trip the weather being fine and so much walking good for the health.

After table-d'hôte I took a long walk about the old part of the town near the bridge, thence making my way to the

orangery buildings below the new gate, passing the foundations of what I understood was to have been a palace, the former one having been burnt. Many convicts were at work wearing their chains on their legs and guarded by soldiers. They were employed in breaking stones, clearing rubbish, etc.

At a little before six I went to the concert of François Schalk, the basset horn player. It began soon after six o'clock as soon as the Electress entered, she came with her daughter. A chamberlain, as Spohr called him, did the honours to this lady; he had on a blue coat with a red collar and wore a star and boots. He seemed to speak to everybody and among the rest he addressed me. The Electress sat in front with her daughter, the ladies-in-waiting sat behind her, she is the King of Prussia's sister. The room, which is a ball-room, was not large or very lofty. About two hundred persons were present, who paid at the most sixteen groschen a ticket, which is about two shillings English. There were many free tickets, mine among the rest, but supposing all paid the profit would have been about twenty pounds, English money, so Spohr said. Many of the best of the band were engaged at a ball given by the favourite Countess of the Elector. However, the band was good enough for the music played. I was pleased to see the Electress speak to Mr. Wild¹ between the acts. Spohr made her a low bow as he left me to conduct the vocal pieces. The first piece was an overture which was poor stuff. The second, poor music, was a *pot-pourri* for the basset horn. His tone was not bad but he played out of tune. Then followed an aria by Raimondi, sung by M. Wild. He sang

¹ Frans Wild, "the son of homely country folk," was born in Lower Austria in 1791. Having been well trained, he entered the choir of a monastery near Vienna and later that of the Court chapel. He afterwards took a minor engagement at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and in 1810 accepted an engagement with Count Esterházy, which he threw up the next year to go to Vienna. After travelling, he, in 1816, became Kammer-sänger to the Grand Duke of Hesse, where he remained until 1825. He then went to Paris, and from thence to Cassel as Kammer-sänger, returning to Vienna in 1829. Here he was permanently engaged until 1845, visiting England in 1840. Towards the end of his public career his voice was more that of a baritone than a tenor. As actor or concert singer he was very successful, "but perhaps his best singing of all was in church." He died in 1860 (G.D.).

well but has a thick utterance; he is accounted the best tenor singer in Germany and probably with truth, for he really sang well. He quarrelled with the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt because, being accustomed to sing certain words to one of Gluck's operas, he would not change them at his desire. Spohr introduced me to him after he had sung. He speaks French and was very polite. In figure he is like Braham and perhaps even like Kean but not quite so tall and certainly not so fat. Spohr says he is about thirty-three years of age. The fourth piece consisted of variations for the basset horn. It was as bad as number two. Then came about a quarter of an hour's stop but no refreshments. The company indeed seemed to want their dresses refreshed. They were a dirty set, the men in boots, great coats and cloaks, the ladies in bonnets. The Electress was tolerably dressed and there were about eight or nine officers present in blue uniform. The second part commenced with an overture to *The Uniform*, so Spohr said, by Voigt, which was just like the first overture. Spohr said that these overtures, being act tunes at the theatre, were chosen on purpose, the band being weak and having had no rehearsal. He disapproved altogether of the concert, Schalk, he said, being a quack. The next piece was an aria by Winter, sung by Madame Schweizer, of the theatre here, with violin obbligato, played by Mr. Weile. After a violin solo and adagio came a recitative and aria in Italian for the voice, with variations alternately for voice and violin, some of which were too difficult for both parties, but the violin was better than the lady; nevertheless I believe she once or twice touched F# in alt and very often D. The violin part Spohr said was arranged by Molique of Munich. The lady "bolted" her notes and is but second rate. Spohr told me that Winter died two days after the king of Bavaria. The Duke of Cambridge had previously told me of his death. The third and fourth pieces in the second part were blended together. They consisted of the Schweizer *Ranz des Vaches* with echo, dreadful stuff, as was also the Polonaise.

The concert was over at twenty minutes to eight. In the two-voice pieces only, Spohr beat time in front with a short stick. The pitch was a comma above my fork. I walked

part of the way home with Mr. and Mrs. Spohr and their two daughters, one of whom, the youngest I believe, is promised in marriage. He told me that the double basses with four strings are tuned the reverse of the violins, that is, the lowest string is E, then A, D and G. At Vienna they formerly had five strings. Spohr says that during the winter there are six subscription concerts in the theatre, when an orchestra is erected on the stage and the whole of the band play. These concerts make those of the occasional strangers who come ineffective unless they are persons of great talent like Hummel, who had a good concert here.

I was obliged to take a *carte de sûreté* for permission to remain in this *great* city, for which I paid six groschen by Frederick.

Saturday, November 5th.—I went with Frederick this morning to bargain with a voiturier to take us to Coblenz. He asked twenty-eight Prussian crowns, including trinkgeld, and we are to set out on Sunday night at ten and arrive at Coblenz on Wednesday morning between ten and twelve.

Spohr met me at the door of the theatre at ten, in his little black cap, and took me in to hear the rehearsal of *Jean de Paris*, which was over at a quarter before twelve. It was a very orderly rehearsal. After it ended he took me to the director of the posts in the post-office. I determined to set out on Monday morning at five by the extra post on their advice, and particularly after my conversation with the Wagen-meister, who promised to send on a Laufzettel, a sort of express paper, that good carriages and horses might be ready at Giessen.

At table-d'hôte M. Schalk, who had previously given Frederick his card for me, tried very hard to get recommendations from me to England. From here he goes to Frankfort. After dinner I obtained my passport, which was viséd at the police-office and cost two more groschen, then I went to change some money at Levy Feidel's bank. The young clerk was civil though very inquisitive as to my route and my arrangements.

I bought of the waiter of the inn a ticket for the locked seats before the orchestra. I gave him sixteen groschen for it but it being a subscription ticket doubtless he gained upon it. I then walked with Frederick to see a marble

bath, the outside was quite enough to satisfy me. He being determined that every town shall have old sights often points out things not worth looking at. I bought a picture of Spohr and one of Wild.

In the evening I went to the theatre to see *Hausfrieden*, by Iffland, who, Spohr says, has always coffee-drinking in his pieces. There was only one short song in it, a mere nothing, accompanied by the lady with an alto voice or some other lady, without band, on a very bad square pianoforte. Spohr came in and sat near me at the end of the first act and explained something of the plot. Herr Henckel, from Brunswick, was the star of the evening, he is a good demi-comic actor. There was no attempt to call for him at the end—perhaps it is not the custom here. Herr Mustenburg acted well in an old man's comic part, he was very curiously dressed in the fourth act. Madame Haser was a capital old maid.

Sunday, November 6th.—At a quarter before nine I went to Spohr and by mistake I arrived an hour too soon, however, this gave me an opportunity of trying a clever song of Hauptmann.¹ He played in Spohr's double quartette and in his manuscript overture and music in *Macbeth*, which was written for Berlin by the desire of Count Brühl. I also gained an explanation of the characters in *Der Berggeist*. M. Schalk came in to take leave of Spohr. At ten we went to a room to hear a performance of Spohr's double quartette, which he kindly arranged for me to hear. The performers were placed thus:—

Principals.			Ripienos.		
Second Violin.	Viola.	Viola.	Second Violin.		
1st Violin	opposite	Violoncello	Violoncello	opposite	1st Violin
		Audience.			

¹ Moritz Hauptmann was born at Dresden in 1792, and educated as an architect, but preferred music. He was violinist in the Court Band at Dresden in 1812, and then went to Russia. In 1822 he joined Spohr's band at Cassel. In 1842, through Mendelssohn, he was appointed Cantor and Musik-director of the Thomas-Schule at Leipsic. "Here he became the most celebrated theorist and most valued teacher of his day. He died at Leipsic in 1868, loaded with decorations and diplomas" (G.D.).

The quartette took twenty-eight minutes, counting a repeat of the second part of the first movement in consequence of a mistake by the principal second violin, and also counting plenty of tuning between each movement. The effect was good. Spohr played beautifully. It is very difficult for the four principal instruments. The principal 'cello was good but too loud. A Countess was present who was a great amateur and whose husband is master of the household, also four or five persons belonging to the band. After this was over I hoped to have heard the band in the courtyard of the Duchess but the Elector ordered them not to play the weather being bad fearing that the rain might spoil their best instruments and silver and gold trumpets. Besides this the troops were fatigued by defiling before his window while he was peeping out. We saw the horse, foot, and artillery with their three bands. This is a most martial town. I had a very good and pleasant dinner at Spohr's. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Spohr, who says she likes English manners, two grown-up daughters, and one aged seven who was rather troublesome. He had two sons but they are dead. The second daughter is betrothed to a gentleman, an architect I believe, who was present as also was his sister. Before and after dinner we worked away at *Berggeist*. Mrs. Spohr¹ tried to play the overture with me but it was too much for her. The eldest daughter sung most of the airs, she has a strong voice but wants manner. Spohr has a famous rough bass voice. I had a tight job with the music which appears fine but is very difficult. I cannot judge properly of it till I hear it in the orchestra. I saw the score about to be sent off to Johanning in London, the price is twenty-five—old—louis, about twenty-five pounds English. Spohr says he was born in Brunswick and has travelled greatly but means to stay at Cassel. His salary is two thousand crowns. We, that is the second Miss Spohr with her intended, Spohr, in his spencer, and I, all walked in the rain to the theatre to hear *Jean de Paris*.

¹ Spohr's first wife, Dorette Scheidler. "She was an excellent harp-player, and for many years appeared with him in all his concerts. He composed for her a number of sonatas for violin and harp as well as some solo pieces. She died in 1834" (G.D.).

by Boieldieu, before which was played, by desire of the Elector to please his uncle, a grand march by Spohr in which he said a national air was introduced, but which, except it was a ♯ passage, I could not make out. This march I do not conceive as being worthy of his talents. There is nothing striking in the music of *Jean de Paris*. Wild certainly sings and acts well, but has he voice enough for a large theatre? The lame princess was played by Fräulein Schweizer, who has a most horrible half note bursting out. The page's part was taken by Fräulein Roland, who has a pretty little voice. She sang the troubadour song and her part in the first duet in the second act well. Spohr says she is an excellent soubrette. The dancing in this opera was most clumsy, girls in men's parts—shocking! There was no opportunity for the choruses to display. The band was excellent. Spohr beat time, he did not use his violin when conducting. He says there are three bassi and five 'celli one of whom was absent ill. The round tail-piece to his violin is good but clumsy.

CHAPTER XIII

1825

FROM CASSEL TO ENGLAND

From Cassel through Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau to Coblenz—Visit to Herr Ries at Godesberg—Birthday party—Concert at Bonn—Entertained by Herr Simrock—Cologne and the cathedral—The theatre and opera—Musical party at Herr Simrock's of Cologne—Aix-la-Chapelle—Brussels—Lille—Paris—The theatres and opera—Duchess of Hamilton and family—Lady Augusta d'Ameland and Mademoiselle d'Este—Baillot—La Chapelle du Roi—Talma—Madame Szymanowska's concert—M. Vogt—Calais—Dover—In London again.

MONDAY, November 7th.—I left Cassel with Frederick at a quarter past five in the morning. We changed horses and carriages thirteen times, the only places of note being Wabern,—where the wife of the post-master is an English woman,—Harburg, on the Lahn, and Giessen in a province of Hesse Darmstadt. Here we halted for the night at a quarter to ten. At the post-house the supper was dear but the bed was good. It had rained the whole day therefore the carriage had been closely shut up; the little I saw of the country was uninteresting except its being well cultivated.

Tuesday, November 8th.—We set out at a quarter past four in the morning, having had coffee before we started and entered the Dukedom of Nassau, passing Weilburg, which is a romantic, pretty town amidst hill, dale and wood. On arriving at Limburg we found that the Grand Duke of Nassau and his brother were at an inn opposite ours on their way to a shooting. They employed so many horses to draw their open carriage, with the postillions in their best clothes, that I had the post-master's own pair of good horses.

We arrived at Coblenz at half-past five in the afternoon and went to the "Three Swiss Inn," where I was staying

before with Mr. Kemble. The weather has been cold but there has been very little rain.

The country all through this day's journey was most beautiful, like that about Ems. We saw a little snow on a distant mountain. The road the whole way from Cassel was most excellent, there being only about half a mile between Giessen and Wetzlar that was not *chaussée*. The expense of this extra posting was about forty-four thalers. With a carriage of one's own it would have been perfect, but the change, sometimes for bad vehicles, was disagreeable. Just before we entered Montabour the postillion pointed out the place where the diligence was robbed. The robbers, eight in number, were taken and will be hanged near the spot, one of them is a woman. It seems that this road is fashionable for robbers. I was obliged to send my passport before they would give Frederick Ries's letter to me at the post-office, a very proper precaution. On quitting the province of Hesse Cassel I was desired to give my name, etc., at the barrier and I also had to write down my name at many of the post stations. This seemed a mere form, but, before entering Prussia, at Coblenz, the custom-house officer insisted on seeing the inside of the trunk which after much trouble we got opened, when after all he merely looked at one or two things.

Soon after our arrival here Frederick brought Jacob, the driver who took me and Mr. Kemble from here and conveyed me to Munich. I made a bargain with him to take me to Mr. Ries's to-morrow, for six Brabant dollars, which are nine thalers in Prussian money and twenty-seven English shillings. I gave him one Brabant dollar also for a trinkgeld.

Wednesday, November 9th.—I have just settled with Frederick Baumgart, paying him his wages for this day and from October 26th, which makes in all fifteen days. I have also given him, besides a present of a Frederick d'or, twenty-six thalers for his carriage back to Berlin. The total comes to about sixty-two thalers, including odd change he occasionally got.

I left Coblenz in Jacob Schmidt's very good carriage with side windows at a quarter before eight in the morning. We

passed through Andernach and Remagen and arrived at Godesberg about half-past two. The Rhine was running rapidly and the views were beautiful. Upon the whole it was a fine day.

I found the Ries family well and full of preparation for to-morrow. We had some music in the evening, a Mr. Pascal came from the university of Bonn.

Thursday, November 10th.—This was the birthday of Mr. Ries, senior, he being seventy years of age. We all went to breakfast at his house. Before dinner, at Ferdinand Ries's house, the whole family passed in review before the old man thus:—three children of Ferdinand Ries, five daughters and five sons of the old gentleman, Mrs. Ferdinand Ries and the two husbands of two of the daughters, making a total of sixteen. In addition to those at the table at dinner, which was at a quarter to one, were Mr. Knight, Dr.,¹ Mrs. and tall Miss Wegeler, Mr. Ries, senior, Madame Denimont and myself, in all twenty-three persons. We had a most jovial dinner. The scene as the family passed before the old gentleman in the morning was most interesting. In the evening came a large party, among whom were Mr. Simrock, his son from Bonn, and Mr. Pascal. We had plenty of vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. Ferdinand Ries has a very good voice. At about eleven I went to bed, being tired, but the party did not break up until twelve.

Friday, November 11th.—After breakfast I walked to Friesdorf, a village on a mountain about three English miles from Godesberg and saw the alum manufactory there. A mountain of bog earth contains the stone from which the alum is extracted.

I saw in one of the hills a pipe put there by the Romans, probably a drain pipe. After dinner we went to Bonn and took coffee with Mr. Simrock and afterwards went to the rehearsal of the concert which Hubert Ries of Berlin gives to-morrow. Dr. Wegeler left us in the morning to return to his residence at Coblenz.

¹ Dr. Wegeler was assisted by Franz Ries (Ries, senior) to write Notices of Beethoven, whose friend he was, and also assisted Ferdinand Ries in the *Biographical Notices of Ludwig van Beethoven* which were published in 1838 (G.D.).

Saturday, November 12th.—It was too wet and foggy to go out till it was time to start for Bonn for Mr. Hubert Ries's concert. About three hundred and twenty-three persons were present in a small room. There was a band which was bad, particularly the wind instruments, and there were many amateurs in it. The ladies were better dressed than at the concert at Hesse Cassel. The music began at six and was over by half-past eight.

Sunday, November 13th.—The weather being bad I remained in the house, where we had some music.

Monday, November 14th.—The weather still bad but I walked with Ries to the top of Godesberg castle. I learn there will be some trouble about Jos. Ries's passport for Paris and perhaps about mine also. I played some of Bach's lessons with violin obbligato, printed in Switzerland, which are curious.

Tuesday, November 15th.—At twelve I left Mr. Ries's house in his carriage with himself, Jos. Ries and Mr. Knight. At one o'clock we arrived at Mr. Simrock's house at Bonn, where we had a famous dinner. I left a paper with Simrock of the music wanted by Birchall and myself and at half-past four I left Bonn with Ferdinand and Jos. Ries in a hired carriage for Cologne, where, at about eight in the evening, we arrived at the "Hotel de Wein," which is near the hotel I lodged at when here before.

Wednesday, November 16th—I called at Simrock's music shop, the same firm as at Bonn I suppose. I also saw Hubert Ries preparing for his concert here to-morrow. I then went into the cathedral where high mass was going on. They had no singers except the priests. The organist played well, I suppose extempore, during some of the ceremonies. There seems no chance of this cathedral ever being finished but they are repairing it. Jos. Ries and I took two places for Aix-la-Chapelle for to-morrow morning. I walked about the curious old town and was pleased with the town hall. I bought a view of it and of the cathedral from Simrock, and also portraits of Haydn and Winter. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Simrock who are established in a good house. There were at dinner, besides myself, Ferdinand, Jos., Hubert and Miss Ries. I went to the theatre with Ferdinand, who soon

left us, and Jos. Ries. We sat in the pit. The opera was *Joseph*, by Méhul. It was very badly sung and the decorations were shabby. There was a bad orchestra consisting of eight violins, two viole, two 'celli and two bassi, with the usual number of wind instruments. Weber,¹ an elder brother of Weber at Dresden, is the director. He beat time at the usual place in the centre with his violin bow, only using his violin once. The theatre is rather small, dark, and dingy owing to the top being painted in brown compartments and lighted by a bad chandelier. On each side, where the stage doors are, there stands a long figure. Under the one is written "Audi" and under the other "Tace." I saw no Royal box in this theatre, which is the worst I have seen in Germany. I returned to a music party at Simrock's. All were amateurs except Ferdinand and Hubert Ries who both played. The amateurs sung two quartettes, not well, which Simrock accompanied. We stayed to a good cold supper, without forks.

Thursday, November 17th.—Ferdinand and Hubert Ries called and went with us to the post. We left Cologne at eight in the morning precisely by the Schnell-post, carrying six inside, three in the cabriolet, with the conductor in front, and three in the compartment behind. The weather was delightfully fine, the sun shining all day. Beautiful roads, which were good but heavy. Robberies are frequent, one occurred the night before last. We passed through Bergheim and Juliers; the latter is a strongly fortified town, pleasantly situated. Here we had an excellent dinner for which half an hour was allowed. We reached Aix-la-Chapelle at half-past four in the afternoon. It was too dark to see the town which appears large. We put up at the Hôtel de la Cour Impériale where we had a good and cheap table-d'hôte supper. The beds were also good. The widow landlady and her daughter speak English. I took cards so that I can recommend the house.

Friday, November 18th.—We left Aix-la-Chapelle at four

¹ Edmund von Weber, Carl von Weber's stepbrother. He when young was placed under the care of Haydn, who was greatly attached to him. He became a clever composer and an experienced musician. He was director at Cassel, Bern, Lübeck, Dantzic, Königsberg and Cologne, etc. (B.D.M.).

o'clock in the morning, in a tolerable but clumsy diligence, for Brussels. The fare was one Napoleon. After a few miles we were obliged to turn out to have our trunks examined at the Netherlands frontier, where there seemed in the dark to be only two or three bad-looking houses. I believe mine was the only trunk they looked into, it being large, this they rumbled but did not strictly examine. All this was very disagreeable, it being a dark, rainy, raw morning. No fee was asked for or given nor were our passports examined. We passed through Maestricht, a large and strongly fortified town where we changed horses, Tongres, St. Tron, Tirlemont and Louvain where we had a rather bad dinner with plenty of fish, perhaps because it was Friday. It was rather too long to fast from coffee at four in the morning until dinner at four in the afternoon. We reached the coach-office at Brussels at half-past nine in the evening. The town was slightly and badly illuminated, it being the birthday of one of the Princes. We took a hackney coach to the Hôtel de Suede, where we had a moderate supper of bread, butter and cheese.

Saturday, November 19th.—I was occupied nearly the whole morning trying to get a passport for Jos. Ries (his being detained at Lille) and to get mine viséed. I called at Sir Charles Bagot's for this purpose, but, as he is at the Hague, we could not get this accomplished.

I called on Messrs. Hoeberecht's and Groetaer's, one or both of whom were formerly employed by Broadwood. Groetaer, besides being a pianoforte manufacturer, is a great mechanic; his models for locks are most ingenious, he has a patent for one. We saw over his manufactory and also saw a clever drawing sent in as a plan for an exchange for Amsterdam. I walked about the town and again admired the square built in the Spanish style in which the town-hall stands. We went to see a small collection of wild beasts, returning in time for the table-d'hôte. Later we went to the theatre in the park, which is small, about the size of Arnold's.¹

¹ This theatre was built by Arnold in 1794 and 1795, and opened as the Lyceum in 1809. Here *Der Freischütz* was first performed in England on July 22nd, 1824. It was burnt down in 1830 and rebuilt and reopened in 1834 (H.D.D.).

It has four tiers, and was so full that I could only get a ticket for the fourth tier—the gallery—so I tipped a man a franc who put me into the orchestra, which consisted of five violins, one viola, and one 'cello, there were no bass or wind instruments. This was an orchestra for *Les Comédiens ordinaires du Roi*. But, as the 'cello told me, it was band enough for the Vaudevilles, as it well might be for the horrid music in these pieces. However I was much amused by the acting, particularly of Mr. Bernard Leon of Paris, a man whose figure and acting was like that of Dowton.¹ After the theatre I called for Mr. Ries, first, by mistake, at Mr. Groetaer's and next at Mr. Hoeberecht's. It is the same house but has a different door.

Sunday, November 20th.—The first thing after breakfast I went to the police-office to get my passport viséed for Lille. They growled at there not being room to write on it. Much trouble was occasioned by Jos. Ries's passport not having been returned from Lille, where they made him leave it on his way to Germany. He was obliged to bring Mr. Groetaer to the police-office to answer for him, but notwithstanding this they still refused it saying they could not give him a fresh passport to Lille. We took a long walk with Mr. Groetaer about the Boulevards. The high iron rails to the new enclosures have, I think, a bad effect but the Boulevards when finished will be grand and beautiful. They are building a blue palace for the Crown Prince² and greatly enlarging the one for the King.³ Mr. Groetaer also took us to the gallery of pictures in an old building formerly a Royal palace; a new gallery is being built. The collection is small and only tolerable but there are two or three pictures by Rubens. We had a good English dinner at Mr. Groetaer's. His wife is English and he is a hearty Fleming.

¹ William Dowton "was considered the best representative of Malvolio on the English stage. He was born in 1764 and appeared at Drury Lane in 1796. He died in 1861. He frequently acted in sentimental comedy" (D.N.B.).

² Later William II, born in 1792, became King of Holland in 1840 upon his father's abdication. He died in 1849 (H.D.D.).

³ William Frederick, Prince of Orange, was born in 1772 and proclaimed King of Holland in 1813. He took the title of King of the Netherlands in 1815 and resigned in favour of his son in 1840. He died in 1843 (H.D.D.).

Three of his sons (his youngest son can open padlocks with words, all of them are clever) were at the table. He talked of the horrors of the battle of Waterloo. A lady came into coffee with her husband and daughters, who had dressed the wounded men. One of the sons went with us to the great theatre. The pieces were *Le Macon*, a comic opera in three acts, by Auber, and the ballet "Nina." Only about two of the pieces were effective. A chattering duet at the beginning of the third act between two women was very good. None of the singers had the least claim to be noticed. The choruses in the opera were well sung, and there were fair dancers in the ballet but none very good; the two scenes were but tolerable, the dresses good. I could not count the orchestra, which was no great affair. The wind instruments were out of time in the ballet, but Mr. Groetaer, junior, explained that the best were not forced to play in the dances. He said there were eighteen violins and eight basses but I could only see six. The theatre is very large but is too high and the number of small columns to the boxes had a bad effect. There is no Royal box in the centre but a plain one with red velvet for the Royal Family on the stage, up one tier. Opposite to it is one for the Crown Prince ornamented with green velvet. The house was crowded, so much so that after the opera I went into the balcony with young Mr. Groetaer, near the spot I sat in when there before with Mr. Charles Kemble. The performance was not over until a quarter past ten, it began at half-past six.

Monday, November 21st.—I left Brussels at half-past five for Lille in France. It was a dark morning but the waiter from the hotel took us the nearest way to the diligence, which was a heavy affair but went pretty well. There were six inside and six with the conductor in the cabriolet in front, in which part I sat at first and was very cold. Fortunately a person got out which afforded me the opportunity of getting inside. We passed through Hal, Ath, which is a strongly fortified town, Tournay and reached Pont à Tressin, somewhere near which place was the first French custom-house. The whole diligence unloaded and we all went into a sort of barn where the luggage was strictly examined. My trunk they rumbled in all directions, and took my German

gazette and Meyerbeer's score into the inner office. I had nothing to pay and declined tipping in consequence of the confusion they created in my trunk.

At the entrance to Lille, which is a large fortified town, we were again desired to turn out of the coach while they examined the inside for contraband articles. They did not again examine the trunks, which I understood they would do, but we were desired to give up our passports. There was an altercation between the son of a peer of France and a police officer about the latter not being polite. At half-past six in the evening we arrived and went to the Hôtel de Ghent in a great square. The country between Lille and Brussels is well cultivated but not interesting as to views and flat almost the whole way. The fortified towns create interest.

A sharp commissionnaire from the hotel took us to the police-office after supper to obtain our passports. This man, Louis, was a Frenchman and had been in the navy. He was taken prisoner and remained in England at Stilton for ten years, he said, he therefore spoke English well. The cunning of this man was of use in obtaining Ries' passport, for the officer was too lazy to look for it and would not without a bribe of five francs, which Louis made a sign for us to give and told us he trod upon the officer's toe as a signal he would get the tip. Yet this officer was a half-pay major in the army with a ribbon in his button-hole indicating some order. The five-franc piece was laid on the table and Ries got his passport soon after nine o'clock; we could not see this honest official before that time. We then took two places in the diligence to Paris for to-morrow morning.

Tuesday, November 22nd.—We left Lille at half-past six in the morning and arrived at Paris the next day at half-past twelve, noon, after thirty hours' travelling. The diligence went well considering its immense weight and clumsiness. It held three in the coupé, a comfortable place in front with windows like a chariot. This part costs three francs more than it does to ride in the inside of the carriage, which holds six. A place behind holds six also and there is room for three more on the top, including the conductor; the total is eighteen persons. There are sixty-two

stages and the postillion rides driving five horses, three in front and two with the pole ; they are strong, rather low horses, quiet and steady. At the end of this journey the conductor made a stated demand, which I suppose included the postillions, for none of the passengers gave them anything on the road. Soon after we left Lille we were stopped and made to turn out while the coach was examined, but there was no examination of the luggage or of our persons. The same ceremony occurred again at Douai, where we breakfasted in five minutes. They took our passports on entering, which were returned to us at Cambrai, where we dined, by a police officer, who asked us for his tip. The coach was examined for the third time at Cambrai, which is a fine town and strongly fortified. Douai is also fortified, these two being now the French frontier towns. I did not observe that there were any fortifications of importance after Cambrai.

We arrived at Paris on Wednesday at half-past twelve. We drove under cover into the place the diligence stopped at, where our luggage was slightly examined, the officer was very civil, quite different to those at Lille. The weather on this journey was fine and rather warm and sunny by day though we had occasional rain and at night it was rather cold with fine moonlight. The road was paved the whole way except for about ten or twelve English miles. There was nothing remarkable upon the road except the fortified towns and about fifty windmills for oil just outside Lille. I understand there are one hundred near the town. The road was not very hilly.

Wednesday, November 23rd.—I took a walk through the Palais Royal and afterwards dined with Ries in the "Boulevard des Italiens." After dinner I went to hear *Joseph* at the Opera Comique but the crowd appeared too great in going in and so we went to the Theatre de l'Opera, where the performance began at seven and was over at twenty minutes past eleven. The pieces performed were *La Servante Justifiée* with a pretty ballet, the music is by Kreutzer and was very good. Next came *Les Pretendus*, a comic opera in two acts with recitative throughout, the music by Lemoyne and very poor stuff. The singing was not very much better than the music. The last piece was a grand ballet of *Aline, Reine de*

Golconde, the music composed and selected by Dugazon, which was good, though perhaps there was too much violin obbligato but these solos were well played. The horn obbligato in one piece was perfect. I hope to be able to give an account of the orchestra later. The theatre was very fine but not so handsome as the large one at Berlin, though it reminded me of it. The Royal box, which is decorated with green and has the Royal arms with the Fleur-de-lys on the drapery, is on the stage up one pair of stairs on the left-hand side. There was rather an empty house. It may be a little wider than Covent Garden but I think it does not hold so many persons. We went upstairs into the long handsome room which is much more handsome and considerably larger than any of ours.

Thursday, November 24th.—I called at Schlesinger's music shop in the Rue Richelieu, he was out, also upon young Pleyel¹ who informed me that the Duchess of Hamilton was in Paris. I then called upon Rossini, who was in bed, he received me very politely. I met Porto² going out of his house. Next I called on Madame Fodor who was too unwell to see me. Her husband, M. Mainvielle, was very polite. I went to the Italian Opera House, a different theatre from the one I was in when last here. Catalani had this theatre but it has been made smaller and altered and decorated since she took it. I think it too gaudy, particularly the ceiling with twelve large figures, but it is well proportioned and handsomely fitted up. It is rather small but lofty. The orchestra is good and large for the size of the house. At the pianoforte, placed as at our opera-house, was M. Hérold.³ The leader was Mr. Cassé,

¹ Camille—the eldest son of Ignas Pleyel, the composer and founder of the far-famed Paris firm of pianoforte makers—was born at Strassburg in 1792. He became the head of the music business in 1824 and was associated with Kalkbrenner in the manufacture of pianofortes. He married Marie Moke, who was well known as Madame Pleyel the pianist. He resided for some time in London and died in Paris in 1855 (G.D.).

² Possibly Mathieu Porto, an Italian bass singer, who made his debut at Pavia. He appears to have visited Paris in 1810 and to have lived a great deal there between that date and 1826 (E.N.).

³ Louis Joseph Hérold was born in Paris in 1791 and entered the Conservatoire there in 1806, where he became a distinguished pupil. He was pianist to Queen Caroline when in Naples, afterwards returning to Paris by way of Vienna. From 1820 to 1827 he was pianiste-accompagnateur to the Opéra Italien, and in the latter year was appointed choirmaster at the Académie de Musique. He wrote much music and many popular operas, *Zampa* being one of them. He died in 1833 (G.D.).

who occasionally directed with his bow when necessary; he sat in the same situation as the leader at our opera-house. There were fourteen violins, four viole, six 'celli, six bassi and the wind instruments as usual, which were nothing extraordinary with the exception of some very excellent horns. The opera, which began about eight o'clock, was *La Rosa bianca e Rosa rossa* by Mayer. It is a serious opera and the music is good. The chorus singers were about sixteen in number and they sometimes lagged behind as ours do. Rubini,¹ the tenor, has much fame here, he is a good singer but flourishes in the falsetto too much and he trembled in some of his natural notes. Profetti is a bass, neither good nor bad. Giavanola, a tenor, to come on and go off. Madame Pasta,² in a male character, with thick legs, sung and acted delightfully. She is improved since I heard her in England. Mademoiselle Cinti³ is only a tolerable singer. Madame Rossi is fat and *passée*. The scenery and dresses were very good and appropriate. The theatre was nearly full. The performance began at eight and was over at a quarter to eleven. I saw at the theatre, Porto, Bianchi,⁴ who was formerly in London, Puzzi and M. Regnandin.

¹ Giovanni Battista Rubini was considered one of the most celebrated of tenor singers. He was born at Romano in 1795 and died there in 1854, leaving a very large fortune. He first appeared in Paris on October 6th, 1825, in the *Concorrentola*. He came to England in 1831 and divided his time between London and Paris until 1843, when he started on a tour with Liszt, going afterwards to Italy and Russia. The imitators of his mannerisms brought discredit on his style of singing (G.D.).

² Giuditta Pasta, the daughter of Jewish parents, was born at Como in 1798 and died at her villa on that lake in 1865. Educated at the Conservatorio at Milan, she came to England in 1816 and appeared with her husband, Pasta, a tenor, at the King's Theatre. After studying in Italy she returned to Paris in 1822 where she at once became famous. Her voice "was a splendid soprano extending from the low A to the highest D." She sang again in London in 1824, 1825 and 1837. Her acting also was considered remarkably fine (G.D.).

³ Laure Cinthie Damoreau was born in Paris in 1801 and educated at the Conservatoire there, where she made her debut, as Mlle. Cinti, when eighteen. She appeared in London in 1822 where she was engaged for the opera. In 1829 she was again in England, taking part with Malibran and Sontag. After a very successful career, she died at Chantilly in 1863 (G.D.).

⁴ Jacques Bianchi, an Italian singer, was born at Arezzo in 1768. He became a professor of singing in London about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was the author of several compositions, amongst them an ode upon the King's providential protection from assassination, which was published in London in 1800 (E.N.).

Friday, November 25th.—I called upon the Duchess of Hamilton and played billiards with Lady Susan, her daughter. The Duke was very kind. I called on Mr. West, who was out, and upon Mr. W. Spencer, who has just arrived from Calais. I had a long conversation with him and dined with Mr. Schlesinger; he is coming to England to study the trade in some music shop. I went later to the theatre of l'Académie Royale de Musique and saw the last part of the opera *Anacreon chez Polycrate*, by Grétry. I can give no account of it as I arrived so late. The ballet was *Cendrillon* the music by Spohr, in which both dancing and scenery were most exquisite but the story was not so well told as I expected. Schlesinger most kindly took us into a place, the amphitheatre I believe, which cost me fifteen francs for Ries and myself. After the performance he treated us to ice. On my return I found a card of invitation to a party at Baillot's¹ to-morrow night.

Saturday, November 26th.—I went at eleven o'clock, after Seguin² had breakfasted with me, by invitation, to the Duchess of Hamilton's where I played a duet with her and accompanied her singing. Pixis came at one and played an effective duet of Moscheles, op. 47 printed by Schlesinger, with her and the first movement of Hummel's "Grand Duet." After leaving the Duchess I called on Lady Augusta

¹ Pierre Marie François de Sales Baillot, one of the first of French violin players, was born at Passy, near Paris, in 1771. After studying in Italy he, in 1802, became a member of Napoleon's private band. Whilst travelling he came to London in 1816, when he played at the Philharmonic and was made a member of that society. He was leader of the band at the Grand Opera from 1821 to 1831, and occupied the same position in the royal band in 1825. He published much music, and died in 1842 (G.D.).

² Arthur Edward Seguin was born in London in 1809 and educated at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was a pupil of Sir G. Smart, who gave private lessons to him in 1835, as also in that year and the two following years to his wife (Ann Childe), who was also a pupil at the Royal Academy. He had a fine bass voice of great compass, and sang at concerts and in operas at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, etc. He then went to America, and later formed "The Seguin Troop," which performed both in the United States and in Canada. Here he was elected a chief of one of the Indian tribes, and named by them, "The man with the deep mellow voice." He died at New York in 1852 (G.D.).

D'Ameland¹ and Mademoiselle d'Este,² who are at the same hotel as Mr. Temple West, who was again out. On my return home I received an invitation to dine with him to-morrow, he left the letter and his card himself. I carried my answer and afterwards dined with Joseph Ries in the Palais Royal. I then went to Baillot's party, where I was much gratified. He played delightfully, particularly in a quintette of Beethoven's, which is arranged as a pianoforte trio, in C three flats, and a Russian air with variations arranged, I believe, by Baillot himself. I presume it was a subscription party. About forty were present, among them Scappa³ and Kalkbrenner, who gave me his card, Begrez⁴ was expected but did not come. The brother and sister of Madame Szymanowska⁵ gave me a ticket for her concert for Monday next. Scappa walked part of the way home with me.

Sunday, November 27th.—The pitch of the French Grand Opéra is rather sharper than my fork. The Italian opera at the beginning was exact with it, as also was Baillot's

¹ Lady Augusta Murray, second daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, morganatic wife of the Duke of Sussex. They were married at Rome in April, 1793, and at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the December of the same year. This marriage was dissolved by Parliament in August, 1794. In 1806 Lady Augusta received royal licence to take the name of D'Ameland instead of Murray. She was of royal descent, and their children, one son and a daughter, bore the surname of d'Este which belonged to common Italian ancestors of both parents (D.N.B.).

² Ellen Augusta, the only daughter of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. She married Thomas Wilde, first Baron Truro, who defended Queen Caroline in 1820. Lady Truro died in 1866. She was a pupil of Sir G. Smart for six years, namely from 1812 to 1818 (D.N.B.).

³ Scappa was a celebrated singing master in the early part of the nineteenth century. Madame Pasta was one of his distinguished pupils (G.D.).

⁴ Pierre Ignace Begrez was born at Namur in 1783, and studied the violin at the Conservatoire in Paris whilst playing in the orchestra of the Opéra. Having a fine tenor voice he soon turned his attention to singing, and in 1814 gained the first prize at the Conservatoire, making his debut as an actor the following year. He then went to London and was at the King's Theatre from 1815 to 1822, when he retired from the stage, and only sang at concerts whilst devoting himself to teaching. "He had a beautiful voice and good French style. He died in 1863" (G.D.).

⁵ Marie Szymanowska, an excellent pianist, and much admired by Goethe, was the daughter of Polish parents and was born in 1790. She was a pupil of John Field at Moscow, and after much travelling, visiting Germany, France and England, she died of cholera at St. Petersburg in 1831. She composed music for the pianoforte and a few songs (G.D.).

music throughout. Mr. Hüntten,¹ formerly of Coblenz, called upon Ries, he is established as a pianoforte master in Paris. By appointment I met Baillot at a coffee-house, who took me to the Royal chapel. The mass, which was short, was composed by Le Jeune, to whom I was introduced and to whom I sat next. It was rather pretty than fine. In the last chorus there was a long roll of the drum and a sort of crash. The responses after the mass were something like a long chant, they were sung by heart and accompanied by the organ only which had a fine effect. As far as I could make out there were fourteen violins, Kreutzer² first and Baillot second, two or four viole, two 'celli and two bassi, with the usual wind instruments. Plantade³ directed, and seemed very glad to see me. The vocalists were numerous and there were six boys in uniform with cocked hats. There were also plenty of ladies who sang the canto and alto parts, and also one old, if not more than one, castrato. Levasseur⁴

¹ Frans Hüntten was born at Coblenz in 1793 and became a pupil at the Conservatoire in Paris in 1819. "He lived by teaching and arranging pieces for the pianoforte, and his lessons and compositions in time commanded high prices. He retired to Coblenz in 1837 and died in 1878" (G.D.).

² Rodolphe Kreutzer was born at Versailles in 1766, and when sixteen, through the influence of Marie Antoinette, became first violin in the King's chapel; he then was appointed solo-violinist at the Théâtre Italien, when he commenced to produce operas. He went to Vienna in 1798, and there is said to have gained Beethoven's friendship, who dedicated the *Kreutzer Sonata* to him. He was professor of the violin at the Conservatoire in Paris from its beginning. "He was appointed first violin in the chapelle of the first consul in 1802, violin-solo to the Emperor in 1806, maître de la chapelle to Louis XVIII in 1815 and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1824. He became vice-conductor of the Académie in 1816 and was conductor in chief from 1817 to 1824. He died in 1831" (G.D.).

³ Charles Henri Plantade was born at Pontoise in 1764. He became a teacher of singing and the harp, and published romances and songs. Queen Hortense, who was his pupil, obtained for him the appointments of Maître de Chapelle and professor at the Conservatoire. He was decorated with the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII in 1814, and retired from public life in 1828. He died in 1839 (G.D.).

⁴ Nicholas Prosper Levasseur, the son of a labourer, was born at Bresles, Oise, in 1791. In 1807 he became a pupil at the Paris Conservatoire and appeared, in 1813, on the stage at the Académie. In 1816 he went to the King's Theatre in London. He sang in Milan in 1820, but remained chiefly in Paris, where he died in 1871. He was a clever actor and good singer, and in 1869 was appointed a chevalier of the Legion of Honour (G.D.).

was among the basses. I spoke to Vogt¹ who promised to call upon me. Of the Royal Family there were present the King,² the Duke³ and Duchess of Angoulême and the Duchess de Berri.⁴ When the King advanced to the centre of his pew an officer gave a signal with his stick to the drums in the centre of the chapel below, and they played a salute and the same when he went out. The sight in the Royal pew was grand, the two princesses had long trains borne up by two officers. The gallery and bottom of the chapel were crowded.

I left a card with Zucchelli⁵ and Talma, who were both out, took a long walk on the Boulevards and called on Schlesinger, who was out but I saw his brother. I dined with Mr. Temple West where we had quite an English dinner. I then went to the Théâtre de l'Opéra where the pieces were *Le Jugement de Paris*, a ballet pantomime, words by M. Gardel and music by Méhul; *Fernand Cortex*, by Spontini and *Le Carnaval de Venise*, a ballet pantomime by Milon with music by Rodolphe Kreutzer and Persuis. When we arrived the first ballet was over and the opera had just begun. The pit being full we mounted for the same price

¹ Gustave Vogt was born at Strassburg in 1781, and took the first oboe prize at the Paris Conservatoire in 1799. In 1801 he became oboe-solo at the Opéra Italien, and in 1802 co-professor at the Conservatoire. In 1805 he was appointed a member of the band of the Imperial guard and made the acquaintance of Haydn and Beethoven during the occupation of Vienna. Later he played at the Théâtre Feydeau and became first oboe at the Opéra in 1814, whilst his fame spread as a teacher at the Conservatoire. In 1825 he played at the Philharmonic Concerts in London and again in 1828. He was first oboe in the Chapelle du Rio from 1815 to 1830 and received the Legion of Honour in 1829. He died in 1879, having composed much music (G.D.).

² Charles X, who was king of France from 1824 to 1830.

³ Louis Antoine, Duke of Angoulême, was the son of Charles X, and was dauphin of France till the revolution in 1830. He married his cousin Marie Therese, the daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, to whom he had been betrothed in their lifetime (E.N.).

⁴ Caroline, eldest daughter of King Francis I, ruler of the two Sicilies. She married Charles Ferdinand, Duke de Berri, second son of Charles X, who was assassinated when leaving the theatre in 1820. A son born after his death became Duc de Bordeaux and Comte de Chambord (E.N.).

⁵ Carlo Zucchelli, a bass singer, was born in London of Italian parents in 1793. He sang at Novara in 1814, and afterwards at other Italian towns until 1818. He made his debut at the King's Theatre in 1822 and also at the "Antient Concerts." He sang in Paris in 1825. He died at Bologna in 1879 (B.M.B.).

into the gallery which is good for hearing though it is too far off to see well. The performance of this evening could not in my mind be compared with the performance of this opera at Berlin either in execution of the music or in the spectacle. Here there were no horses. The principal, and only, female sang well, none of the men were above mediocrity. After the opera I saw the greatest part of the ballet in the pit. The Punch in this ballet was above all praise, his legs were exactly like wooden ones. The theatre was crowded to excess.

Monday, November 28th.—I called with Ries at the Prussian minister's office to get his passport viséed, he was desired to call at two when he got it signed. I then called on our minister, where, after waiting about twenty minutes, it was viséed by Mr. Abercromby. I called at Madame Fodor's but she was out at rehearsal. Mr. J. Ries and I dined by invitation with Mr. Nadermann,¹ the harp player, whose brother also dined there. Mrs. Nadermann is rather handsome and is an amateur painter. Mrs. Nadermann, the mother, is a chatty old lady and knows Mrs. Clementi well.

We went to the French theatre hoping to see Talma in the new tragedy but the crowd was so very great and a coach, which was overturned with a famous crash, so frightened Joseph Ries that we walked into the Palais Royal instead of the theatre. By eight o'clock I was in the Théâtre Louvois,² where the Italian opera used to be given, at Madame Szymanowska's concert. It was by no means full and there were plenty of free admissions. My ticket was for the orchestra, that is, close to the stage, where I saw Puzzi, Zucchelli, Kreutzer, Pixis, Reicha, Scappa, Nadermann and others. Mademoiselle Cinti sang well, Rubini flourished greatly. Mademoiselle Schiasetti has an alto voice and rather attempts the style of Pasta, she is only second rate.

¹ M. Nadermann was a teacher of the harp at the Conservatoire de Musique in Paris. He was also a harp-maker, and constructed one from the specification of Johann Baptist Krumpholtz, the celebrated harpist and composer (G.D.).

² The Théâtre Louvois was pulled down after the assassination of the Duc de Berri in 1820, the idea being to erect a monument there to him; this was never done, but the site became instead a "Place" (E.N.).

Galli¹ has a tolerable bass voice. Mr. Tolbecque² a young man, evinces talent as a violin player. Vogt played "Home sweet home" with variations, the air pleased the audience. The orchestra on the stage was large and on one raised platform only, which was circular at the back and on this were the basses. Close to the front of the stage was the leader, behind him the first violins, opposite were the second violins. In the centre were the violoncello and bass, next behind them the row of wind instruments and behind these again five bassi and five, I suppose, 'celli. The band, the pitch of which was exact to my fork, went well but they were troubled in accompanying Hummel's "Air with variations." Madame Szymanowska played on a wretched pianoforte. Both her pieces were dreadfully long and the audience was outrageous in applause. There was a very short pause between the acts and I came away before the last piece.

Tuesday, November 29th.—I was obliged to leave at Lille the passport I brought from London, there they gave me another describing my person, saying I was to call for the original at the head police-office in Paris. Ries went there and obtained it for me upon giving up the one I had at Lille. They wrote something at the police-office on the original passport and then desired it to be taken back to the head police-office for another signature there, which we did this morning. Then it was to be taken to the French Bureau for Foreign Affairs, where upon paying ten francs, it was signed again and I was desired to call for it at four o'clock.

We went into Notre Dame, which looks more gothic without than within, after which we went into the Morgue but there were no bodies there. Mr. Ries then called on M. Herz,³ senior.

¹ Filippo Galli was born at Rome in 1783 and appeared at Bologna in 1804 as a tenor, and in 1812, after a serious illness which altered his voice, at Venice as a bass. He went to Paris in 1821, and in 1827 was engaged with Zucchelli for the season at a salary of £870. He became professor at the Conservatoire in 1842 and died in 1853 (B.D.M.).

² Auguste Joseph Tolbecque, one of a family of Belgian musicians, was born at Hansinne in 1801 and died in Paris in 1869. He was a pupil at the Conservatoire in Paris and also of Rodolphe Kreutzer. He became one of the best violinists at the Opéra, and was well known in London during some seasons, when he played first violin at Her Majesty's Theatre (G.D.).

³ M. Herz, the father of Heinrich Herz the well-known pianoforte player (E.N.).

Upon showing our passports we were admitted, with nothing to pay, into the Royal Museum at the Louvre and the Royal Galleries of statues and paintings there. The arrangements of these statues in the halls is most beautiful, the immense long gallery in which the pictures are placed is more striking than the pictures are themselves. The Dresden gallery of paintings interested me much more. Many artists were copying.

It was a very wet and windy morning, fiacres were useful, and it was curious to see the boards placed over the rivers in the middle of the street. I changed five pounds into French money at a shop in the Palais Royal, they allowed me twenty-five francs, for each pound English, but they would only give twenty-four francs, seventeen sous for an English pound bank-note.

I dined with the Duchess of Hamilton, who was much agitated on account of the expected death of the Duchess de Guise.¹ The Duke of Hamilton did not dine at home. The dinner-party included Lady Susan and her governess and the Marquis² and his tutor, Mr. Thomson. Lady Susan played with me. The duet was the arrangement by Latour of "Away with melancholy" and the first of Cramer's exercises.

In the evening I went by myself, in the first place by mistake, to the Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique, which I soon left and ordered the driver of the fiacre to drive me to the Théâtre de la Gaîté. The rascal never told me it was close by the theatre I had just left, which was the place where I had hired him. At the latter theatre I saw the popular melodrama *Le Chemin Creux*. It is in three acts and is by St. Alme and Henri, the music by M. Hostié, with ballet, and

¹ This title was assumed by members of the House of Condé about 1705 (E.N.).

² William Alexander Anthony Hamilton Douglas, only son of the tenth Duke of Hamilton. He was born in 1811 and married, in 1843, the Princess Mary, youngest daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, and the Grand Duchess Stephanie, cousin of Napoleon III of France. He succeeded his father in 1852 and died in 1863. He was a kind friend of Sir G. Smart, who gave him singing lessons at his house in Great Portland Street in 1833 and at Hamilton Palace in 1840. Amongst other occasions he stayed at the palace and conducted the music at the bringing home of the then Marquis of Douglas's bride to Scotland (B.P.).

most non-effective it was. A bad representation of an English ruffian sailor was introduced. I was in hopes it would have done for Covent Garden Theatre but there is not the least chance of its succeeding there. Both theatres were crowded to excess.

Wednesday, November 30th.—Mr. Vogt called as did also two friends of Ries. We secured the third and fourth places in the mail coach for Friday, paying fifty-four francs each. I called upon Mr. Schlesinger and next upon Talma who received me very kindly. I bought of him two tickets for the Théâtre Français this evening. I also left cards for Mr. West and Mademoiselle d'Este. In the evening I went with Joseph Ries to the Théâtre Français to see Talma in the tragedy of *Leonidas*, by Pichald, in five acts. The subject dealing as it did with the Greeks¹ was of course very popular. The scenery and spectacle was beautiful and the applause tumultuous. The theatre was so crowded that even the orchestra was taken away so that there was no overture before or music between the acts. After the tragedy we went by a door from the boxes into Talma's room. He was very polite and would have given me orders when I called upon him in the morning but I would not accept them. I now paid him thirteen francs, four sous for our two tickets.

Thursday, December 1st.—Mr. Vogt called and we went to Erard's, the pianoforte manufacturer's, house, that he might introduce me to Spontini, who received me most graciously. He is married to the sister of Erard of London. Later I went to the Duchess of Hamilton's where he had a long batch of singing after Pixis went away. Pixis played a good duet of Onslow's, in the old style rather, with the Duchess. I am to order her a pair of spectacles. At night I went with Ries to the opera Comique where the opera was *Joseph* by Méhul. It was well performed. Joseph was well sung

¹ The Greeks were under the dominion of the Turks from 1715 to 1821, when an insurrection, arranged by a secret Greek society, occurred which was eventually successful. They were joined by Lord Byron in 1823, but he died the following year. In 1825 the Greek patriots were aided by the English Admiral Lord Cochrane, who organized their fleet, and by the French Colonel Febvier, who instructed their army. A treaty was concluded in London in 1830, and in 1832 Otho, a prince of Bavaria, was proclaimed king (E.N.).

and acted by Mr. Ponchard,¹ the female Benjamin, Mademoiselle Casimir, was only tolerable. The second piece was *Emma, ou la promesse imprudente*, a comic opera in five acts, the words by Planard and the music by Auber. An apology was made for the absence of the female performer and it was stated that Madame Colon would perform two parts which she did by reading one. The performance of Emma, Madame Rigaut, was nothing to speak of. I think this piece was more effectively performed at Arnold's theatre. In the pit young Dunn of Edinburgh made himself known to me, he has been in Italy for about four years. He walked part of the way home with us.

Mr. Vogt says that the band at the great French Theatre consists of twenty-four violins, eight violes, twelve 'celli and eight bassi, the number of wind instruments being as usual, except that there are four fagotti and four cornets.

Friday, December 2nd.—In the morning I was actively employed packing up and young Schlesinger called bringing parcels for Moscheles. I then went with Ries to see the Royal Library. I suppose it was an open day as we were not asked for our passports. Besides the great quantity of books the following curiosities are placed in various parts of this large library. One pair of curious globes, a large orrery, a figure nearly as large as life of Voltaire, sitting in a chair, of imitation bronze. A large model of the pyramids, I suppose in Egypt. Mount Parnassus in bronze, and, in a smaller room, a valuable collection of coins, some of which were found in tombs with Egyptian mummies. I called and took leave of M. Schlesinger and also called on M. Mainvielle, he was out and Madame Fodor was too unwell to see anyone. On my way I bought a French piece, *Les Châtelaines*.

I left Paris with Joseph Ries at a quarter before six in the evening, in the malle-poste, it is a sort of chariot carrying three passengers inside and one out, besides the conductor. The fare was fifty-four francs and I gave five francs more to the conductor, though he is not entitled to demand anything either for himself or the postillions.

We arrived at Calais on the next night between twelve and

¹ Mr. Ponchard, a friend of Levasseur with whom he sang in concerts at Paris, was a pupil of Garat and later gave lessons to Mario (G.D.).

one o'clock. It lightened very strongly soon after we left Paris and was very hot. This was followed by hail and rain and a cold tempestuous night. We passed through St. Denis, Clermont, where we had coffee, and Amiens. Here we took refreshments as we stopped an hour waiting for the arrival of the Lille and other cross bags. It is a bad arrangement which, they say, will probably be changed. At Abbeville we had only time enough to buy some cold fowls, which we took into the carriage. We did not get anything at Boulogne-sur-mer.

Saturday, December 3rd.—After leaving the bags at the post office we were set down in some inn yard where the keeper of the keys of the town gate brought us our passports which we gave up on entering the city. Of course he had his fee. We were obliged to show our passports at two or three towns through which we passed but no fees were demanded. It certainly was quite enough to be woken out of one's sleep to show the passports. The conductor was very civil, he had formerly been an officer in the army. As we had previously determined to lodge at Quillac's Hotel we moved our bags and baggage there through a pouring rain and by half-past one got a good fire, supper and beds.

Sunday, December 4th.—A commissioner belonging to the hotel took our passports and brought each of us a paper, signed by the mayor, with permission to leave Calais. This paper we gave up to an officer standing at the side of the vessel and I also paid half a franc to another officer, for the use of the ladder, I suppose. The commissioners took our keys and trunks to be examined at the custom-house before they were sent on board. They only slightly looked into them, he said, but for all this I had to pay about five francs. After taking coffee, we went on board the "Spitfire" steamer, Captain Hamilton. A French steamer, "Le Henri Quatre," carrying the mails, started about ten minutes in front of us and got to Dover ten minutes before us. We left Calais about eight in the morning and got to Dover in three hours and a half, where we went ashore in boats, paying five shillings each. The regular demand is four shillings but we paid sixpence more for the board from which we stepped on to the shore. It was a very rough passage, though they said

the wind was tolerably fair. It rained hard a great part of the day. On landing we went to the Union Hotel which is second rate but comfortable and good. We sat down at seven o'clock to a plain English dinner.

A commissioner took our keys and had our trunks examined at the custom-house. My large trunk seemed scarcely to have been looked into. My night bag was well examined and I had to pay four shillings duty for the *Musical Journal* Schlesinger of Berlin gave me. I also paid this commissioner two shillings for portorage and two shillings for himself.

We left Dover in the Union Coach soon after six in the evening, it carried four inside. The fare was one pound, eight shillings, the coachman and guard five shillings, there was no charge for luggage. We stopped in the Blossoms Lane, from whence a branch coach took us to the Bell Inn, Holborn. Our route was through Canterbury, where we had tea, Sittingbourne, Rochester, where we would not take supper, and Dartford. We arrived in the City soon after six o'clock on Monday morning, December 5th, 1825, thanks to Almighty God, in good health.

CHAPTER XIV

1826

WEBER'S VISIT TO LONDON AND HIS DEATH

Correspondence with Weber—His visit to England—The Philharmonic—Weber's benefit concert—Anecdotes—His death and funeral—Dissatisfied letters from Germany—His monument erected later in Dresden—"Preventive" men at Margate.

MR. KEMBLE sent to C. M. von Weber, through me, the offer of an engagement to conduct all the oratorios at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, during the season in Lent, 1826, which Weber declined but he proposed to conduct the four last. He actually conducted five of them, for which he received from Mr. Charles Kemble one hundred and twenty-five pounds, in addition to the five hundred pounds for the copyright of *Oberon* in England, and two hundred and fifty-five pounds for conducting the opera for twelve nights during the season.

In consequence of my having been so kindly received by C. M. von Weber and Mrs. Weber at their residence in Dresden during my tour in Germany, in 1825, when I visited Beethoven, I invited Weber to come to my house in London until he could secure suitable lodgings for himself and Mr. Fürstenau, who came to London with Weber. The following answer was received :—

" My dear Sir,

" I cannot express enough the pleasure which has given me your kind letter, and the very good intentions and friendship which you express by it. To my sorrow, however, the circumstances do not allow me to accept the proposal of our honoured friend, Mr. Kemble, and the easy manner with which your goodness has made it so alluring for me, but, I

shall be happy enough, when I can arrive in London the first days of March, with the ended *Oberon* in my pocket.

"With gratitude I acknowledge your repeated invitation to come in your house, and I consent gratefully to give you this burden, as it is your will.

"Mrs. Weber returns your compliments in the most friendly way, and I am with sincere esteem and regard,

"My dear Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"C. M. v. WEBER.

"DRESDEN, Jan. 4th, 1826."

Received Jan. 26th. Enclosed in a letter to Mr. C. Kemble.

To this I replied :—

"LONDON, No. 91 GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

"January 27th, 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"I received your welcome letter *yesterday*, in reply to mine of Decr. the 9th last—I much regret that we shall not see you in London as soon as I hoped, but with the greatest pleasure I officially communicate the following proposal from our friend Mr. C. Kemble, as your last letter induced us to conclude you will *certainly* be in London *the first days in March*. I understand that *Oberon* is to be performed on March 27th doubtless therefore you cannot be later.

"Our six last Musical Performances during Lent in Covent Garden Theatre are on March 1st—3rd—8th—10th—15th—and 17th.—I am desired by Mr. C. Kemble to propose and conclude an engagement with you for *all* these dates, at Twenty Pounds (English Money) for each night.—Now my dear Sir, suppose you can only accept five of them, namely, March 3rd to 17th. You will thereby obtain one hundred pounds, which will enable you to put two extra horses to your carriage to come the faster, and in my humble opinion you will finish *Oberon* with less trouble and more to your own satisfaction in London than elsewhere by having the advantage of hearing the abilities of the performers; I am happy to acquaint you that one famous tenor singer, Mr. Braham, is engaged for your Opera.—I refer you to my

former letter for what will be required of you at the above performances, but think no further of this beyond putting 3 or 4 'partitions' in your portmanteau *of any of your compositions*, we have many of yours quite ready, which will assume a novel feature when directed by yourself, therefore I beg you not to lose a moment in informing me of your determination *by post* as that will travel faster than you probably will, and pray let me know the day of your departure, the route you will take and the probable time of your arrival in England.

"As posting in England is very dear and travelling by the public coaches much the best plan, I suppose you will leave your carriage at the place you embark from. I advise this to be Calais, as you will cross the sea from thence in about two hours; when you land at Dover a number of persons on the beach will torment you to go to the different hotels *they* recommend, but *I* recommend you to go to the '*Union Hotel*,' at Dover, ask for the *commissioner* at this hotel, desire him to take you to the office to enter your name, which foreigners must, but this is a mere form, and tell this commissioner to *clear your baggage at the Custom House*, he will understand the phrase, you must give him your keys, for this purpose, but all your property will be safe, the less you bring over the better, they will charge you at the Custom House a trifle per pound weight for your music and reading books, the amount the commissioner will tell you, and if you give him five shillings, English, extra, *after* he has brought all your baggage to the hotel, he will be sufficiently paid. As soon as possible, after you get your baggage, secure an inside place in a stage coach to London, which the master of the hotel will do for you, it will cost about one pound eight shillings, and you will have to give in addition, about five shillings to the coachman on the road. When you have secured this place be so good to write me a few lines from Dover *by the post*, which leaves Dover every afternoon about five, stating the *name* of the coach, the time it leaves Dover, and from what hotel, the time it will arrive in London but most particularly the *hotel in London* it will come to, for *there* I shall have the pleasure of meeting you. All this information you can obtain at the *coach office* at Dover.

Should any chance prevent our meeting on your arrival in London, you have only to order a fiacre, called a hackney coach, to take you to my house, No. 91 Great Portland Street. I think you will excuse my being thus particular in the consideration that I am anxious to save you some trouble *in a strange land*, for I know by experience what that is.

"I am delighted that you intend to honor me with becoming my guest, pray tell Mrs. Weber that I shall take every care of you, there shall be a piano-forte in your room for your exclusive use; if Mr. Fürstenau comes with you he can reside at a good hotel close to my house. I regret that I have not a room to offer him in my house.—Shall you bring a servant with you? I do not think you will want one in London for I have two very good ones, and we can find plenty of persons who will walk about London and be happy in that pleasure with you.

"And now gratify me by coming to my house as soon and staying as long as you possibly can, but favour me with a reply to the foregoing by *the very earliest opportunity*.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"GEORGE SMART.

"Mon. C. M. von Weber, etc., etc., etc."

On the 16th of February Weber again wrote.

"My dear Sir,

"I leave Dresden on the 16th of February, I shall sleep every night, because I am forbidden to travel by night.—I remain one day at Frankfort, and I hope to arrive at Paris the 25th February. There I must remain some days, and therefore I cannot be in London, embarking at Calais, before the 5th or 6th of March. Consequently I can only accept the fair offer of our honoured friend Mr. Kemble, for the four last oratorios, the 8th, 10th, 15th, and 17th for which I hope Mr. Kemble will accord me the round sum of one hundred pounds sterling.

"Beyond all this, however, I must entirely apply to your goodness; without that I would be a very helpless being. But you prove yet already by your kind letter, and the very

useful advices which you give me in it, for which I cannot be enough indebted to you, that I can hope every aid by your friendship. Your letter shall be my direction after which I regulate myself; and Mrs. Weber is a great deal more tranquil, to see me in such hands in England, and looks upon it with hearty thanks.

"I am not attended by a servant, but Mr. Fürstenau will come along with me, and I am very glad to know that he can reside near me.

"The engagement of Mr. Braham is very good news, and gives me great pleasure.

"If this letter goes so fast as yours, you can give me, if you think it necessary, some news at Paris, where my direction is by Moritz Schlesinger's. And now, my dear Sir, I give you a hearty shake hands, and remain, with all regard and esteem,

"Yours faithfully,

"C. M. v. WEBER."

To this I replied :—

"LONDON, No. 91 GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

February 20th, 1826.

"My dear Mr. Weber,

"I was delighted by receiving your kind letter of the 6th. I hope you have arrived in good health at Paris.

"I am desired by Mr. Kemble to assure you, that, he looks forward with the greatest pleasure to seeing you in London. He most readily consents to realise the '*hope*' you have expressed, therefore you will receive *the hundred pounds* for conducting one act of your own compositions at each of the four last oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre, viz. on March 8, 10, 15, and 17th next, and he further desires me to acquaint you, that he will devote himself, to the utmost of his power, to render your engagements to the theatre as pleasant as possible to yourself.

"I hope to have the gratification of receiving you in my house *at the latest* on Saturday evening, March 4th, that we may arrange the performance for the following Wednesday, for which your name will be immediately announced in the newspapers, etc.: therefore I should deeply regret any disappointment, which I do not anticipate, I conclude your

stay at Paris will be as short as possible. They are copying out the parts of *Oberon* from the score you sent, which are, as yet, only the 1st and 2nd acts, except the finale to the 2nd act.—Give my best compliments to Mr. Schlesinger and also to Mr. Fürstenau, we must contrive, if possible, for him to play a concerto one night at the oratorios.—I rely on the pleasure of receiving a letter from you as soon as you land at Dover.

“Wishing you a pleasant journey to this country,

“Believe me with sincere esteem,

“GEORGE SMART.”¹

Weber arrived at my house on March 5th, which alas! he never left alive! He died the following 5th of June. Fürstenau lodged at Heinke's in Great Portland Street.

I fitted up our present bedroom for Weber and put in a cottage pianoforte. He stayed nearly all the day in this room finishing *Oberon*. The three volumes of the original manuscript scores he sold to Covent Garden Theatre. Miss L. Robertson gave these to me after the death of her uncle.

During Weber's visit I went with him on March 14th to Savory's house. On the 19th he, Fürstenau and I went to Mr. W. Bell's² dinner, on the 25th we dined with Mrs. Charles Kemble and on April 9th we went to Chelsea Hospital.

On April 3rd C. M. von Weber conducted the Philharmonic concert in London, for which he received fifteen guineas. At this concert the following of his compositions were performed: Scena from *Der Freischütz*, Overture to *Euryanthe*, Scena *La dolce speranza*, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*.

¹ “The first and second acts reached Weber on January 18th, 1825, and the third on February 1st. He set to work on January 23rd, the first number he composed being Huon's grand air in the first act. He laid the work aside during the summer, but resumed it September 19th. The last number, the overture, was completed in London April 29th, 1826” (G.D.).

² Mr. W. Bell was the uncle of Mr. Doyne Bell, who was librarian at Windsor Castle and private secretary to Prince Albert. Mrs. W. Bell was a pupil of Sir G. Smart in 1821 and 1822 (E.N.).

On my fiftieth birthday, May 10th, Weber and Charles Frederick Smart, my brother, dined with me.

Weber's benefit concert took place at the Argyll Rooms on the 26th of May. His profit thereon was ninety-six pounds eleven shillings. Mr. Fürstenau mentioned this in a letter to M. Boettiger, counsellor of the court of the King of Saxony, where he remarked upon the apathy of the Germans in London relative to this benefit concert.¹

At the request of W. Ward, M.P. for the City of London and director of the Bank of England, Weber composed a song for Miss Stephens, now the Dowager Countess of Essex. This she sang at his benefit concert. Mr. Ward paid twenty-five guineas for it. It was Weber's last composition and I do not think that it has ever been published. We accompanied this song at his concert from the sketch he made of it, but he did not live to write the pianoforte part, part of which was added later by Moscheles. I have Weber's sketch of this song. Weber's knowledge of English poetry was so perfect that he pointed out an error in the manuscript copy of the words when it was brought to him to set to music.

Messrs. Welsh and Hawes,² proprietors of the Royal Harmonic Society Institution in London, presented C. M. von Weber with a silver cup with an inscription on it.

During Weber's residence in my house I invited Mr. Hawes to meet him at dinner, as he had, in conjunction with Braham, brought out *Der Freischütz* at Arnold's Theatre. For this Mr. Hawes took some credit to himself but Weber angrily replied that there was no great merit or risk in his having done so, considering the success it had had in every theatre in Germany at which it had been performed. *Der Freischütz* was a sore subject with him for though it was

¹ See page 256.

² William Hawes was born in 1786, and was chorister of the Chapel Royal from 1793 to 1801. He became violinist at Covent Garden Theatre in 1802, and the next year was deputy lay vicar at Westminster Abbey. From 1805 he was one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and in 1814 was made almoner, master of the choristers and vicar-choral of St. Paul's. In 1817 he became master of the children and lutenist of the Chapel Royal, and was for some time director of the music at the Lyceum. He composed glees, and was a music publisher in the Strand. He died in 1846 (G.D.).

performed in so many theatres in Germany, it did not enrich him further than by getting him out of debt with Schlesinger of Berlin, for the success of this opera being uncertain, from the nature of the story and the style of the music, the agreement between Weber and Schlesinger was that, whether the opera succeeded or not, the debt from Weber to Schlesinger was to be cancelled but that Weber was not to receive any money for it and the copyright was to be Schlesinger's, though of course the payments for its performance in the theatres in Germany came to Weber.

We were preparing a performance under Weber's direction at Covent Garden Theatre and I conducted a rehearsal of it for Weber, on the 2nd of June, on account of his illness, but his death stopped the concert.

A benefit concert was given at Covent Garden Theatre after his death, the hoped-for profit from which was to have gone to Mrs. Weber, but the receipts did not equal the expenses.

At one of the rehearsals Mori was laughing at some joke when Weber observed that he was astonished at anyone laughing during a rehearsal.

Weber did not like contralto voices, even our best. He heard Mr. William Knyvett¹ at a glee party at John Capel's but it gave him no pleasure.²

One day, when walking with Weber near Portland Place, a street organ was playing, with false notes, his celebrated "Huntsmen's Chorus" in *Der Freischütz*. He was very angry, and said, "Why do you allow such compositions to be murdered?" My reply was that I could not help it.

¹ William Knyvett was gentleman of, and composer to, the Chapel Royal, also lay vicar of Westminster Abbey. For more than forty years he was the principal alto singer at the best concerts and provincial festivals, "being greatly admired for the beauty of his voice and his finished style of singing, particularly in part music." He was a conductor of some note, and wrote glees, songs, and anthems for the coronations of George IV and Queen Victoria. He was born in 1779 and died in 1856 (G.D.).

² On this occasion many of our best glees were performed by our finest singers, but they made, on the whole, a painful impression on Weber, on account of the male counter-tenor voice, which he said was unnatural and disagreeable. On the Continent the male counter-tenor is unknown, whereas in this country it has long been considered essential to the production of complete vocal harmony (H.M.H.).

"The man," I said, "has the liberty to play the tunes as they are set on the barrel." "Then," said he, "such liberty should not be allowed in any country."

When Weber returned to my house after the performance of the music in *Aladdin*, by Bishop, which was brought out at Drury Lane in opposition to *Oberon*, upon my asking him what he thought of it, he said, "Bishop has the same fault which we German composers have, there is too much of the tromboni."

Braham objected to the song Weber composed for him in *Oberon*, he therefore wrote, "O, 'tis a glorious sight," which he brought downstairs and said, "I hope this will please Mr. Braham." Weber did not appear to be pleased with the change of songs.

It was unfortunate for Weber that Rossini was in London this season, for he was invited to many musical parties but Weber to only a few. At one of these parties, given by Mrs. Coutts,¹ the banker's wife, who paid him twenty-six pounds, five shillings, a lady asked him to play the overture to *Der Freischütz*. He declined, saying it was not composed for the pianoforte. The lady immediately brought him a printed copy, on which was written, "Arranged for the Pianoforte by the composer." Weber instantly went to the instrument and played it, from which I learned the times, etc. When it was over, he came to me asking, "Who is that lady?" I answered, "Lady Guildford."² "She has taught me a lesson," he said. "I never will again arrange overtures for the pianoforte."

Carl von Weber was found dead in his bed about ten minutes to seven on the morning of June 5th, 1826. Lucy

¹ Miss Harriet Mellon, who was of good parentage and a most popular actress. She married Thomas Coutts, the wealthy banker, in 1815, three months after the death of his first wife, and endured much abuse in consequence. He died in 1822, and in 1827 she married William, 9th Duke of St. Albans. She died in 1837, leaving much of her vast possessions to the grand-daughter of her first husband, who eventually became the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The Duchess of St. Albans was the firm friend and patroness of Sir G. Smart, and for many years he both arranged and conducted her musical entertainments at Holly Lodge and Stratton Street (E.N.).

² Susan, daughter of Thomas Coutts, the banker, by his first wife. In 1796 she became the second wife of the third Earl of Guildford and his widow in 1802. She died in 1837 (B.P.).

Hall slept in the room next to his, and he was asked to leave his door unlocked in case he required her help in the night, but this he refused to do. In the morning Lucy came down to inform me that the door was locked and that she had knocked several times but had received no answer, upon which I sent for Heinke, and he came with Fürstenau. We burst open the bedroom door, when we found Weber dead, lying tranquilly on his right side, his cheek in his hand.

I had dined with him in his bedroom the night before his death, which did not appear to be near. He drank two or three glasses of port wine, and this reminds me of an observation he made. Upon my asking him if the hock, which I went to some expense to procure, was not good, "Tolerable," he said, "but do not trouble yourself to give a German hock, for he can probably obtain better in his own country. Have you any port? *That* we cannot easily get good."

Finding Weber dead, I sent to a medical man who lodged at a house opposite. He came immediately but said it was of no use to bleed him. Perhaps Weber was dying about the time I was returning home late from a musical party at Mrs. Coutts.

When Moscheles arrived—I had sent for him—we looked over Weber's effects. I took possession of the money and the will, etc., found in the bureau, which gave me some trouble and expense to execute. He had put all his clothing in order in the drawers the day before he died, as he was anxious to return to Dresden as soon as possible. Amongst his things was a stamped paper, being a receipt from the Saxon Government dated September 15th, 1823, of the deposition of his last will.

The copy of his will, made by Cameron, of Gray's Inn, was entitled outside:—

"Copy of the Will of Carl Maria Baron von Weber.

Will dated September 15th, 1823.

"Administration with the Will annexed was granted to Anton Bernhard Fürstenau, as Attorney for the Widow, on the 3rd August, 1826."

The medical certificate given after Weber's body was opened ran as follows :—

“On examining the body of C. M. von Weber we found an ulcer on the left side of the larynx. The lungs were universally diseased and filled with tubercles, of which many were in a state of suppuration, with two vomicae, one of them about the size of a common egg, the other smaller. All which was quite sufficient cause of his death.

“Signed F. Jencken, M.D., Ch. F. Forbes, M.D.,
P. M. Kind, M.D.,¹ W. Robinson, Surgeon.

“91 GREAT PORTLAND STREET,
“5th of June, 1836. 5 o'clock.”

This memorandum was also found of the amount of payments he received in London :—

From the Proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
For the copyright of <i>Oberon</i> in London	500	0	0			
For conducting this opera twelve nights	255	0	0			
For conducting selections from <i>Der Freischütz</i> five nights during the performance of oratorios ...	125	0	0			
	<hr/>			880	0	0
Performance at the Marquis of Hertford's concert				26	5	0
Ditto at Mrs. Coutts' concert				26	5	0
Profit of the benefit concert at the Argyll Rooms				96	11	0
For conducting the Philharmonic concert ...				15	15	0
From W. Ward, Esq., for composing a song ...				26	5	0
	<hr/>			1071	1	0

I do not know if Weber received more than this total, nor am I acquainted with the remittances he may have made to Germany or elsewhere. Some there must have been, as only seven hundred and eighty-two pounds, six shillings, English money, was found in his room after his death. This sum

¹ Dr. Kind was the nephew of a friend of Weber in Germany (H.M.H.).

and other effects, of which a list was found in his room after his death, also a copy of his will, were delivered by me to Mr. Fürstenau and I have his receipt for the same.

On July 1st I received the following letter :—

“ No. 4 CHURCHROW, FENCHURCH STREET,

“ Dear Sir,

“ *July 1, 1826.*

“ The family of our lamented friend have not availed themselves of the offer of my Services, as you will perceive from the Translation of Mr. Fürstenau's power of Attorney, in which my name does not appear. I have therefore no official communication to make to you, but give me leave to address a few words to you in Support of our friend Fürstenau's proposal to deviate in this Instance from the usual formalities. Fürstenau wishes to leave London as soon as possible and to see everything settled before he goes. I can see no kind of danger in your paying over to him the money of Mrs. von Weber, and delivering up the Effects to him, as the Saxon Chargé d'Affaires will instantly give you a discharge as satisfactory as possible which must protect you from any future Claim, if such a proceeding could ever be contemplated: I am perfectly convinced, that no one abroad would ever think of any future demand upon you; the power of attorney being according to the law sufficient authority for you to deliver everything into the hands of Mr. Fürstenau; the Chargé d'Affaire's guarantee added to this would satisfy my mind perfectly.

“ I have still the key to the box of the Silver Cup which I forgot to give Mr. Fürstenau this morning; I shall deliver it to him as soon as I see him.

“ I remain, dear Sir,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ H. GOESCHEN.”

I answered this on July 3rd but kept no copy of my letter.

C. M. von Weber's funeral, at the Roman Catholic Church, St. Mary's, in Moorfields, took place from my house on the 21st of June, 1826. The procession started about half-past nine in the morning. The hearse was drawn

by six horses. There were sixteen mourning coaches and four private carriages. The coffin was eventually removed from the chapel in London to Dresden. No notice of this removal was given to me then or since.

The Latin inscription on the coffin was written by the late Dr. Kerrison of London. For a full account of the ceremony, the names of the professors who attended the funeral and the performers in Mozart's *Requiem*, see the *Times* of June 22nd, 1826.

The funeral expenses were as follows :—

For the vault, etc., at the Catholic Chapel of St.	£	s	d.
Mary's, in Moorfields	23	14	0
The undertaker's bill, Smith, in Great Portland			
Street	188	1	0

This was defrayed by subscriptions from some of the principal members of the musical profession in London and from other persons. The undertaker's stamped receipt was for one hundred and thirty pounds only, the total expenditure being, as per Charles F. Smart's (the secretary's) book of receipts and expenses, one hundred and fifty-two pounds, seven shillings.

Many professors, and others attending the funeral, subscribed for the mourning coach, finding their own gloves, one pound eleven shillings and sixpence. This total came to sixty-six pounds, three shillings.

The following members, members of the com-	£	s	d.
mittee, subscribed ten pounds, fifteen shillings			
and sixpence each, towards making up the			
deficiency in payment of the funeral ex-			
penses :—Messrs. Moscheles, Braham, Hawes,			
T. Collard, L. Chapell, T. Preston, Jas. Power,			
G. T. Smart Total	86	4	0
Total receipt	152	7	0

The residue of the undertaker's bill left unpaid was fifty-eight pounds, one shilling. I do not know if Smith has ever received this from Mr. D'Almaine.¹

¹ Mr. D'Almaine was one of the partners in the well-known publishing firm, for the production of the works of English composers, of Messrs. Goulding and Dalmaine, 20 Soho Square (G.D.)

I received for the repayment of some of the money I expended after Weber's death thirty-four pounds, seven shillings. This included my payment to the Rev. J. Lee, one of the chaplains of the Bavarian Embassy, of one guinea for reading prayers over the body of Weber in the room upstairs, W. Hall and I only being present.

After the death of Weber the following correspondence took place between myself, Frau von Weber, M. Boettiger, Herr Fürstenau, and Herr Goeschen :—

"Sir,

"DRESDEN, June 15th, 1826.

"I never imagined, that I should write to you, whose personal acquaintance since we saw you at M. Weber's table has been so dear to me, in such a heart-breaking affair. Yesterday the news of M. Weber's death arrived here. All Europe will condole. A burst of grief is in the whole town. Tears are flowing from every cheek. We all boasted in the possession of the man, who enjoyed a European reputation. But all this is nothing to the grief of poor Mrs. Weber. She came to town this morning quite in a desponding state, and charged me with most heartfelt expressions of gratitude towards you, Sir, for all the kindness you have shown to him from his first entrance in your hospitable dwelling till the last moment of a life, which, I am afraid, has been embittered with many disappointments, flowing perhaps from the public distress your country has been labouring under in the last three months, and from engagements rather rashly contracted. By the bye, it is much to be wished for, that you may find leisure enough to give me some explanation about Mr. Weber's transactions—with Mr. C. Kemble; a common report but not originating from Mr. Weber's letters, who kept a persevering silence on this point, having been spread all over Germany, that Mr. Kemble did not act well with Mr. Weber. I cannot believe it, because you, Sir, have been witness of the engagement made at Ems, and how confidently Mr. Weber, who never meddled much with money affairs, and did not know what could be asked for in England, relied on the *bona fides* of a gentleman. Now give me leave to observe, that it is for the honor of your country,

that such rumours may be contradicted. We understand that poor Mr. Weber's concert, the 27th of May, has been very thinly attended, notwithstanding the ample promises from every side that even in the present circumstances it would be highly patronised, and that his benefit in Covent Garden Theatre was fixed precisely on the day he expired. Dare I put to you the question, if the benefit cannot take place still, before the close of the season, arranged in such a manner, that in commemoration of the loyalty of a man, who sacrificed his life to the strict fulfilment of his engagement, the house may be crowded still, and bring a fine round sum? For I can assure you, that Mr. Weber leaves only a trifle to his Widow and two uneducated sons, and that only for the purpose, to find some recompense in the generosity of your nation, and—let me add—your king himself, who never gave an answer to his putting the self-same cantata, now brought forward in his concert, at its first appearance, to his Majesty's feet. All these things are no secret to us, and will be told over and over again in our papers.

"Mrs. Weber confides entirely in your prudence and benevolence. She takes her two fondlings, Max and Alexander, in her arms, and presents them to you, that you may be kind to them, as you have been to their father. She is fully convinced that, by your influence and powerful mediation, something may still be gained for the orphans deprived now of all the aid of a father much celebrated by fame, but not favoured by fortune. The Counsellor of the Saxon Embassy, now resident in London, Mr. Biederman, has much ardor, I understand, to assist and offer his services in anything, which may suffer some delay or put a stop to the speedy departure of that excellent man M. Fürstenau, Mr. Weber's fellow-traveller and companion. May you have a moment to spare to bestow upon me the favour of a full answer, which I may communicate to Mrs. Weber.

"I am and ever shall be with the highest esteem, and sentiments of gratitude you have impressed me,

"Sir, your most obedient servant,

"CHAVLE. BOETTIGER.

"Counsellor of the Court of the King of Saxony."

Herr Boettiger's letter was answered both by Fürstenau and myself. Herr Fürstenau wrote in German, of which this is the translation.

"My dear Sir and Friend,

LONDON, *July 3rd*, 1826.

"Your letter to Sir George Smart has been kindly communicated to me by him, and I was surprised that you, and, as you say, all Germany, have a false view of the circumstances between von Weber and C. Kemble. I, the impartial, and constant companion of von Weber may be permitted to prove to you the contrary, as I know everything pretty correctly from our late friend himself, and you will allow me, therefore, my very worthy friend, to answer your letter *seriatim*. It is very praiseworthy of you that you thank Sir George in the name of Madame von Weber, for his uncommon reception and treatment of the deceased; only I should have liked to have seen it done more cordially and gratefully, since I can assure you that Sir George considered no sacrifice too great to serve him, not only during his life time, but equally after his lamented death; the former of which Weber himself has constantly acknowledged to me with emotion, and I alone can judge of it, since I often witnessed Sir George's sympathy, which showed his admiration of both Weber's talents and virtues. The conduct of Mr. Kemble and his family have been the same; and I often witnessed the happy and cheerful hours that Weber spent in this circle. Respecting his engagement about *Oberon*, and his coming here, the conduct of the managers of Covent Garden has been remarkably kind, having done a *great deal* beyond their obligations. The sum which Weber received for this opera has *never* been paid by this theatre before; and, judging of all the circumstances, such as I now know them, the payment has been a very decent one, and could not have been more, since, notwithstanding the great interest the piece inspired, the expenses which it caused, have not been repaid yet, and everyone who knows London acknowledges that Mr. Kemble has made rather a disadvantageous bargain. People in Germany think London is paved with gold; I was once of this opinion myself, and a person must have been here to be able to judge. Mr. v. Weber's coming

here did not form a part of the contract, but was a private speculation of his own; and the theatre, by allowing him to direct several times, giving him to earn a sum of three hundred and eighty pounds, and moreover granting him a benefit, deserves more thanks from Germany than it now receives. Mr. von Weber was always highly satisfied with the conduct of the theatre towards him, and told me repeatedly, 'They are doing their utmost for me'; on which account he never showed the letter which you wrote him in English, as it contained so much about this subject, and he saw that he ought not to offend the managers in return for their kind endeavours for him. After his lamented death, too, the promised benefit was given for the advantage of his family, and it was the fault of the public, and not theirs, that neither this nor his concert did turn out well. Rather should you, and we all, be angry with our countrymen in London, for their taking so little interest in Weber, for it will be an eternal disgrace to them that they did not fill a concert-room holding no more than six hundred people; indeed this lack of interest went so far, that even those to whom we had been recommended, and among them your own friends, showed nothing of that common attention which is expected even from the illiterate. The Counsellor Winkler will be able to give you some details on this subject from my letters. As to the cantata sent by Weber to the King, it happened, as it generally does when things of that kind are sent to great people without their permission being previously obtained, they remain in most cases without an answer. Beethoven has made the same experience here. I know that Sir George Smart has taken, even during Weber's lifetime, various useless steps about it.

"It grieves me much to see these excellent people mentioned in this letter, so deeply hurt by yours, I consider it your duty, my worthy friend, now when you will think differently on this subject, that you will speedily tranquillize their minds by a few heartfelt lines; nor shall I fail, on my return, to do justice publicly to the extraordinary interest they have shown. Farewell, I hope to see you soon again; in the mean time grant a friendly recollection to your devoted

"FÜRSTENAU."

The following letter was written at the end of the above epistle :—

“ No. 91 GT. PORTLAND STREET, LONDON.

“ July 3, 1826.

“ Sir,

“ I have to acknowledge the receipt of the letter you honored me with, dated June the 15th last.

“ I very much deplore, that, erroneous reports should have created doubts in any person's mind as to the truly honorable and friendly conduct towards the late Mr. von Weber of Mr. C. Kemble and the other gentlemen connected with him in the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and, confidently expect, that, the foregoing letter from Mr. Fürstenau, in justice to all parties, will be published, should it be rendered necessary by any erroneous accounts appearing in the foreign newspapers, etc.

“ I trust, Sir, you will pardon *my* not having fully answered to the various points in your letter, in consideration of my deeming that it would be infinitely more satisfactory to yourself and the publicity you will naturally give to it, in order to support the truth, that, the information should come from Mr. Fürstenau, who was, as he states in the foregoing letter to you—‘*the impartial and constant companion*’ of the late Mon. von Weber, and therefore the world may conclude, was acquainted *by him* with all his affairs in London.

“ Will you have the goodness, Sir, to present my respects to Mrs. Weber and assurances that I fully appreciate and condole with her grief; I am most grateful for the kind mention she has made of the little attentions I had the fortunate opportunity of bestowing on our late friend, his high professional fame caused our acquaintance, his goodness of heart and upright conduct upon all occasions will treasure his recollection in my memory to the end of my life.

“ I am,

“ With the highest consideration,

“ Yours most obediently,

“ GEORGE SMART.

“ *To Mon. Böttiger, Counsellor of the Court of the King of Saxony, etc., etc., etc.*”

A letter from Frau von Weber reached me on July 1st and was sent by me to Herr Göschen for translation. This was done and returned with an answering letter. The translation of Frau von Weber's letter is as follows :—

“ Esteemed Sir and Friend,

“ You will attribute it to the overpowering grief at the loss of the best of husbands, if I neglected every duty during the first days, after the mournful event ; if I thought of nothing but of my deplorable situation—of no one but of my departed lord. Mr. Boettiger has been so good as to convey to you the Expressions of my sincere and everlasting gratitude for the incomparable Kindness and Friendship, which you have had for my dear husband, but my heart prompts me, myself to repeat them, though I am not able to couch them in the terms of your own language. May God Almighty reward you for all, you have done for him and for us. It is the greatest blessing with which my good husband could part from us, that he acquired such friends for his family. If my boys grow up to be honest men, worthy of touching the Ashes of such a father, they may perhaps personally express to you their gratitude and their mother's, who by that time will long since be gone home to the Father of All. These poor orphans are the only Tie remaining betwixt the world and myself. For their sake their father sacrificed his life, for them will I carry the burthen of cheerless days to the end of mine.

“ You will oblige me by assuring Dr. Kind and Mr. Goeschen of my best thanks. Weber has frequently mentioned in his letters the kind solicitude of these faithful friends, and my anxiety for him was much relieved by knowing him under your and their care. May God grant them also his blessing for their affectionate kindness. We have but feeble words to thank them, but never can we forget how much we are indebted to you and to them.

“ Farewell, honored friend ; may your life be happier than ours,—we are forsaken.

“ For ever gratefully yours,

“ LINA VON WEBER.”

" My dear Sir,

" I am really obliged to you for sending me Mrs. von Weber's letter for translation ; it is a very sensible letter, expressive of good feeling, and in every respect highly satisfactory. My Translation does not do justice to the Original, but it will convince you that your kindness, the great services which you have rendered to our lamented friend and to his family are properly appreciated by Mrs. von Weber, and I trust by everyone everywhere. You have a literal Translation of the letter at any rate, though not a good one.

" When will our poor good friend Fürstenau be able to return to his wife and Children. Indeed I am angry with their High and Mightinesses at Dresden for managing the thing in their way.

" Whenever you want me as Interpreter, send me word and I will attend, but please mention a convenient hour, for from 10 o'clock till 5—I cannot very well be spared at the Counting house.

" I am respectfully Yours,

" *July 22, 1826.*"

" H. GÖSCHEN.

On July 24th I received a second letter from Frau von Weber and this also Mr. Göschén translated for me, sending, with the translation, an accompanying note of his own; these were :—

" To my great astonishment and affliction I have perceived from Mr. Fürstenau's letter, that the letter of Mr. Boettiger has given dissatisfaction both to you, dear Sir, and to Mr. Kemble, instead of containing nothing but Expressions of gratitude for your kindness. Gracious Heaven! Are we not already miserable enough? Must our friends by their endeavours to serve us, render us still more wretched, and make us appear ungrateful in your eyes? Convinced as I am of Mr. Boettiger's excellent disposition, I am persuaded that seeing us in this state of sorrow, and wishing to assist us to the utmost of his power, his zeal was excited to such a degree as to mislead him in the choice of the means for that purpose. It is true my dear husband, all our friends *and the public* have been disappointed in their expectations as to the

result for Weber of this journey; more especially no one will believe, that Weber really got no more than £500 for the Opera and the Copyright of it for all England. Weber seemed to make a secret of it, whilst he was in Germany, perhaps under the impression that his friends might disapprove of his terms, he has *never* complained of it in his letters from London; he was too proud to do that. Indeed it would be unjust even to murmur at it, as it was at his option to compose for this price, or to refuse it. But do not censure too severely his friends, who were so much attached to him, if the Idea, 'he risked his life for this sum' renders them rather unjust; and much more do not blame us, as we have no share in the complaints, and were perfectly ignorant of the contents of that letter. Fürstenau writes that on account of it he meets with still greater difficulties in settling Weber's little property affairs. This would be hard indeed. For Fürstenau lives at *our* expense in England, and thus the little inheritance of my poor children, which their father purchased for them by the greatest sacrifice, will be more and more diminished. To you, as the friend of my beloved husband, I strenuously recommend the interest of my children. You will watch over it, I am sure, with parental care; you will not allow that we shed tears of sorrow with those for the loss of the kindest father. Pray speak to Mr. Kemble on my behalf, and request him to prove on this occasion, by kindness to the children of his friend, the kind affection he felt for him. Permit me again to assure you of my sincerest gratitude, with which I remain for ever

"Yours,

"LINA VON WEBER."

"Dear Sir,

"Excuse the delay; I should have sent you the translation yesterday (on Tuesday it was impossible), but the fact is, I spent part of the day out of town. To say the truth, I have been now and then rather puzzled in translating this letter, as I am aware of the Importance of it in a certain Quarter. Some passages of it have turned out shocking bad English, but without ruminating a long time upon them, I do not know, how to word them properly and

truly at the same time. The latter Sentence referring to Kemble is the worst of all. The German runs thus—‘and request him in my name to show now by what he does for the children of the deceased, that he was the benevolent friend, or rather well meaning friend, of their father.’ But worded in this way the phrase may be misunderstood, after what has passed. As it stands in the translation, it conveys the true meaning of the widow and is not liable to misapprehension.

“Indeed I should be glad to speak to you on the subject. It is clear, here we have had some officious persons meddling with Weber’s affairs, who have undertaken to do one thing, and whilst doing it, they could not help doing another job, they would not refrain from giving vent to their Spleen, for I can assure you from what I have seen on the Continent coming from England, if you do not pay three times as much for any production of the mind, as can be got abroad for it, you will not give satisfaction. My lord anglais !

“I am yours,

“July 25.”

“H. GÖSCHEN.

Mr. Hogarth, in his *Musical History*, says : “From these letters it appears”—namely the two from Frau von Weber, and one from Herr Boettiger, with Mr. Fürstenau’s answer, which he published, with Sir George Smart’s permission, in the second volume of his book, a copy of which Sir George Smart sent to Baron von Weber—as seen further on—in 1861 —“that, though Weber while in England, was neglected not only by those who, from their wealth and station, are especially called upon to encourage genius, but also by the public at large, yet the terms of the agreement which brought him to this country were honourably and liberally fulfilled, and his pecuniary emoluments were much more considerable than has been generally supposed. The neglect which he experienced arose partly from his own character, and partly from the quality of his music. He was incapable of the arts by which even genius often stoops to court favour and popularity ; and the English public, though they were beginning to acquire a relish for German music, were not yet in a condition to appreciate and enjoy such a work as *Oberon*.”

The following is a copy of the letter Sir George Smart wrote to Weber's son in 1860 :—

" *To M. M. Baron von Weber—Dresden, Saxony.*

" LONDON, No. 103 GT. PORTLAND STREET.

" Dear Sir,

" 29 Nov., 1861.

" I have had the pleasure to comply with your request in the letter with which you favored me, by sending this day a parcel to Mr. O. Gössell, Office 22 Moorgate Street, London, requesting that it may be forwarded to you at Dresden.

" I have given you some information relating to your late father and you will find a long account of him in Vol. 2 of *Musical History*, by George Hogarth, printed in London in 1838—which I also send; there are some letters printed in this book furnished by myself and *other persons*, but I have not contributed any which ought not to be published for the reason assigned in my former letter to you; the letters from Madame Weber to me at page 176 and 180 in Hogarth's book I considered that it was absolutely necessary to publish in vindication of Mr. C. Kemble and myself, for the same reason Mr. Fürstenau's letter was published (see pages 177 and 178) as both Mr. C. Kemble and myself felt hurt at the remarks made in *Germany*.

" Amongst the papers you will receive, there is an allusion made to £80—I sent to Dresden, being subscriptions *in England* towards the monument to the late C. M. von Weber, I understand this monument has been erected at Dresden, *but no information* of it has been given to me, this I much regret, as I have not been enabled to make any *official* communication to the subscribers.

" I was honored with an invitation (being a subscriber) to the inauguration of the monument to Beethoven at Bonn in 1845—at which I was present; from the great esteem and regard I have to the memory of your father, and in consideration of his last days having been passed in my house, I should have been much gratified by an invitation to have joined in the just tribute to his worth and talents; I shall be much obliged by your giving me a description of this monument, and of the ceremony at the Inauguration of it.

" When you have made the extracts from Hogarth's book

and my papers, I beg you to return them all to me. Have the goodness to let me know when you have received the parcel from Mr. O. Gössell.

"Trusting that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you if you intend to visit London for the Great Exhibition next year,

"Believe me to be, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"GEORGE T. SMART."

On September 16th, 1826, I went with Mr. Fawcett¹ to Margate for a few days. During my visit there with him we walked to Ramsgate. On our way thither one of the "Preventive" men was lying on the grass. I asked him some question but he would not speak, and upon remarking on this to Fawcett, he said "They are not allowed to speak." I returned, "We will try that," and addressing the man, I said, "Did you see the wreck?" The man jumped up briskly and asked, "Where?" Not satisfied with this, Fawcett said, "If you ask, or question some other Preventive man he will not reply. I will lay a wager upon it." I agreed to a dinner being given by the loser at the hotel at Margate, to include Morton² or Vernon,³ I forget which, who was also staying at Margate. After a good dinner we set out for a walk on the jetty. Fawcett and his friend got there before me and when I arrived I could not see them, so I asked one of the preventive men if he had seen two gentlemen pass. He immediately answered in a fine rich brogue: "Oh, you want me to speak, do you? But I won't. The gentlemen cautioned me!" Up came Fawcett, and his companion, in a rage, calling him an Irish fool, and Fawcett declaring that the preventive men were the greatest talkers he ever knew, but he paid the wager most honourably.

¹ John Fawcett, the celebrated actor. He composed pantomimes and spectacular ballets, and was stage manager of the Haymarket Theatre from 1799 to 1803; also treasurer and trustee of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund from 1808 to 1837, in which year he died (D.N.B.). See page 7.

² Probably Thomas Morton, the dramatist, who wrote many popular comedies in which the Kembles, Macready and other good actors appeared. He died in 1838 (D.N.B.).

³ Possibly Robert Vernon, who was for some time a contractor for army horses, and in 1847 presented his collection of pictures to the nation (D.N.B.).

CHAPTER XV

1827-1835

Letters from Germany—Beethoven's death—Mrs. Siddons—Funeral of George IV—George Stephenson—The opening of London Bridge—Paganini—William IV's coronation and medal—Mendelssohn's first performance in England—Courtship and marriage—Wedding cakes—Royal musical festival at Westminster Abbey—Confirmation of the Princess Victoria.

ON March 1st, 1827, I paid six shillings and eightpence for the postage of a letter from Anton Schindler¹ which was signed by Beethoven a few weeks only before the composer's death. This letter has thus been translated :—

“Honoured Sir,

“*March, 1827.*

“Some time ago you were so good as to give my nephew Charles a most interesting present, for which I herewith remit my heartiest thanks. I desire this time, as heretofore, to write to you in English, but my nephew, who formerly did so for me, is not at present with me, so I must decide this time to write in German.

“I recollect that the Philharmonic Society offered to give me a benefit some years ago. In consideration of this I now beg E. M. that if the Philharmonic Society would now make this gracious proposal, it would be very welcome to me in my present condition ; for unfortunately I have been ill with dropsy since the beginning of December—a most wearisome illness, of which the end cannot be foreseen. As you already

¹ Anton Schindler was a great friend of Beethoven, and for a time became his secretary and lived in his house. In 1824 a violent quarrel separated them, but their friendship was renewed in December, 1826. Schindler attended him in his last illness, and later became his biographer. Schindler early in life studied the law, but was a good musician and violinist. For a time he was conductor of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna. He was born in Moravia in 1796 and died at Bockenheim, near Frankfort, in 1864 (G.D.).

know, I live entirely upon the proceeds of my compositions, and now all thought of writing must be put aside for a long time. My income is so insignificant that I can hardly compass my half-year's rent. I beg you therefore most kindly to use all your influence to this end, and being convinced of your noble intentions towards me I feel sure that you will not be offended at my request. I shall also write to H. E. Moscheles in the same way, who I am likewise convinced will be willing to unite with you in accomplishing this.

"I have also written to H. E. Stumpff¹ on this subject. I am so weak that I cannot write more, and this only by dictation. Give me the pleasure of a most speedy answer, so that I may know if there is any hope of the realization of my request. Meanwhile, dear sir, receive the assurance of the greatest esteem and respect with which I always remain

"Your most devoted,

"BEETHOVEN."

"Upon the representation of Sir George Smart and M. Moscheles the Philharmonic Society instantly sent, through the latter, a present of one hundred pounds—an act of generosity which Beethoven acknowledged in a letter to M. Moscheles, the translation of which is as follows:—

"My dear, good Moscheles,

"With what feeling I read your letter of the 1st of March I cannot find words to express. The generosity with which the Philharmonic Society has almost exceeded my request has moved me to the innermost soul. I request you, therefore, my dear Moscheles, to be the organ by which I convey to the Philharmonic Society my heartfelt thanks for their kind sympathy and distinguished liberality. With regard to the concert which the Society intended to arrange for my benefit, I trust you will not relinquish that noble design, and beg that you will deduct the hundred pounds which they have already sent me, from the profits. Should after that any surplus be left and the Society be kindly willing to bestow it upon me, I hope to have it in my power to evince my gratitude by composing for them either a new symphony, which already lies sketched in my desk, or a new

¹ The harp-maker in Great Portland Street. See note 2, page 104 (E. N.).

overture, or anything else that the Society may prefer. Should heaven only be pleased to restore me soon again to health, I will prove to the generous English how much I value their sympathy in my melancholy fate. Your noble conduct, my dear friend, will ever remain in my remembrance. I hope shortly to return my thanks to Sir George Smart and Mr. Stumpff. Farewell."¹

"This letter was accompanied by one from Dr. Schindler," who "gives a most melancholy account of the state into which Beethoven fell immediately after writing the above letter, of his still frequent recurrence to the conduct of the Philharmonic Society, and of his desire, when he occasionally awoke from his lethargy, to write to Sir George Smart, who had been greatly instrumental in obtaining the hundred pounds for him, and also to his friend Mr. Stumpff," "who had sent him a complete set of Arnold's edition of the works of Handel after having heard Beethoven express his devotion to that composer and his desire to possess his works. This valuable present arrived in forty volumes at Beethoven's house, free of expense, only a few days before his death, and was brought to him and laid on his bed. His joy at its reception was such as to make him forget his melancholy condition. A gleam of animation lighted up his countenance as he exclaimed with great feeling and emphasis, 'Das ist das Wahre' ('That is the thing')."²

At this time "neither Beethoven himself nor any of his friends seem to have been aware that death was near. His letter to Moscheles of March 18th is full of projects, and a reported conversation by Breuning" (one of his most intimate friends) "shows that he contemplated a tenth Symphony, a Requiem, Music to Faust, and an instruction book for the piano, 'to be something quite different from that of any one else.' Of the symphony, of which he speaks to Moscheles as lying 'in his desk fully sketched,' nothing which can be identified with the description has been found."³

¹ Hogarth's *History of Music*.

² H.M.H.

³ The letter to Stumpff was written on February 8th; to Moscheles on February 22nd; to Sir G. Smart on March 6th; and to Moscheles on March 14th (G.D.).

The Journals continue :—

On April 17th, I received the following letter from Herr A. Schindler, through M. Moscheles :—

“ Sir,

“ VIENNA. *2nd April*, 1827.

“ It is with feelings of deep regret that I have to communicate to you “that Beethoven is no more.” This great Man terminated his earthly career on Tuesday the 26th alto, at a quarter before six o'clock in the evening. A violent thunderstorm accompanied by hail and lightning occur'd during the time he was breathing his last. On the morning of the 24th, when the feebleness increased to such a degree, that he himself was sensible his sufferings were rapidly approaching to their termination, he requested me, when he should be no more, to offer his warmest and most grateful thanks to you and Mr. Stumpff, and through your medium to the Philharmonic Society and the whole English nation for the attentions and friendship shewn him during his life, and more especially towards its close. I hasten to acquit myself of this last and earnest desire of my deceased friend, and beg you Sir George to make known in London, these, the sentiments of our immortal Beethoven.

“ His place of interment is at Währing, a village situated near Vienna, where his remains repose near those of the lamented Lord Ingestre.¹

“ Mr. Kau also has written this week to Mr. Moscheles advising him of all that has been done regarding the £100. It is much to be wish'd that the Philharmonic Society disposes of this Sum, in a noble manner, worthy of the English Nation. In the meantime we have both (the Counsellor of Court Breuning and myself) paid out of the above sum (against repayment) the funeral expenses—otherwise we could not have had him interred, suitable to the memory of so distinguished a man, without disposing of one of the 7 Bank-Actions which compose the whole of his property.

“ The acquaintance of your countryman Mr. John Livesay

¹ Charles Thomas, Viscount Ingestre, the eldest son of Charles, second Earl of Ingestre and fourth Baron Talbot. He was born in 1801 and died in 1890 (B.P.).

has procured me the opportunity of imparting the foregoing intelligence in English.

"Respecting the works which Beethoven in his *very last letter* to Mr. Moscheles, offer'd to the Philharmonic Society, as a return for the obligation he felt himself under, we shall not neglect, if among the property, only one complete unknown work should be found, to transmit the same to the Society as a Souvenir of the deceased—

"Accept, Sir, the assurances of esteem and regard

"With which I have the honour to remain

"Your very Obedient

"ANT. SCHINDLER."

Mr. George Hogarth, who was secretary to the London Philharmonic Society, tells us :—

"In another letter to Mr. Moscheles, Dr. Schindler, after giving an account of Beethoven's death and funeral, says: 'In taking an inventory of what he left, in furniture and other personal property, there were found, to our great astonishment, among some old papers, in an old decayed chest, seven Austrian bank-bills, of the value of about one thousand pounds in English money, and some hundred florins in paper-money. The one hundred pounds which the Philharmonic Society of London had sent him were also found untouched. Now it is here the universal cry, and it has even been said in the public papers, that Beethoven had not stood in need of foreign assistance. But it is considered that Beethoven being only fifty-six years of age, and of a strong constitution, might well hope to attain to an advanced age. His illness, moreover, had made him timid and nervous, and his physicians had told him that he must not work for some years to come. It was, therefore, natural for him to fear that he might be under the necessity of selling one bank-bill after another; and how long could he subsist upon these seven bank-bill notes without getting into distress? In short, my dear friend, both myself and Counsellor Von Breuning request you very earnestly, if this scandalous talk should have spread to England, to publish, out of regard to the memory of Beethoven, through the medium of some journal, the letters which you have from him and myself on this subject, in order to give the opinion of the English public a better direction.' There is another letter from Herr Streicher of Vienna, an intimate friend of Beethoven's, to Mr. Stumpff, written a few days after Beethoven's death, containing some remarks on Beethoven's application to England for assistance, and the

impression produced at Vienna by that step. 'How generally,' says M. Streicher, 'and how deeply this irreparable loss is felt here I need not say; yet I cannot pass unnoticed the fact, that the whole public of Vienna, though long accustomed to Beethoven's eccentricities, are not only surprised but painfully wounded at the circumstance of his applying to England for support. Was it excess of apprehension, produced by disease, that in the end he should perhaps suffer from want? Or had he been ill-advised by a hasty friend? What else could have moved him to take a step which places in the most unfavourable light not only those in the midst of whom he lived for thirty-four years, but also his friends, his second native place, nay, even the whole of Germany? Beethoven himself, it would appear, subsequently felt this, for when I handed to him your enclosure, he carefully avoided to touch upon the subject of having requested assistance from the Philharmonic Society through you; and said, 'They may think in London, that being by illness prevented from composing I am in pecuniary embarrassments; I shall, however, accept' (these are his own words) 'the thousand florins, and they may afterwards deduct that sum from the produce of the concert that is arranging for me in London. If they will send me the remainder, I shall write something for it as soon as I am again able to work.'

"'Had Beethoven given the slightest hint of his distress to any of his numerous friends and admirers; or had he addressed himself to his patron, his Imperial Highness the Archduke Rudolph; or had he *here in Vienna* expressed the smallest wish that a concert should be given for his benefit, not only hundreds but thousands would have been ready to assist in the accomplishment of his wish, and would have supported him to the best of their power. . . . How hasty and unnecessary this application was, is shown by what Beethoven left in personal property, which consisted (as the public knew before) in bank-bills to the amount of ten thousand florins. If we reckon, in addition to this, three pensions from the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Lobkowitz, and Count Kinsky, amounting on the whole to about seven hundred and twenty florins, or seventy-two English pounds, you will easily judge that Beethoven, with this sum, particularly in Vienna, might have lived several years without standing in need of assistance.'"

Mr. Hogarth goes on to add, "All this is no justification of the Austrian public. Beethoven had been neglected all his life; and it was known to 'his numerous friends and admirers' that he was living in actual penury, and denying himself the common comforts of life. Was not this sufficient to induce the public, and his friends and patrons, to come forward in his behalf, and testify their admiration of his genius and

character by munificent assistance, without putting him to the necessity of 'giving hints of his distress,' or, in other words, begging for charity? It was not till after some money was found in his repositories that the Viennese were so much surprised and hurt at his having applied to the musicians in London. And, after all, what was this mighty sum? A thousand pounds sterling; . . . a *capital*, the annual revenue arising from which (and which could not exceed forty or fifty pounds), Beethoven was in common prudence entitled to spend; and, adding to this the magnificent aggregate of his pensions from three Austrian princes, his *whole* income could not have been more than about one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, and this, too, at a time when he had no prospect of being able to add to it by his accustomed exertions."

On July 4th, 1827, I went to the Earl of Darnley's,¹ at Cobham Hall, to meet Mrs. Siddons and Miss Wilkinson, now Mrs. Groom. During the evening a gentleman came to Mrs. Siddons and said—"Madame, I beg your pardon for asking so rude a question, but in consequence of a wager allow me to ask your age." She replied, "Seventy-eight years old." "Damme!" said he, "I have lost," and he abruptly went away. Mrs. Siddons immediately said—"Puppy!" "Very true," I observed, "but why did you tell him you were so old?" She replied, "Whenever a lady of an uncertain age, as it is termed, is asked how old she is, she had better add ten or more years to her age, for then the enquirer goes away saying, 'What a fine old woman!'"

Dining at the Countess of Charleville's,² Mrs. Siddons being present, she said how difficult it was to read Milton's *Paradise Lost* properly—she had been trying to do so all her life. "Indeed," said she, "I never go without this book in my pocket." Thinking this to be a *bounce*, I said, "Have you it now?" and to my dismay, after slowly searching in

¹ John, fourth Earl of Darnley, was born in 1767, and married, in 1791, Elizabeth, third daughter of the Rt. Hon. William Brownlow, of Lurgan. He died in 1831 (P.B.).

² Catherine Maria, widow of James Tisdale and daughter and sole heir of Thomas Townley Dawson. She married, in 1798, Charles William Bury, of Charleville Forest, King's County, who was created Viscount Charleville in 1800, and Earl of Charleville in 1806 (B.P.). The Hon. Miss Charleville (Miss Tisdale), who later became Mrs. Colonel Marley, and was the daughter of the Countess of Charleville by her first marriage, was Sir G. Smart's pupil for fourteen years, between 1805 and 1841. He taught her both at Charleville Forest, in Ireland, and in London (E.N.).

her large pocket, she produced a small edition of this celebrated work.

I conducted the third Philharmonic Concert on March 23rd, 1829, and also the eighth concert on June 8th. A sinfonia by Mendelssohn was performed on May 25th at the Philharmonic Society; not much notice was taken of this composition. On November 23rd he gave me a score, copied by himself, of the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, upon his recommendation, was performed for the first time in England at the Philharmonic Society on March 1st, 1830. The leader was Mr. Weichsel,¹ and I conducted.

I strongly recommended young Mendelssohn to visit England when I was in Berlin in 1825, which he then seemed inclined to do. His first performance at the Philharmonic Society² was on May 28th of this year at a concert of his own compositions.

George IV died after midnight on the 26th of June, 1830. On the 27th there was no choir service at the Chapel Royal, not even an anthem. The funeral took place at Windsor in the evening on the 15th of July. On the 10th I went with Mrs. Anderson³ to try the organ in St. George's Chapel, and dined at Windsor with Kramer.

¹ Mr. Carl Weichsel, the brother of Mrs. Billington and a good violinist, was leader of the orchestras at the Italian Opera and Philharmonic (G.D.).

² Elsewhere Sir G. Smart writes: "FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. His first composition performed at these Concerts was on May 28th, 1829. It was announced thus—A MS. Sinfonia ('NEVER PERFORMED'). Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. Conductor, Mr. Cramer.

"March 1st, 1830. The Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (MS.). First time of performance at these Concerts. Leader, Weichsel. Conductor, Sir George Smart, from a MS. Score given to him by the Composer.

"May 28th, 1832. Mendelssohn's *first appearance at these Concerts*, when he performed one of his Pianoforte Concertos. Leader, Mr. Weichsel. Conductor, Mr. Potter.

"Mendelssohn's *last appearance at these Concerts* was on April 26th, 1847, when he conducted the Selection from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his Sinfonia in A Minor (No. 3). Mr. Costa conducted the other pieces in this Concert. (Mendelssohn died November 4th, 1847.) See Programmes of the Philharmonic Concerts from 1813 to 1860, collected and bound in five volumes by Sir George Smart and sent by his direction to the British Museum" (Press M.c. 1401) (E.N.).

³ Lucy, the daughter of Mr. John Philpot, a bookseller and musician of Bath, where she was born in 1789. She only received occasional musical instruction from her cousin, and later came to London. In 1890 she married George Frederick Anderson, who was master of the Queen's

I received two letters in connection with the funeral from the Rev. William Holmes, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal; the first, which was unofficial, stated that the Bishop of London, the Rev. Charles Blomfield, "put into my hands this morning at the Chapel Royal a letter" announcing "that His Majesty entirely approves of Sir George Smart being called upon to conduct the music as organist upon the solemn occasion of His late Majesty's funeral," and the second, which was official, ran thus:—

"Dear Sir,

"CRIPPLEGATE, *July 6th*, 1830.

"I have received His Majesty's commands to desire your attendance at the funeral of His late Majesty at Windsor on Thursday, the 15th inst. You are to play the organ by His Majesty's command. The Music to be performed on the occasion is to be precisely the same that was performed at the Funerals of George the Third and the Duke of York. The first part of the Burial Service—viz. 'I am the resurrection,' to 'blessed be the name of the Lord' (Croft).

"The two Psalms, 39th and 90th, sung by the choir (Purcell's chant in G Minor).

"After the lesson, 'Hear my prayer' (Kent) (the last Chorus, 'O that I had wings,' to be repeated).

"Immediately before the Collect, 'Merciful God,' etc., the Anthem to be sung, viz. 'His body is buried in peace' (Handel); then the Collect, 'O merciful God,' etc., to the end of the Burial Service.

"The Herald then proclaims, after which the voluntary.

"The Dead March in *Saul* to be played. I should like you to make an appointment some day this week to rehearse

private band, and instructed some of the Royal Princes (G.D.). Sir G. Smart writes: "I introduced Mrs. Anderson at one of the two Royal concerts given by the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace on May 2nd and August 7th, 1830, and she declined payment. H.R.H. asked me to name a pianoforte teacher for the Princess Victoria, now Queen, and I recommended Mrs. Anderson, who gave her lessons from that time and after she came to the throne, as she did also to the Royal Children. One of the Queen's earliest acts was to settle a pension of £100 a year on Mrs. Anderson, for which I and Mr. Gascoigne were trustees." Mrs. Anderson was the first female pianist to play at the Philharmonic Concerts, and did much to introduce Beethoven's works into England. She died in 1878 (E.N.).

the music at Mr. Hawes's house and I would meet you there. And on Monday, the 12th inst., I should like the whole to be rehearsed at the Chapel Royal at eleven o'clock, when Arrangements for the journey may be made, etc. etc. You can have a place in my Coach.

"I remain,

"Truly yours,

"W. HOLMES."

At the funeral I was robbed of my purse; I did not discover this until we arrived by coach in Piccadilly. Mr. Bartley came with me, and we rode outside, intending to pay the enormous charge of one pound. When I became aware of my loss Mr. Bartley lent me the sovereign. I preferred travelling by coach, which left Windsor at midnight, rather than sleeping two in a bed in a second-rate inn there. The Lord Chamberlain was to provide the beds, but they had not sufficient to hold one each at this inn.

Just before the railway was opened from Liverpool to Manchester I went with Charles Kemble and some of the railway directors, with Mr. Stephenson, senior, the great engineer, from Liverpool to Manchester to celebrate the occasion. The whole party was invited to dine at Mr. G. Winter's house. Amongst other toasts Mr. Stephenson's health was given. I was seated next to him at the dinner table, when he told me some of the particulars of his life, such as having made watches, etc. etc. He was expected to reply to the toast, but said to me, "I cannot make a speech, I know not *how* to do it. I beg you"—meaning me—"to speak for me." I said that Mr. Charles Kemble, who was near us, was a more proper person to do so. Kemble said, "I am so hoarse that I cannot utter one word." Upon this I rose and returned thanks in Mr. Stephenson's name. A curious coincidence his being then silent, since which his many great works have spoken for him and will continue to do so until the end of time.

The opening of new London Bridge took place on the 1st of August, 1831. I had the management of the glee party. We dined at a table about the middle of the bridge. The space was too large to have any vocal music, except "God

save the King," which after dinner the party sang in a large tent at the entrance, on the bridge at the city side. In it were seated William IV and Queen Adelaide.

Immediately after we had sung "God save the King" Mr. and Madame Boaz, I think this was the name, in costume, stepped forward, and, to my infinite astonishment, he played "God save the King" with his knuckles on his chin, accompanied by his wife's voice. The King called me to him and asked who they were. I told him and said I was sorry they had intruded without permission. "Oh no, no intrusion," said the King, "it was charming, tell them to perform again." Of course I told them it was encored, by command. With great delight to themselves and much to the chagrin of my party and myself, they immediately complied with the Royal command.

On the 18th I dined with the London Bridge Committee, in Bishopsgate Street, at a dinner they gave to the Duke of Wellington. I had the direction of the glee party.

I went to prepare for the Dublin Musical Festival on the 20th of August, going first to Liverpool and then to Holyhead. I left there on "The Dragon" steamer at half-past twelve on the night of the 21st, and arrived at Kingstown on the 22nd at seven in the morning.

During this Festival such was the eagerness to hear Paganini that a man pawned his coat and I saw him go into the gallery without one.

The Marquis of Anglesea¹ was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As the Marchioness, for certain reasons, did not appear in public, Paganini was invited to come, with his violin, to the Residency at the Black Rock. At first he refused, but when I explained that the Marquis represented the King in Ireland, he consented and I was to accompany

¹ Sir Henry William Paget, first Marquis of Anglesea and second Earl of Uxbridge, was born in 1768 and died in 1854. He married first, in 1795, Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Jersey, and by her had three sons and five daughters. This marriage was dissolved by the laws of Scotland, and the Marchioness married the sixth Duke of Argyll. The Marquis of Anglesea married secondly, in 1810, Lady Charlotte Cadogan, daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan, and by her had three sons and three daughters. Lord Anglesea was twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, namely from 1828 to 1829, and from 1830 to 1833 (B.P.).

him. A carriage, with four horses and outriders, was sent to bring us from Dublin to Black Rock.

I had to hand one of the handsome daughters into dinner. I was seated next to her and she asked me if it were true that Paganini had cut off his wife's head, for so it had been reported amongst other remarkable things that were said about him. I could not answer either yes or no, therefore I said, "Your Ladyship may rest assured that he will not meddle with yours or mine."

Between each piece that Paganini played he retired with me to a room appropriated to his use, and for which he had stipulated, to change his shirt (they were very wet with perspiration). This he did several times, he became so very heated when playing. The Marquis gave him a gold snuff-box, the value of which was thirty guineas. This I had to select from many sent to choose from. Paganini would not receive money, therefore he had the present.

When returning to Dublin I said to Paganini, "We must give these servants a tip, particularly as it is late at night." "No," said he, "I was not paid, why should I pay them?" But neither was I. At last he consented to our giving them a sovereign, though the amount was monstrous he thought. He requested to be set down at his lodgings first, though my residence was the nearest, and said he would pay his share when he saw me next morning. I gave the two postboys and the servants seven and sixpence each. But Paganini was dead, and probably never intended to pay me when alive.¹

I was at Derby for the Festival from the 19th of September to the 3rd of October. Mr. F. Cramer and Mr. William Knyvett had given me letters of introduction to the Rev. C. S. Hope. Whilst here my servant, W. Hall, hurt his shoulder and I was obliged to leave him behind ill. Miss Margaret Hope² kindly took care of him.

On the 30th of December I paid a visit to the Duke of Sussex, who was residing with the King in the Pavilion. Next day King William IV gave me permission to wear the

¹ The meanness of Paganini was notorious (E.N.).

² Miss Margaret Hope was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Stead Hope, vicar of St. Alkmund, Derby, and perpetual curate of All Saints', Derby. This was the first occasion of Sir G. Smart meeting this lady, whom he married the following year (E.N.).

Coronation medal to which the Duke of Sussex added a gold chain.¹

On the 22nd of February, 1832, I had my first interview with the Rev. C. S. Hope after his consent to my marriage with his daughter. On the 24th we had soup at Farrancent's when the wedding cake was ordered. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex had a whole cake sent to him.

[An old friend—Mr. Milman—relates that Sir George Smart told him that "when his marriage was about to take place he mentioned it to the Duke of Cambridge, who had the habit of asking questions and answering them himself, on this occasion he said—

"Good family?" "Of course." "Good looking?" "Yes, or you would not be marrying her."

Sir George Smart said that he sent cakes to both the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Cambridge and that he ordered them of the then well-known and celebrated confectioner at Charing Cross, on the south side, facing the National Gallery. He had intended only to send one but the confectioner told him he must send a cake to both. This he did and each cost two guineas. When Sir George next saw the Royal Dukes one of them remarked "Well done, Sir George, we never had a whole cake to ourselves before."]

On February 28th I left Mrs. Jenkins' lodgings early in the morning, with my brother, Charles F. Smart, Mr. Cameron and W. Hall, in a postchaise for the Rev. C. S. Hope's house on Richmond Green. I was married between ten and eleven on February 28th, by the Rev. Dr. Sleath, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. Margaret Hope and her father went to church at Richmond in his carriage, into which the servant forgot to put the cushions. We returned to an elegant

¹ The *Brighton Guardian* of January 4th, 1832, says: "This incident occurred on the last evening of the old year when there was music at the palace. In the course of the soirée the Duke of Sussex communicated to Sir George Smart His Majesty's permission to wear the gold coronation medal with which Sir George has been presented by the Lords of the Treasury. We are happy to see our King thus honouring native talent; and to such a mark of distinction no English musician is better entitled than Sir George Smart, whose indefatigable exertions in the cause of the delightful science he professes are well known and appreciated by all frequenters of concerts, oratorios and festivals" (E.N.).

Sir George Smart directed the music and presided at the organ at the coronation of King William IV and Queen Adelaide (E.N.).

breakfast at the Rev. C. S. Hope's house, after which we went in his carriage to the hotel at Burford Bridge, near Box Hill, taking W. Hall with us, and we returned to Mrs. Jenkins' lodgings on the 2nd of March. Next day we went to Langham Church for the first time.

We remained at Mrs. Jenkins' whilst 91 Great Portland Street was being repaired.

On March 8th, 1834, I met Sir Benjamin Stephenson, Head of the Board of Works and Chief of the Surveyor of Works at St. James's Palace, and Mr. Blore, the architect of Westminster Abbey, for the first time, for making the arrangements for the building of the orchestra, etc., all of which was done by the Board of Works, for the Royal Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey. This took place in consequence of the late Sir Benjamin Stephenson saying to me at a Royal evening concert at St. James's Palace: "Why do not some of you musical people get up a musical festival in Westminster Abbey like those of former years?" Having thought of a plan, I called on Sir Benjamin about a year after our conversation on this subject, and I submitted the plan to him—which was to divide the profits between the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Music Fund and the Choral Fund; and that if a promise could be obtained that their Majesties would attend at each of the four performances, and that a committee of noblemen were appointed to undertake the management, I could conduct the performance and take the risk upon myself, giving the profits to the three institutions—to which the committee, without consulting me, added the Royal Academy of Music.

The King's consent was obtained, and a promise given that he would attend with the Queen all the performances. I was introduced by Sir Benjamin to the King, and I had a long audience with His Majesty in the Royal Closet at St. James's Palace. I explained the plans, which he approved, and when I observed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the use of the Abbey by the consent of the Dean and Chapter, the King replied, "Certainly, none, for you know I am the head of the Church." Notwithstanding this Royal remark I had an unpleasant conversation with the Dean (Ireland) on the subject, in consequence of a para-

graph he had seen in the newspapers that there was to be a festival in the Abbey, and that I was to conduct it. The following conversation took place at the Deanery :—

The Dean. “How came it, Sir, that the festival has been announced to take place in this Abbey before my consent had been obtained? You ought to have known better as to what is due to me. I make this remark to you as the conductor, not to you as Sir George Smart.”

Sir George. “I beg to reply to you as the Dean, not as to Dr. Ireland, that I am much surprised at your remark. I am not responsible for any paragraphs inserted by other persons in the newspapers. If the festival is to take place in Westminster Abbey, doubtless proper means will be taken to secure the use of it.”

Soon after this conversation, which I reported to Sir Benjamin Stephenson, the Dean and Chapter were desired to give up the keys of the Abbey to the Board of Works. But my annoyance did not cease, for though I wished the Royal Society of Musicians to take a prominent part in the arrangements, and therefore got their Treasurer (Mr. Parry, senior) to be appointed the Hon. Secretary, yet I did not wish, though they did, to have *all* the members engaged in the orchestra; consequently they called a meeting to censure me. A very grateful return for my proposition that they should share in the profits without risk if there had been any loss.

Another annoyance was, that Mr. William Knyvett, who was the conductor of the “Antient Concerts,” endeavoured through the Duke of Cumberland, and perhaps some other of the directors of the “Antient Concerts,” to be either united with me as joint conductor of the Festival, or to be the sole conductor. But Sir Benjamin Stephenson was for me and he procured the King’s command that I was to be, as the originator of the scheme, the sole conductor, and so ended all further opposition.

The four public rehearsals were given on June 20th, 25th, 27th and 30th. The four public performances

on June 24th, 26th, 28th and July 1st. The receipts were:—

	£	s.	d.
King William IV—Donation	525	0	0
Received for sale of tickets	21,488	18	0
Total	<u>22,013</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>0</u>

All the tickets having been sold, many of them were bought by the booksellers, who made a handsome profit on them. The Duchess of St. Albans said she gave five guineas for a one guinea ticket.

The expenses were:—

Amount paid to performers (including £250 paid to G. T. S.)	£	s.	d.
	6,615	15	6
Architect—Mr. Blore's account 4,186 2 9			
Decorator—Mr. Bradwell . . . 1,383 12 6			
Drugget and carpets 494 12 8			
	<u>6,014</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>11</u>
Deducted by sale of materials 310 1 10			
	<u>5,704</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>1</u>
	<u>12,320</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>7</u>
Included in total sale of tickets	12,320	1	7
Present to Mr. Parry (Hon. Secretary) in addition to his payments	80	3	3
Erecting the organ, printing, advertising, doorkeepers, etc. etc.	613	13	2
Donations of £2,250 to each of the following: viz., The Royal Society of Musicians, the New Music Fund, the Choral Fund, and the Royal Academy of Music	9,000	0	0
	<u>22,013</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>0</u>

Profit:—£9,080 3s. 3d.

Comparative receipts of the Westminster Abbey Festival in 1834 and the Festival in York in 1835.

Receipts at York: £16,662 3s. Payments: £13,072 3s.
Profit: £3,566 13s. 6d., including a small balance from former Festivals at York.

Retained out of profit £1,783 6s. 9d. towards the restoration of York Cathedral.

Donations of £450 to each of the infirmaries of York, Hull, Sheffield, and Leeds.

Items of some of the expenses at the York Festival in 1835:

Vocal Performers: £1,854 10s. Instrumental Performers: £4,455 15s. 3d.

Tuning organ: £87.

Use of timber and carpenters' work: £1,650 1s. 6d. (*vide Liverpool Courier*, July 20th, 1836).

I may as well here give two anecdotes relative to this Festival. Mr. Addison, the double-bass player at Covent Garden Theatre and the Lyceum, had heard that William IV was inclined to sleep during some of the music at the Westminster Abbey Festival, which was the case. While the duet for basses was being sung in "Israel in Egypt" the Queen woke him up suddenly by remarking, "What a fine duet! 'The Lord is a man of war.'" The King, not thoroughly awake, said, "How many guns does she carry?" I went up to the Royal box between the acts and the King said, "I like the choruses, for I can hear them, but I cannot hear the songs. I suppose they are very fine."

On the 27th of May, 1835, Lord Burghersh¹ brought the gold watch presented to me by King William IV. I was out when he came therefore he gave it to Margaret.

A Royal Concert was given at St. James's palace next day, in honour of the King's birthday, and Lord Burghersh recommended that instead of writing I should on the first opportunity thank his Majesty for his present. I did so that evening, when the King, after taking the watch in his hand and examining it said, "Not that you want a watch to keep time, but when you look at it you may thereby be reminded of the pleasure you gave me at the late Festival in Westminster Abbey."

¹ John Fane, Lord Burghersh, succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Westmoreland in 1844. He was born in 1784 and entered the army. He was a good violinist and wrote seven operas and other music. He was president of the Royal Academy of Music, which he helped to found, and was appointed, in 1832, a director of the "Concert of Antient Music." He died in 1859 (G.D.).

On the following Saturday I took the watch to Vulliamy, the maker, to have the inscription put on. He returned it June 13th. Written thereon was :—

“From the King to Sir George Smart as a testimony of His Majesty’s approbation of his talents and zeal as conductor of the Royal Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, 1834.”

This inscription came from Lord Burghersh.

On the 17th of June in this year I presented the Duchess of Kent with a copy of “The Butterfly’s Ball” composed by me, and on July 1st the Duchess sent me the engraving of the portrait of herself and Her Royal Highness, Princess Victoria.

The Duchess of Kent gave a concert on the 25th at Kensington Palace, which I arranged and conducted.

On July 30th I was on duty as organist at the Chapel Royal when Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley). His charge to the Royal Heiress to the throne was distinguished by great plainness of speech.

[“The confirmation took place on a Saint’s day, the Princess and other members of the Royal Family being present first at the service. The Princess was wearing a white satin bonnet, which she endeavoured to take off when the confirmation service commenced, this gave her some trouble as it had caught on a pin. When this was at last removed she threw the bonnet hastily on to the ground.” Mr. Milman—the old friend—who relates this incident as having been told him by Sir George Smart, goes on to say that he—Sir George—was very particular never to bring his wife or other members of his family to the state, or other interesting, ceremonies at which he was so constantly conducting, but on this occasion he did ask the Bishop of London if there were any objection to Lady Smart being in the organ gallery. To this Bishop Blomfield answered, “with a twinkle in his eye, ‘The organ loft is not supposed to be part of the Chapel,’ accordingly Lady Smart witnessed the ceremony through a small opening between the curtains.”]

CHAPTER XVI

1836-1844

A royal concert—Malibran—The birth of a daughter—Funeral of William IV—The Duchess of Somerset—Sheringham—A letter from Mendelssohn—Coronation of Queen Victoria—The Duke of Cambridge's quartette party—The marriage of Queen Victoria—A letter from the Rev. Sydney Smith.

IN 1836, at a Royal Concert that took place at St. James's Palace, on Wednesday, February 24th, which I had arranged and was conducting, King William came up to me while Mademoiselle Blahetka was playing a fantasia on the pianoforte and said, "Sir George, the Queen requests me to say something civil to the young lady but I cannot make out what she is playing. It sounds like 'God Save the King,' but then it goes off into something else. What do you call it?" "Please Your Majesty," I replied, "it is 'God Save the King' with variations." "D——n variations!" exclaimed the King and immediately left the concert room. We saw no more of His Majesty that evening.

Madame Malibran died at Manchester, on September 23rd, 1836. She was buried in the Collegiate Church in the town. Earl Wilton¹ and I were the chief mourners and we were present at the funeral service, which was previously performed by a Roman Catholic priest in the room in which she died at the inn. The landlady gave me some of Malibran's hair. She was disinterred December 20th, 1836, after a process between the clergy and M. de Bériot, Malibran's husband. Her body was then consigned to Brussels; and a superb monument, as I have been informed, was erected by him near Berlin.

Malibran's death may have been accelerated by her extra-

¹ The Hon. Thomas Grosvenor, second Earl Wilton, was the second son of Robert, first Marquis of Westminster. He was born in 1799 and died in 1882. He was lord steward of the household from 1835, and was twice married (B.P.).

ordinary exertions whilst singing in a duet with Madame Caradori Allen; they settled the manner at rehearsal as to how it was to be sung, but when the time came Madame Caradori Allen made some deviation; this prompted Malibran to do the same, in which she displayed most wonderful execution. During the well-deserved encore she turned to me and said, "If I sing it again it will kill me." "Then do not," I replied, "let me address the audience." "No," said she, "I will sing it again and annihilate her." She was taken ill with a fainting fit after the duet and carried into her room. Here she was partly undressed. She sent for me to say she would sing in the second act. Upon my reminding her of her undress she consented to be carried to her inn, and as I took hold of her arm, she said she had been bled by some medical man in the theatre, which I was informed by Dr. Billing ought not to have been done but wine should have been given her. She was carried on her couch to the inn.

Malibran was brought on a couch to the church, intending to sing in the "Messiah" on the last day's performance, but was too weak to come into the orchestra, she was therefore carried back to the inn. Previous to leaving it, whilst in bed, she sent for the landlady to hear that she was capable of singing. She sang to her one of the songs in the "Messiah" and probably this was the last time her vocal powers were heard.

On March 20th, 1837, at three o'clock in the afternoon of a snowy day, Margaret Rose Smart¹ was born. She was christened at Langham Church on the 29th of April.

King William died at Windsor on the 20th of June, 1837, and Mr. Hawes and I went to Windsor on Sunday, July 2nd, to prepare for the funeral. I received a letter at twenty minutes past six in the evening of the 7th, of which the following is a copy:—

"My dear Sir George,

"Mr. Elvey² would be glad to have a short rehearsal in the chapel of St. George's (which will be at liberty at

¹ The only child of Sir George Smart. She died, unmarried, on April 13th, 1898 (E.N.).

² Later Sir George Elvey, at that time organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor (E.N.)

twelve o'clock to-morrow) with a sufficient number of the choir of the Chapel Royal to ensure correctness in the united choirs.

"Yours very truly,

"WINDSOR CASTLE, July 7th, 1837."

"A. F. BARNARD.

We had a rehearsal at the Chapel Royal on that day, it was called at two but began at a quarter past and was over about four. Margaret and Mr. Attwood were present as were also the Sub-Dean, Dr. Sleath, and Mr. Ayrton, whom the Sub-Dean asked to sing bass at the rehearsal and he went in our carriage to Windsor, by his invitation, Mr. Ayrton having a ticket for the north aisle.

The following were called to the rehearsal, six boys, and eight tenors, namely Messrs. Knyvett, Evans, Vaughan, Hobbs, Hawes, Sale, Welsh and Clark. The latter being ill Mr. Mullinex came to the rehearsal and went to Windsor instead of him. Messrs. Sale and Welsh sent excuses, they having *rehearsal fever*. We rehearsed on this occasion all the music except the "Dead March" and only a few verses of the psalms.

We were requested by a letter from Mr. Hawes to be at the Chapel Royal on Saturday morning, July 8th, by eight o'clock. We did not depart from thence until five minutes past nine.

In the first coach, not a mourning one, with four horses and two postillions, were the Sub-Dean, Messrs. Ayrton, Vaughan, a young gentleman, a friend of Dr. Sleath, and myself. On the box were Messrs. Knyvett and Sale. Behind the carriage sat R. Gray and Dr. Sleath's servant. We returned from Windsor in the same order except that the young gentleman was not with us, Messrs. Sale and Knyvett came inside, R. Gray and Dr. Sleath's servant were on the box and two road passengers uninvited got up behind. In the other two coaches, also not mourning ones, besides the six boys, were Messrs. Evans, Hobbs, Mullinex, Hawes, Howse, the Rev. C. Haden,¹ Rev. J. Povah,² and a friend of

¹ The Rev. John Clarke Haden, minor canon of St. Paul's from 1834, priest in ordinary of the Chapels Royal, and later minor canon and precentor of Westminster Abbey (E.N.).

² The Rev. John Povah, minor canon of St. Paul's, rector of St. Anne's, Aldersgate, and priest-in-ordinary of the Chapels Royal (E.N.).

Mr. Hawes belonging to the Palace Court. I think all these could not have returned with us, for we brought to London Mr. Young, of the Windsor choir, and I believe another person. Mr. Howse took the surplices in a box behind one of the coaches, which he brought home in the same way. The gloves, hatbands and scarves we found in the little chapel in St. George's Chapel on the evening of the funeral.

We arrived at the "Black Dog" at Bedford at seven minutes to eleven and left it at seven minutes past twelve, after a luncheon. We reached Mrs. Lillewhite's, The Swan Inn, Windsor, at twelve minutes past one. Dinner was ordered then for half-past three, we sat down to it at ten minutes past four. On the return journey we left this inn about half-past twelve at night and got to Bedford about a quarter to two in the morning. We had coffee, eggs and soda-water, and left Bedford about three, arriving at Sackville Street about twenty minutes past five, where Messrs. Vaughan and R. Gray got out and walked home. Dr. Sleath, Messrs. Povah, Haden and Dr. Sleath's servant proceeded in it to the city. I had to write to Dr. Sleath later requesting what Mr. R. Gray had to pay for his dinner and lunch.

Soon after my arrival at Windsor I went with Mr. Gray to obtain admissions from the Heralds' office, who had an official room at the Castle Inn, to get into St. George's Chapel to try the organ. Sir W. Wood, Clarenceux King of Arms, gave me a card to admit Mr. Gray and myself. We got into the chapel without much trouble and I tried the organ. Mr. Elvey, the organist, came to us in the organ loft, he was very polite. I recommended him to put up barriers each side of the organ keys to keep out those who had tickets to the other part of the organ loft. He had three barriers *slightly* put up, there were no carpenters nor was there time to put up strong ones.

After trying the organ on the morning of the funeral I went down into the Royal vault by permission of Sir Benj. Stephenson, this gratified me much, but the vault was very very cold.

After a good dinner at Lillewhite's Mr. Gray¹ went with

¹ Probably from the firm of Gray and Davison, organ builders, who were already noted. The firm was John Gray & Son at this time; Frederic Davison came into partnership a little later (G.D.).

me to St. George's Chapel at half-past six. With great difficulty we pushed through the first barrier, the horse and foot soldiers going into the Castle yard at the same time; we ought to have gone in later. It was very badly contrived to let the mob,—who came to see the procession *outside*, and all those going *inside* the chapel, except those forming the procession,—enter at the same gate into the Castle yard. Alderman Wilson, with his troops, including M. Sains, also in regimentals, passed me in the crowd, the alderman wished me to follow him but the crowd would not let me. Messrs. Clark, Haden and Povah set out from the inn with Mr. Gray and myself but we lost Mr. Povah in the squeeze, he joined us in St. George's Chapel.

After much writing and talking at the Earl Marshall's office in London, when I claimed four tickets for the places near me in the organ loft, when I got to Windsor, on the *day of the funeral*, Sir W. Woods gave me an admission for *four assistants*, therefore I took into the organ loft the Rev. Mr. Povah, the Rev. Mr. Clarke Haden, Mr. Spring Rice, junior, and the Rev. Spencer Braham, minor canon of Canterbury. *He* came as Mr. Elvey's friend, for to soothe his feelings I gave him one of these four admissions and invited him to dine with us, which would have been at my expense, but he declined this invitation as he had so many friends to attend to.

Mr. Young, of the Earl Marshall's office, *said* that the reason why I had not tickets at the funeral of George IV was because, upon the representation of the Duke of York to King William IV, that at the funeral of George III some of the organist's friends had pushed the company in the organ loft out of their places, William IV had forbidden the organist's having tickets at the funeral of George IV. A very likely story this, the Duke of York being dead at the time and William IV having expressly appointed me to preside at the organ at George IV's funeral. Another reason for not letting me have the four tickets was, that *since* the funeral of George IV, pedal pipes had been added to the organ, which, according to the information given by the Dean and Chapter, a day or two only before the funeral, to the Earl Marshall, took up the room of sixteen people. At his

request R. Gray was sent down to Windsor to remove some of the pipes and board over the others, which was done at the expense of the Dean and Chapter. As this made room for all the tickets issued by the Earl Marshall, out of which the Dean and Chapter had but seven, as it was said, I had the four, for my assistants.

The Royal body entered St. George's Chapel at five minutes past ten, when the choir service began. We had no occasion to repeat any part from "I am the resurrection" to "blessed be the name of the Lord," for at the end of this movement, as I made short pauses after each double bar, all were in their places.

Mr. Hawes, who was with me in his surplice in the organ loft, said the organ was rather before the voices at the beginning of the choir service.

Mr. French *gave out the psalms* before they began which I had very nearly *not waited for*.

There was a delay in lowering the body into the vault. I could not hear Sir W. Woods give out the *titles*, therefore I could only judge by the movement in the chapel that he had finished speaking, then I played "The Dead March" in Saul once through and finished at twenty-five minutes past eleven.

The music went well, but it would have been better to have had a rehearsal with the Windsor choir, as recommended by Sir A. Barnard, as some of the copies were not properly cut which caused one of the Windsor boys to come in wrong in "when the ear heard Him."

Queen Adelaide was in private in the Royal closet.

After the ceremony was over I saw the Duchess of Somerset¹ waiting in the aisle of the chapel for her servant coming to escort her to the inn, the "White Hart." She asked me to take her there and we walked thither through the crowd. Upon our arrival we were shown into a room where supper was provided for a large party. The guests beginning to arrive, we asked for another room and were

¹ Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart. She married in 1836 Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, who was born in 1775 and died in 1855, and was his second wife. She took lessons of Sir George Smart in 1838, as did other members of this family, and died in 1880 (B.P.).

taken into a bedroom. We both smiled and I observed it was a curious circumstance to be put into such a room, the Duchess assented. Her servants, who had, as they said, been seeking her, came to inform her Grace that the carriage was ready. She offered to take me to town but this I declined. I walked with her to her carriage in the Royal castle yard and then hurried to the Swan Inn, where the Chapel Royal gentlemen were at supper, fearing that the party might have gone to London without me.

The next morning the Duke of Somerset called in Great Portland Street to thank me for my attention to the Duchess.

The following announcement appeared in the *Morning Post* of August 1st: "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Sir George Smart conductor of Her Majesty's private English Concerts." Sir Andrew Barnard said I might wear the Queen's uniform.

On September 15th I went to the Rev. George Attwood's, the rector of Framlingham, Suffolk, and from thence to Mr. Bacon's, at Cossy, going afterwards to Mrs. Baring's, Cromer Hall.

From Cromer I went in a cart, there was no other conveyance to be had, to Sheringham, a very primitive place on the sea coast. They would not charge for my bed. There was a ball in the public-house but no ladies were present, the men danced together. To relieve the fiddler I took up the violin and played a country dance. He requested me to be very careful of his violin as it was a "Cremorne." I made myself very agreeable to the sailors. At the supper I introduced "Hop't She"¹ which greatly amused them. Rising

¹ The title-page of the song is as follows :—

(Picture of a bird sitting on a pear tree.)

"Hop't She."

A

Convivial Glee

Sung with the most rapturous applause
at all

Pleasant Parties.

Composed and Harmonised

by

B. R——h, Esqre.

early the next morning, I heard some of the sailors singing under my window, not aware of my being above, "And once so merrily," I popped my head out of the window and sung "Hop't She" to their great delight. They exclaimed, "There he is. How are you this morning, Mr. Hop She?"

I gave one pound for boat racing, and was greatly pleased with these honest and contented people.

I arranged and conducted the music at the royal entertainment given by the City to Queen Victoria, which took place at the Guildhall on the 9th of November this year.

In the spring of 1838 I received the following letter from Felix Mendelssohn:—

"My dear Sir,

"DUSSELDORF, *March 27th*, 1838.

"It is so long since I ought to have written to you that I thought I had better wait for an opportunity of sending some music than send merely a letter to plead my excuse. This opportunity presents itself to-day when I received the score of my three Overtures which is about to be published in this country and which I accordingly take the liberty of sending to you before its appearance in public; you have always been so kind to me that I hope you will accept it, and in looking it over think sometimes of the author, who shall always be thankful for your kindness and friendship. I had the idea of

Its words, so far as we recall them, are as follows:—

A pie sat on a pear tree,	
A pie sat on a pear tree,	
A pie sat on a pear tree,	
Heigho! Heigho! Heigho!	
Once so merrily,	} Hop't She!
Twice so merrily,	
Three times so merrily,	
Heigho! Heigho! Heigho!	

In singing, the company stood up round the table, each with a glass of wine, water, lemonade or other beverage in his hand. The first four lines were sung in chorus. One then, standing apart, drank from his glass while the others sang, "Once so merrily," and blurted out "Hop't she!" doing the same at the second and third lines, on each occasion repeating "Hop't She!" At the close his or her glass was supposed to be empty, and was turned *super nauculum*. An optional penalty for not finishing the contents of the glass was suggested. This proceeding, in which, about 1837, we often participated in or near Leeds, caused endless merriment among the juveniles, and was not scorned by their seniors. [This information was kindly given in *Notes and Queries*, 10th Ser., III, February 18th, 1905, in answer to a question as to the author and the words of this song.] (E.N.)

visiting your country again this spring, but have been obliged to give it up and postpone it for another year, as I have too much to do with compositions which I have begun last year and particularly with our musical festival which takes place in the middle or rather at the end of the London season, in June, and which gives a good deal of trouble as you know better than any. I need not say to you how sorry I am not to see England so soon as I expected, for you know how delighted I was with every residence I made in your country and how much pleasure I enjoy'd there. But let me hope to meet with the same kindness from you when I shall be able to revisit England, and believe me that I shall never cease to feel indebted to you, although I am afraid of trying to express it and of becoming tiresome with my very bad English. You see that I have forgotten more than I ever knew of it. Yet I must try to ask you a musical question, which nobody can answer as well as you and which is of much interest to me and to the amateurs of this country. You know all the Oratorios of Handel have been performed without the organ in this country; the want of harmony was made up by wind instruments, additional accompaniments, etc., very badly sometimes. I have now succeeded for the next festival at Cologne, when *Solomon*¹ is to be performed, to have an organ in the Orchestra and hope to see this custom adopted afterwards in all the other performances of Handel in this country. Now I should like to know how the organist plays it in England, whether there exists a written part for him, or whether he plays only the chords of the thorough-bass, which are marked in the score; I know that the full organ comes in always towards the end of the Choruses which produces a very good effect, but I should like to know whether such places are marked or are entirely left to the choice of the organist, and whether there are any other rules followed by the organ player in the Oratorios. It is very much asked I know, to beg you will answer these questions, as all your hours will be taken up by this time with rehearsals, Concerts, players,

¹ This oratorio of Handel was begun in 1748, and was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1749. "It was revived by Sir G. Smart at Exeter Hall in 1836," and "contains an unrivalled series of descriptive choruses" (G.D.).

singers, etc., but as I know what an interest you take in the cause of improvement of musical taste and as your answer will certainly contribute to the success of our experiment I hope yet to receive some lines of you about this subject. And how do you perform the part of Solomon in your country? It is written for a C alto, but I cannot fancy king Solomon with an alto voice and should wonder if Handel really could. Now if you answer this of course you will say a few words how you and Lady Smart are, how music is going in London, and in this way I may receive a letter from you, for which I really should be ashamed to ask after my long silence. I hope you may excuse it, as I have been very busy composing this winter; I have nearly finished an Oratorio, which shall be performed next autumn at Frankfort, then I have begun a new sinfonia, written some pianoforte music, and published some compositions, which I can never do without altering a good deal. So it is with the third of the three Overtures which I wrote some years ago but was obliged to write it entirely once more before I could publish it; the idea of it was given me by a poem of Goethe which has the title *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*, the two other Overtures are known to you since long. I heard here Miss Kemble had left the stage and was married in America, is this true? And is there no other great talent, dramatic or musical, since I was not in London? And shall I really and seriously write a tenor duet?¹

"Now, my dear Sir, excuse this bad letter, I am living so quietly and uniformly that I have nothing of interest to tell and I only wish to remind you of me, and to tell you that I shall always be

"Very truly yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

I was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal on April 1st, 1822. The warrant appointing me composer to the Chapel Royal is dated April 1st, 1838.

On Monday 2nd, I paid Mr. Calkin two guineas for *Sandford's Coronation of James II.* I bought this in con-

¹ Both Mendelssohn and Sir George Smart played the viola, and Mendelssohn had often jokingly suggested that he should write a duet for two viole, which they could play together (E.N.).

sequence of Mr. Turle's¹ claim to be organist at Queen Victoria's coronation because Purcell was. At the time of the coronation of William IV and Queen Adelaide Mr. Turle was a candidate for the organist's place, then vacant, at Westminster Abbey, and he said if I could appoint him to "turn over for me" at the coronation it would serve him with the Chapter. I did so. At the coronation of Queen Victoria he sent in a claim to the Council to be appointed as organist, because Purcell at a former coronation presided at the organ. But Mr. Turle forgot to mention that Purcell was then also the organist at the Chapel Royal and that in years past the organist of that chapel was the one appointed at the coronations. The late Mr. Sale, my brother organist at the Chapel Royal, also sent in a sort of claim to the Council; because as I was to conduct I could not be the organist also, but that he could. However, the Bishop of London—Blomfield—stopped these claims, so I was informed by Mr. Greville,² for when they were brought before the Council the Bishop said, "My Lords, you have nothing to do with the musical arrangements, they are to be made by me exclusively as Dean of the Chapels Royal." And so the affair ended about Mr. Turle and Mr. Sale; but in justice to the latter, he wrote to me stating he was not aware when he made his claim that I did not receive any sum as the conductor but only as organist.

The coronation of Queen Victoria was on Thursday, June 28th, in Westminster Abbey. I received a fee of three hundred pounds as organist.³

On the second of July of this year a Grand Musical Festival was given in Westminster Abbey in honour of Her

¹ Mr. James Turle became organist of Westminster Abbey in 1831. Dr. (afterwards Sir Frederick) Bridge did duty for him as deputy on his retirement in 1875. He died in 1883 (G.D.).

² Mr. Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, who was clerk to the Council from 1891 to 1859. His diary, *The Greville Memoirs*, was published later, edited by Henry Reeve (D.N.B.).

³ Sir George Smart's account of the coronation of Queen Victoria was, by his direction, sent after his death to the Dean of Westminster to be placed by him in the Abbey library, and the receipt was duly acknowledged by Dr. Bradley, then the Dean. "All the printed matter appertaining to the ceremonial of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria," bound with copies of the *Sun* and *Times* newspapers into a book, was sent to the British Museum in 1862 (E.N.).

Majesty's coronation; the profits were given to Westminster Hospital. The receipts were £7,186 13s. 6d., the expenses £2,143 3s. 5d., and the profits £5,043 10s.

On the 20th of January, 1839, I went to St. John's Chapel, Hampton Wick, to open the new organ which was built by Mr. Bryceson, some of the boys and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal performed the service. That same evening the Duke of Cambridge sent for me to Cambridge House, Piccadilly, to a quartette party at half-past nine, to play the viola in a quartette with His Royal Highness, Messrs. Blagrove and Lucas, who I believe was the 'cello. When I played the viola in a quartette at the Duke's residence in Hanover some years before, His Royal Highness pronounced me to be a good player, which was rather news to me. Blagrove told me to be on the watch, for if His Royal Highness did not play a passage to his own satisfaction he repeated it without giving any notice to the other three performers. The Duchess was most kind. Princess Mary handed the tea to us, and the present Duke of Cambridge helped me with my greatcoat, upon my departure.

On February 10th, 1840, I presided at the organ at the marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to present me with an elegant silver inkstand, and I duly appreciate this honor. (See separate bound book.)¹

The following is a copy of a letter from the Rev. Sydney Smith, at this time a canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to Mr. Hawes, on the latter writing to have the number of boys at St. Paul's increased.

"Mr. Hawes,

August 21st, 1844.

"I think the Choir of St. Paul's as good as any in England, we have gone on with it for 200 years, why not be content?

"You talk of competing with other Cathedrals, but Cathedrals are not to consider themselves rival Opera

¹ Unfortunately this book cannot be found. It is presumed that it was sent, with other bound books, to a library, by Sir G. Smart's directions, after his death, by his daughter, but no record has been found amongst her papers as to where, or into whose care, it was delivered (E.N.).

Houses, we shall come bye and bye to act Anthems, it is enough if our music is decent, and does not put us to shame.

“It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether Westminster bawls louder than St. Paul’s. We are there to pray, and the singing is a very subordinate consideration.

“Yours, etc., S. S.”

CHAPTER XVII

1845

THE UNVEILING OF BEETHOVEN'S STATUE AT BONN

From Hythe to Ostend—Fellow passengers—Ghent—Cologne—Bonn—Rehearsals—Spohr—Liszt—The meeting of friends and acquaintances—The arrival of Queen Victoria, the King and Queen of Prussia and Prince Albert—Godesberg—Arrival of newspaper correspondents—Mr. Ries, senior—The Fest-halle—The concerts—Dr. Breidenstein and his committee—The baptism of "The Beethoven"—The inauguration—A dinner—Departures—Journey from Bonn to Hythe.

ON August 4th, 1845, I started for Bonn with the late H. Robertson, Esq.,—who went on from thence with his nephew to Italy,—for the inauguration of Beethoven's statue which took place on the 12th. Beethoven's "Grand Mass" was performed in an hour and twenty minutes.

On Monday evening, August 4th, I left Hythe, where we had been staying since July 19th, at ten minutes to eight and arrived at Dover at twenty minutes to nine. Mr. Robertson came in the same train as I did from Hythe. He left London at half-past five this evening. We took a fly from the station to the Ship Hotel. It was so full there, owing to a train not arriving in time for London for the packets, that they got us comfortable beds in a private house.

I was informed at the government packing office that the *Princess Alice* did not go till half-past nine to-morrow morning. When I asked at this same office on July 31st they said the vessel would depart at six in the morning on August 5th but remarked they could not name the exact hour until the day before.

I had tea with Mr. Robertson at the "Ship," he brought me *Murray's Guide*, sent by Messrs. Calkin and Budd, and a French railway book from Mr. J. Ries. I saw Mr. Crevelli

in the coffee-room at the "Ship," but he did not cross to Ostend with us.

Tuesday, August 5th.—Our luggage was brought in a cart from the Ship Hotel to the vessel, Mr. Robertson looked after its safe arrival on board and I stayed on board to watch our places and the small parcels. They said that the *Princess Alice*—Captain Smith—would sail at half-past nine, we left the harbour exactly at ten and arrived at Ostend,—that is we landed—at twenty minutes past three. We had an excellent passage, smooth water and only two or three drops of rain. Nobody was ill, there were about one hundred and eighty passengers and four carriages. Among these were Lord Sandon,¹ Master and Miss Ryder,¹ the Rev. Mr. Kenaway, of Brighton, their friend, Sir W. Magnay,² and the late Sheriff Evans. The latter and another gentleman were going as a deputation on some railway business to Brussels. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, of brown stout fame, were on board, I did not see the latter; also the Countess of Westmoreland³ and her little daughter, she had her carriage on board in which she sat and she travelled in it on the railway. She had a foreign manservant with her.

They took away the passports as we left the packet, which we got again after they were stamped at the "Bureau de Passeport," there was no charge for them, Mr. Robertson assisted Lord Sandon to get his passport from this office as well as to get mine.

They would not allow us to take any baggage out of the vessel, but all was carried to the custom-house, we got

¹ Dudley, Lord Sandon, was born in 1798, married in 1823 Frances, fourth daughter of the first Marquis of Bute, succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrowby in 1847 and died in 1882. He was Lord Privy Seal from 1855 to 1857. The Hon. Frances Ryder was his elder daughter, and was a pupil of Sir George Smart from 1838 to 1849. Her brothers were Dudley, later third Earl of Harrowby, who was born in 1831, and Henry Dudley, born in 1836. Her eldest brother died when a child in 1829. Lady Frances Ryder died unmarried in 1857 (B.P.). See note 1, p. 55, and p. 190.

² William Magnay, of Postford House, Surrey, was born in 1797, became alderman of the Vintry Ward and sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1837, was Lord Mayor in 1843, and died in 1871 (B.P.)

³ Priscilla Anne, daughter of William Wellesley Pole, fourth Earl of Mornington. She married in 1811 John Fane, Lord Burghersh, who became Earl of Westmoreland in 1844 (see note, p. 280). She died in 1879. The daughter mentioned here was Rose Sophia Mary, who married, in 1866, Henry Weigall, Esq., D. L. Kent (B.P.).

it from there after we had dined. They only slightly searched our luggage and were very civil, no charge was made except for taking it from the custom-house to the railway station.

After procuring our passports we dined at half-past three at the table-d'hôte at the Hôtel des Bains, at which about forty people were present; there had been a previous dinner of, I suppose, about the same number in this room. There were plenty of dishes—some queer ones—the potatoes were excellent. Two men sang, accompanying themselves on guitars during dinner, the music was not so bad and it included a collection. Afterwards we got our baggage from the custom-house, the porters taking it to the station to which we went in good time to take our tickets and have our luggage weighed. After that we took a walk and went into a very fine church. I was much more pleased with Ostend than I expected.

We left Ostend at seven in the evening as we could not get ready to depart by the four o'clock train. We passed through Bruges, where we stopped for five minutes. Lord Sandon and Mr. Hodgson, with others, stayed for the night here. We arrived at Ghent at a quarter past nine the same evening. The greatest confusion prevailed whilst obtaining the luggage and as it was dark the torches added to the trouble in finding it, and there was no check to prevent persons taking the wrong things. We left my large carpet bag and Robertson's trunk at the station for to-morrow morning and I brought my blue bag with me. We had a long walk from the station to the Hôtel de Poste in the Place d'Armes; they could not take us in there, so a commissionnaire took us another long walk to the Hôtel Lion d'Or, in the Place Lion d'Or, where we had coffee, and at half-past eleven we went to a double-bedded room, for we could not have two rooms, and we had the greatest difficulty to get the beds got ready. The room was very so so.

Owing to the Dover train arriving after the Ostend packet had left Dover on Monday, the passengers for that day joined the equally numerous passengers on Tuesday. The Captain of the *Princess Alice* said he had never had so many

as to-day and the four carriages added to the crowd. One of these was Mr. Hodgson's, and Lady Westmoreland sat all the voyage in the other, consequently the great quantity of baggage caused confusion on board and also on land, and the passengers crowded the inns. I paid at Dover and Robertson paid all until our arrival at the "Lion d'Or" at Ghent, where we balanced our accounts up to Tuesday night, August 5th. I wrote to Margaret before I went to bed.

Wednesday, August 6th.—Ghent. As soon as I was up the commissionnaire of the hotel took me to the principal post office, where I put in the letter to Margaret, they said I need not pay the post.

After breakfast of *café au lait* the commissionnaire of the hotel took our small luggage and walked with us to the station. I was much pleased with the ancient buildings in this town, particularly with the town hall, the belfry tower and the church of St. Bavon, a cathedral. I was delighted with the inside of it. Seemingly a school of young ladies were saying their prayers thus early in the morning. This old town appears to be the Manchester of these parts. Robertson paid for the places and baggage all the way to Cologne. We arrived before the bureau opened, they were very slow in taking the money and delivering the tickets for places. Barriers were placed to keep the crowd from the payment hole. They were also slow in weighing the luggage which, when paid for and the ticket obtained, I saw no more of until we got to the station at Cologne. I was allowed to take my blue bag inside, it was not weighed at Ghent.

I saw Lady Westmoreland and her daughter at the Ghent station, also Sir W. Magney and his party. I took leave of Sir W. Magney at the Malines station. They went in another train from hence to Brussels. Owing to the confusion at Malines, in changing the carriages there, I had very nearly left my blue bag in the train we came in, which went from hence to Brussels, we were most fortunate in recollecting my stupidity about two minutes before the Brussels train left Malines. The bustle was so great that I had no time to push among the many trying to get some of the queer looking things to eat in the refreshment room, therefore we had

nothing but my biscuits, which, thanks to Margaret, I brought with me, until we dined at Cologne about eleven at night. Lady Westmoreland and her daughter said they got tolerable refreshments at Malines. I saw Mr. Michand at this station in a fuss, he having been left here by the train which took his wife on to Brussels.

The bugles in our train sounded about half-way between this and Liege, we soon stopped for some slight accident, which I could not make out. We were detained long. The bugles are a better plan than our whistles, though these were used here also, because accidents and signals could be expressed by different bugle sounds.

The country is well described about Liege in Murray's book, this town appears to be the Birmingham of these parts, there is plenty of coal and, the book says, nineteen short tunnels. The hills about here are very like Matlock. It rained violently when we left Liege for about half an hour. Lady Westmoreland intended to sleep at Liege, she gave me a little note for Lord Westmoreland requesting me to send it to his lodgings at Cologne, which I did by a waiter from our hotel the moment we arrived there, enclosing it in a note from myself. The messenger brought it back and said they had all gone to bed at these lodgings.

At Verviers we changed into Prussian carriages. Here they would not let me take my blue bag into the carriage, it was weighed and delivered to me, with my other things, at Cologne. At Herbesthal they took our passports, we applied for and easily obtained them at the "Bureau de Passeport," at the railway station at Aix-la-Chapelle. There was no confusion here, they called out the names and delivered the passports to the owners as they answered.

Just before entering Cologne we were asked if we had anything to declare at the customs. The Prussian trains go faster than the Belgian and the station houses look better at the small stations, but the carriages are not so good as the Belgian ones. We ought to have left Ghent at twenty minutes to nine in the morning, we did not leave till nine o'clock, the train being so long. We arrived at Cologne about a quarter to ten at night by my watch, but this seems to be twenty minutes faster here than in London. We waited in

a shed until the number of our luggage was called out, then it was placed on a counter before us. It was not even opened, the officer merely asked if we had anything to declare, of course everybody said "No." We delivered up our tickets for the baggage as the porters took it out to the omnibus belonging to the Hôtel de Vienne to which I was recommended by Mr. J. Ries, arriving there about eleven. We had an excellent supper of *potage* and veal cutlets with well-dressed potatoes. Being famished we enjoyed this meal and went to bed about twelve.

The journey from Ghent was pleasant. We travelled with an agreeable English lady and her husband who knew something of Mr. Groom, at least her father did, we also talked about the Kembles and Scappa. A Polish gentleman, who could not speak French, made himself agreeable to Robertson, who got on famously with his German, he made all the payments as far as this and was most kind in saving me trouble. Nothing annoyed me but my own carelessness in nearly leaving my blue bag in the carriage and having to pay for its conveyance separately at Herbesthal.

Cologne, Hôtel de Vienne. Joseph Merzenich, Glockengasse, No. 6 and 8. Thursday, August 7th.—I settled accounts, up to this morning, with Mr. Robertson at breakfast and afterwards I walked with him to see the cathedral. The interior is most beautiful. They were at prayers in the choir, there was no organ or singing. A few men were at work outside but there has been much built since I was here with Charles Kemble in 1825.

The Pole, who travelled with us yesterday, seemed glad to meet us at the cathedral. We had little time to spare, therefore we rather hurried back to our hotel, losing our way thither. We found a one-horse four-wheeled carriage at the door ready to convey us to the Bonn railway station. We had understood that it was to have been an omnibus. The station-room is beautiful, charmingly situated near the town walls. I was much pleased with some engravings round the room these being views of some of the towns and places we had come through.

We left Cologne about twenty minutes past ten and arrived at Bonn at half-past eleven. The first thing we saw

was an omnibus waiting for the Hôtel de Treves. The commissionnaire of this hotel, alias the conductor of the omnibus, to whom we gave the tickets for our luggage, procured it for us and placed it on the top. It appears that each first-rate hotel sends its own omnibus to the station, an excellent plan to get custom, some of these carriages are very fine.

We were politely received by Simrock at his Hôtel de Treves, Bonn, but the rooms Joseph Ries had engaged for us were then occupied, this was bad management as we arrived on the day stipulated; however we dressed in a very good apartment and our clothes were removed at night to the rooms Simrock gave us, on the second floor instead of those we were to have had on the third. I was pleased with his explanation about his intended charges. We shall see.

We dined at the table-d'hôte at half-past one, the stated hour was one, but nothing is exact here except the railways and they are only tolerably so. There were plenty of dishes, some were good. Our Pole, who travelled with us, dined here though he said he should stay in Cologne to see the sights. I left the dinner table to write to Margaret and Robertson and I took the letter to the post, which is in the same place as, at that time, Beethoven's *covered* statue was. Then we went to the first general rehearsal in the riding school, which is well fitted up for the purpose. It was to have begun at three, it commenced about four. The pieces rehearsed were Beethoven's Mass in D, conducted by Spohr, and a new cantata, by Liszt, conducted, with plenty of twisting of the person, by himself.

As a whole the Mass is too difficult and in many parts, to me, non-effective. The chorus singing was most excellent, the band good, particularly the strings. The trumpets are not so well toned as ours. I missed the organ for which there is a part in the score, which Mr. Flowers,¹ my pupil and friend, lent me to look over. The principal singer,

¹ George French Flowers, son of the Rev. Field Flowers, rector of Partney, Lincolnshire. He was organist of St. Mark's Church, Middleton Square, and the music critic of the *Literary Gazette*. He eventually became both bachelor and doctor of music, founded the British School of Vocalisation, wrote musical works, and contributed to musical periodicals. He died in 1872 (G.D.).

canto, Mademoiselle Tuczek,¹ hurried too much. I suppose she was nervous. The alto, Mademoiselle Schloss, who was in London, was very good, but was frequently, like the canto, too *forte*. The tenor, Herr Beyer—so so. The bass, Staudigl,² was excellent. On account of the principal singers, particularly the first canto, many passages were repeated several times, the choruses doubtless had had many rehearsals, superintended as I understood by Weber of Cologne, Carl von Weber's elder brother.

After the Mass, Liszt's cantata was rehearsed, for which we stayed till about the few last bars, when we heard, as we were leaving the yard, the trumpet and drums saluting Liszt at the end of his cantata, as they did Spohr just before the Mass began. They both conducted from a tall closed-up pulpit, the conductor's back to the secondo side, a bad plan this. It was nearly dark when Liszt's cantata ended.

I spoke to Spohr and his wife at the rehearsal, he took us into the gallery that we might hear better. He came up there during Liszt's cantata, but went away after two-thirds of it, being tired with conducting and so hot that he had his wife's shawl put on over his great coat. He does not seem very strong. I understood that a new opera of his, *The Crusaders*, has succeeded lately.

I also spoke to Liszt, Staudigl, Mademoiselle Schloss, to whom I was introduced at her desire by Mr. George French Flowers, who made her known to me, and also a Mr. Athanasius Diedrick Waekerbarth, his pupil, who was, he said, a rich man. As I could not make out his friend's name I got him to write it on his card. Mr. Flowers said he is to give

¹ Leopoldine Tuczek, a Bohemian by birth, was a pupil at the Vienna Conservatorium from 1829 to 1834. She accepted a star engagement in Berlin in 1841, where she acted and sang until 1861. "Her voice had a compass of two and a half octaves, and her refined and piquant acting made her a model soubrette." She died in 1883 (G.D.).

² Joseph Staudigl, who, from being a most beautiful soprano singer, came to be one of the first and most magnificent of basses, was born in Lower Austria in 1807, his father being an imperial huntsman. He went to Vienna in 1827, where he won his position at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and he made that city his home until his illness in 1856. He often visited England, where he sang in the English language, and "created the part of 'Elijah' at the Birmingham Festival in 1846. High as was his position on the stage, he was still greater as a singer of oratorio and church music. As a singer of Schubert's Lieder he was without a rival." He died in 1861 (G.D.).

an impartial account of this Festival for three papers. The fine things he said about my conducting were rather too much even for Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Oury,¹ accompanied by Mr. Gardiner² of Leicester, were there. After the rehearsal I left my card at Dr. Breidenstein's³ house with the maidservant as he was out; had it not rained we would have gone to seek him at the town hall or the casino, as she said he would be either at the one or the other. We returned to the hotel, had coffee for supper and went to bed early.

August 8th, Friday.—We breakfasted at eight and dined at the table-d'hôte at one, as in former days. I received a letter from Margaret at a quarter past nine, dated August 5th.

There was a rehearsal this morning of parts of Beethoven's Mass in D and the Choral Sinfonia, we did not go to it but walked about the town until severe rain drove us home, there were one or two claps of thunder this morning.

In the afternoon we went to a rehearsal in the Münster, or principal church, of Beethoven's Mass in C. It began at half-past four. Nothing else was rehearsed. The band and chorus were behind the high altar, out of sight to us in a pew about the middle of the church, which was prettily decorated with flowers and green garlands. It sounded as if the four principal singers were those who had sung at the rehearsal the previous evening. The chorus was strong and good. All the principal singers sung well. They said the tenor was an amateur, I doubt that, but his voice was not strong enough. The band was good, the wind instruments

¹ Madame Oury, née Anna Caroline De Belleville, a well-known pianiste, who was born in Bavaria in 1808 and was a pupil of Czerny. She first appeared in Vienna, then at Munich and in Paris. After further travelling she came to London in 1831, where she played at a concert given by Paganini. The same year she married M. Oury, the violinist. From 1839 to 1846 she played constantly in London and Brighton. She died at Munich in 1880 (G.D.).

² William Gardiner. He wrote songs and compiled *Sacred Melodies* from Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. His oratorio of *Judah* was drawn from the same sources. He published some popular works. He was born in 1770 and died in 1863 (D.N.B.).

³ Dr. Breidenstein was a professor and teacher at Bonn. "He gave theoretical instruction to Max Bruch, one of the most eminent German composers of his day" (G.D.).

played excellently, but the band was not strong enough for the voices. I suppose there was not room for a larger band. Dr. Breidenstein conducted, we could not see him. I do not agree as to the time taken for some of the movements, they were generally too slow and in the "Benedictus" too fast. Many parts of this beautiful mass were unsteady, the fault seemed to be with the worthy conductor who may not have had sufficient experience, besides this there was a small echo in the part where the band was placed. Mr. and Mrs. Spohr came in about the middle of the mass, he left his seat to go into the orchestra, probably to speak to the conductor about the wrong times. Mr. Robertson saw Oury, Gardiner, Flowers and his friend Waekerbarth, who, he tells us, is an Englishman and a professor, somewhere in England, of Anglo-Saxon. The two latter joined us after coming out of church as we were looking at some foot soldiers in the place where Beethoven's statue is. They were waiting for the King of Prussia's arrival, which we went to see at the Bonn railway terminus.

The King¹ and Queen¹ came in one carriage from Cologne, at Bonn the carriage was taken off the truck, six horses were put to it at the station with ropes to leaders for traces. They passed us at a quick pace, there was only two soldiers, who went first, to clear the way, although there were some at the station. There were three or four other carriages, one of them Royal, there were post horses to these also. I believe the party went to Stolzenfels, the castle on the Rhine which has been restored of late years and was given to the present King by the city of Cologne.

The King's arrival made Bonn all alive, they talked of fireworks to be at Coblenz in honor of our Queen, the finest that ever have been.

We went to the "Golden Star," near our hotel in the market-place, to visit Liszt; he had not returned from meeting the King at Cologne about the arrangements. We had then intended to visit Spohr at the same hotel but we

¹ Frederick William IV, who succeeded his father in 1840. He married the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, and died childless in 1861, when he was succeeded by his brother William, later proclaimed Emperor of Germany (E.N.).

met him and Mrs. Spohr coming downstairs. We went with them to the large music-hall, which I will describe later. On our way back we left my card with Dr. Breidenstein's man-servant. He was standing at the door, the doctor was out and we explained that I left a card for him with the maid-servant last night. We next called again on Liszt, also at the "Golden Star," he was then out of town; Handel Gear¹ was standing at the door of the hotel, he has taken rooms out of Bonn for six thalers a night during the days of the Festival.

When leaving this hotel Mr. Fétis² of Brussels made himself known to me. Mrs. Fétis was with him. I suppose he remembered me in London. I gave him my Bonn card. Mr. Flowers said that Mr. Davison³ of the *Musical World*, is to arrive.

We went to call this evening upon Mr. Simrock, brother of our landlord, at his music shop. The maid at first said he was at home and I gave her my card but she returned saying he was out. I think this was not true, never mind, I am not sad about it. I returned home to coffee and went to bed a quarter before ten.

Saturday, August 9th.—After a walk in the town, (as we did not wish to hear the rehearsals in the Fest-halle,) and buying tickets from our landlord, Simrock, for all the per-

¹ Henry Handel Gear, tenor vocalist, the son of an artist patronized by the Duke of Sussex, was born in 1805 and died in 1884. He was a choir boy at the Chapel Royal and at St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1822 he went to America, and became organist of Grace Church, New York. He left America for Italy in 1828, where he studied singing, and afterwards sang at Frankfort and in Paris. Later he became professor of singing in London, and was organist of Quebec Chapel, Bryanston Street, for more than seventeen years. He composed church music, anthems, songs, etc. (B.M.B.).

² François Joseph Fétis was born at Mons in 1784 and died at Brussels in 1871. "He was the most learned, laborious and prolific musical litterateur of his time," operas being among his musical productions. For a time he was organist and professor of music at Douai. From 1821 to 1827 he was professor at the Paris Conservatoire. He came to England in 1828 and 1829, and in 1833 became director of the Brussels Conservatoire and Maître de Chapelle to the King of the Belgians (G.D.).

³ James William Davison, born in 1813 and died in 1885. He was a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, a composer of songs, and wrote for the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was musical critic to the *Times* from 1846 to 1879. He married Miss Arabella Goddard in 1859 (D.N.B.).

formances and Dr. Breidenstein's account of the Festival, which cost two shillings, English money, we went to Godesberg in the omnibus from the railway station at twenty minutes past eleven. This omnibus waits at the station to take the passengers to Godesberg who may come from Cologne. We got there in an hour. We dined at the table-d'hôte at twenty minutes past one. I was recognized by the father of an English family, that is to say of two ignorant tall sons, who had met me at Dr. Carnaby's. They travelled in the second class, and his wife, a pleasant woman, and an invalid, with us in the first class. Some bad music was played during the dinner in an adjoining room as it rained. We walked to the castle of Godesberg notwithstanding the rain. The view is charming from the top, which we ascended by a tolerable staircase, which the King of Prussia is coming to look at to-morrow, in case our Queen should like to ascend. She is to reside at Brühl, a town about half-way between Bonn and Cologne, in the château which has been restored by this King, and at Stolzenfels, which castle also belongs to the King of Prussia, the latter is between Godesberg and Mayence. The landlady of the hotel, a sharp woman, was loud in her praise of Prince Albert, who, she said, had often dined and brought parties into the room we dined in. Had we been Germans this amiable lady would doubtless have been equally loud in the praise of some German prince who had dined there also. The scholars in the university at Bonn, I suppose *princes* are the exception, are not allowed to come so far as Godesberg, the landlady said feelingly, "for fear they should spend too much, besides it might lead to gambling."

We returned to Bonn at ten minutes past four in the same omnibus we came in and with us our landlady with plenty of empty baskets, doubtless to bring back full for her guests. It seems that she met the English family, who dined with us, as she was coming from Cologne by railway and strongly recommended her own hotel at Godesberg as those at Bonn would be so dear, so they closed with her and mean to come into Bonn for the performances and return after them.

When we came back we walked to the terrace or Alte Zoll, where there is a beautiful view of the Rhine, the Seven

Mountains, the Drachenfels, which is one of them, the flying bridge, the castle of Godesberg and the bridge of nine boats, which is the ferry from Bonn to the opposite shore. This is clever. The boats are fastened to each other with some distance between each, a rope is made fast in the ground and passes over each boat to the ferry, which consists of two boats together with a sort of gallows on them to which the rope is fixed. Then by the management of the helm, as the ferry-boat cannot go down stream, it is driven across by the current. On our return to the hotel I found cards from Messrs. Hodgson and Hogarth,¹ stuck in my key, No. 16, a good plan.

I went to the Goldner Stern Hotel, room No. 37, to visit Mr. Hogarth, of the *Morning Chronicle*, he came with me to Simrock's hotel. The following also came into our coffee-room, Messrs. Gruneison,² Barnett³ of the *Morning Post*, Kenney,⁴ who writes for the *Times* and came with Davison, Wild junior, Handel Gear and some gentlemen for the *Morning Herald*, whose name I did not hear. Handel Gear said that Lord and Lady Westmoreland were at the rehearsal this morning for a short time and also that they looked in during the table-d'hôte at the "Goldner Stern," and that his Lordship particularly desired to be remembered to me. They were on their way to visit the King of Prussia. It seems that all our great musical guns are at the "Goldner

¹ George Hogarth, father-in-law of Charles Dickens, was writer of *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism* and other musical works. He wrote a few songs and glees, contributed to the *Harmonicon*, was sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and wrote from 1846 to 1866 for the *Daily News*. He was secretary to the Philharmonic Society from 1850 to 1864. He was born in 1783 and died in 1870 (G.D.).

² Charles Lewis Gruneisen was sub-editor of the *Guardian* from 1833 and of the *Morning Post* from 1833. Whilst correspondent in Paris from 1839 to 1844 he sent despatches to London by pigeons. Later he was musical critic to the *Illustrated News* and *Morning Chronicle*, and wrote for the *Athenaeum* (D.N.B.).

³ Morris Barnett, the actor and writer of popular dramas. He acted at Drury Lane, and was on the staff of the *Morning Post* and *Era* (D.N.B.).

⁴ Charles Lamb Kenney, son of James Kenney the dramatist, became clerk in the General Post Office in 1837, wrote for the *Times* and helped towards the exhibition of 1851. He was secretary for a time to Sir Joseph Paxton, was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1856 and was secretary to M. de Lesseps from 1856 to 1858. He joined the staff of the *Standard* that same year. "He was noted for his impromptu satirical rhyming skits on contemporary celebrities." He died in 1881 (D.N.B.).

Stern," about one hundred and twenty dined at the table-d'hôte. They said I ought to have been there. I say I am more quiet—though noisy enough—at the Hôtel de Trèves. Mr. Barnett lives at our hotel.

We left Bonn under an arch of the university college. On the left of the inside of this gate is the way, through a garden, to the beautiful view on the terrace. The hotels and houses on the left, at the commencement of the road, are large and well situated, fronting the walks, belonging to the College, which are well shaded by tall trees. The backs of these hotels and houses look to the Rhine, they must be very pleasant and not too far from any part of Bonn. The road to Godesberg is straight and very good, it is only paved in part here and there in a village. The country is highly cultivated, there are no hedges but plenty of vines which look like, but not so well as, our hop gardens. We could not see the Rhine till we were at Godesberg, near to which, on the left hand, going thither, is a cross by the side of the road. Our talkative landlady said it had been erected by one brother who had killed another. The view from the hotel door was very fine.

Sunday, August 10th.—I went with Messrs. Gruneisen, Hogarth and Robertson to hear part of the Mass in the Münster Church, then I went with Robertson to look at the Jesuits' fine church; an energetic priest, in a white surplice, was preaching extempore. Robertson could not understand his German. We could not see the organ, if there is one, as we did not like to move from under the gallery to the entrance. The organ in the Münster is coarse and out of tune. Men only were chanting the mass, there was no band there. Before dinner, by Gruneisen's desire, I took to his room, in the "Goldner Stern," a copy of Dr. Breidenstein's letter of invitation to me.

We had about one hundred persons at our table-d'hôte to-day at one o'clock, and apparently there were as many dishes. They said about three hundred dined at the table-d'hôte at the "Goldner Stern." I went into Mr. and Mrs. Oury's room at that hotel to see a manuscript copy, belonging to Oury, of the Cantata by Beethoven as to which Oury doubts whether he will give it to the King of Prussia or to

Prince Albert. Doubtless he will fix on the latter. Mr. Fétis came into the room, he was brought there by Mr. Gardiner. Mrs. Oury's father was also introduced to me here.

After our table-d'hôte Robertson and I went to the review of a regiment of cavalry by the King of Prussia in the long walk near the railway station. The King came on horseback with a numerous staff. The Queen was in a carriage and there were other carriages in the suite. It was a fine sight but the rain took away the pleasure of looking at it. The brass band of the regiment had a fine effect, but the mob was too *obligato* and the trotting about of the soldiers to keep us back was troublesome. This Royal inspection was soon over and the King departed as he came, with cheers, but not very hearty ones.

I forgot to mention that we went this morning, at half-past ten o'clock, to the rehearsal of Liszt's Cantata in the great hall. I left Robertson there while I called upon Mr. Hodgson at an hotel which is a capital one for the view of the Rhine from the back, called the Hôtel Belle Vue. I knocked at, and was let into, Mrs. Hodgson's bedroom by herself and maid, from whence we went into a very good sitting-room. The cook is so famous at this hotel that she is employed very much out of it, therefore the eating is so bad that Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson dine at the "Goldner Stern," where it seems that every one fond of a crowd dines. Mr. Hodgson kindly invited me and Mr. Robertson to drink tea with him this evening to hear the music and see the fireworks from his hotel, but we were too tired after the concert to go, besides it rained.

After coming from the inspection of the regiment we called upon Mr. Ries. He is a very fine, agreeable old man and upwards of ninety.¹ He seemed to enjoy our conversation. He had been at one rehearsal but is too infirm to go to the concerts. He said that Beethoven's grandfather was a chapel master, but his father was only a tenor chorus singer, and so little was thought of young Beethoven that no one can say in which house in Bonn he was born,

¹ Sir George Smart was in his seventieth year at this time, and lived to be ninety-one (E.N.).

although two houses claim that honour, but what is more extraordinary, old Mr. Ries said, that though it was known that Beethoven died in Vienna, no one could say where he was buried. I was charmed with my visit and promised to repeat it.

At a quarter past five,—the doors opened at five,—we went to the first concert. It was announced to begin at six. According to the inscription over the entrance door, which was brought past our hotel by the workmen in procession singing, this hall was built in a short time. Mr. Robertson translated it for me.

“Through the union and enthusiasm of the citizens of Bonn erected in eleven days, from the 27th of July to the 7th of August 1845.”

The new Fest-halle therefore was built in this short time, and Mr. Zwirner, the present architect of the cathedral at Cologne, planned it.

The hall is two hundred feet long, seventy-five feet broad, thirty-six feet high in the centre and twenty feet high at the sides. They say it will hold four thousand persons, and so it may with the orchestra and standing room. Over the door outside are flags, on the largest of which is written, in German, “Union makes Strength.”

The following description is taken when looking to the orchestra, which was much too low, and the platform did not rise sufficiently, indeed it was more of a slope than rising. All the chorus were in the front, which was bad, for the band could not penetrate through them, being too low and too far back. The conductor was in a handsome pulpit, his desk was placed to face the primo side. The leader was not situated as at the Philharmonic but nearly according to our former plan, not elevated. The four principal singers were on the secondo side, much elevated and rather behind the conductor, who had to turn round to them and to turn to the secondo side when necessary. The principal singers should have been on the primo side and the conductor should have been a little in advance, with his back to the public.

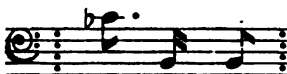
A large space, containing six benches all across the room, was railed off in front of the orchestra, I suppose for the

Royal party and officials to-morrow night. It is curious that in the tablets round the room relative to Beethoven the one close to where we sat was the "Mount of Olives" as through me it was first performed in England at the Lenten Oratorios, in 1814, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and was given at ten out of twelve performances. I paid Caulfield of London, the music engraver, thirteen pounds ten shillings for engraving the pianoforte copy which I arranged. The tablet over the Royal box was appropriately "The Battle of Vittoria" (or "Wellington's Victory"). Mr. Robertson made a drawing of the room and doubtless we shall have it in the *Illustrated News*. It is a bad plan to enter immediately from the street with no ante-room for the departure of the audience. The two doors at the bottom of the room were opened but the flight of steps at the entrance would be most dangerous if there were a rush from behind. The performers entered from another street, through a restaurant in which a passage was railed off for them. The carte of the wines and other refreshments seemed dear. Opposite the door, on the right of this room, were two other doors, the one near the orchestra was to admit into the reserved places. I thought the lighting of the room by a few chandeliers and many candle holders containing candles made it brilliant enough. The hall is tolerably well ventilated by rows of opened windows on each side of it. None of the benches are covered, but they are sufficiently wide and far apart and the regulations for the seats were well managed. It might be made perfect; the ends of the benches were numbered.

To those who bought tickets for the three concerts a white card was given with the number of the bench on it to which we were to go, ours was No. 18. You could take any unoccupied seat on this bench. It would have been better if they had been numbered, with a sufficient quantity of servants to keep them, and if easy access had been made to them. As it is you keep this white card, giving up the others at each concert, and go to the same bench for each, when those who arrive the soonest get the seat they choose on this bench, but it is difficult to prevent intruders, for Mr. Gladstone, not being aware of this regulation, bought

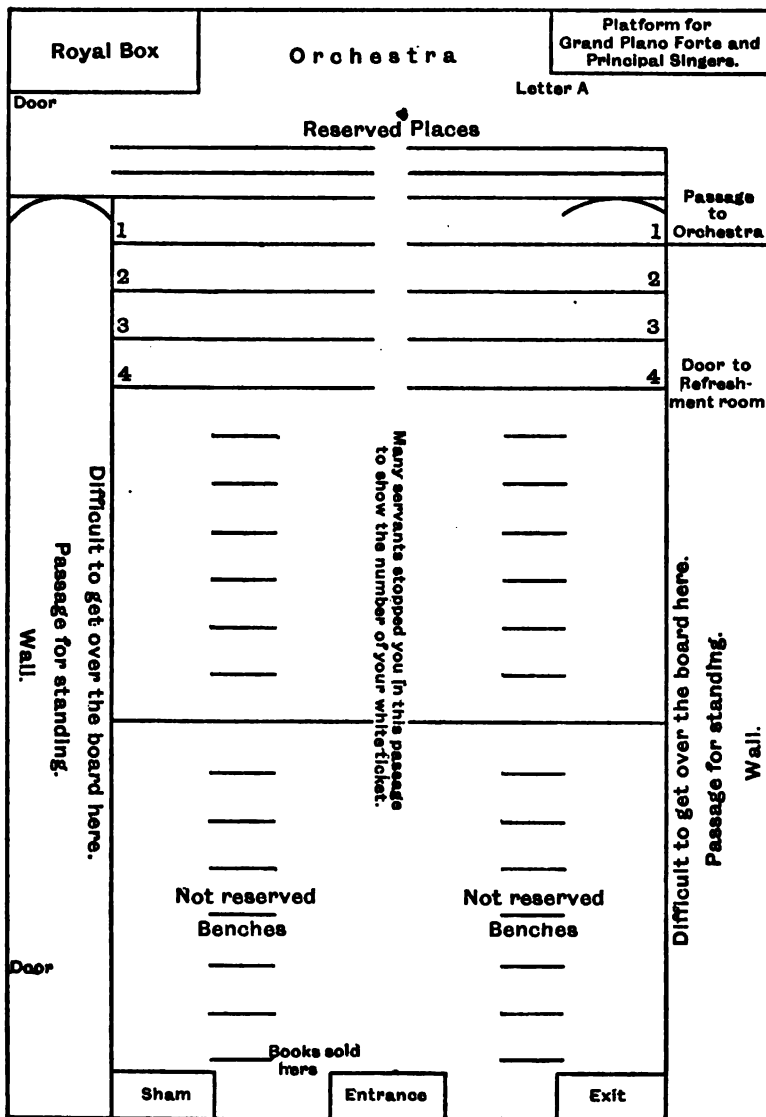
a ticket for one concert and, as this did not give him a right to a seat on a reserved bench, he was stopped in going to one, but seeing me, he said, he made his way up the side to the bench behind me. The men stood in the middle aisle to prevent our going higher than the bench numbered on our white card. Mr. Magrath came here from Dublin, he is at our hotel.

The Mass in D is too complicated in parts but was well performed, particularly by the chorus and the band, and well conducted, so was the Sinfonia, "The Ode to Joy," which went famously. The pianos and fortes were so well attended to that I never heard this Sinfonia so well performed before, but the trumpets had a bad tone. The drums beat our Chipp,¹ and were much better in time; the music



was capital, the oboe and bassoon were better than ours, the latter only as to *tone*, the horns were much better played than ours, yet the whole effect is not sufficiently loud. The chorus is too strong for the voices. The principal singer in this ode was infinitely more effective than ours, and the German words seem to suit better. I was delighted to see how orderly the performers were in obeying the conductor. The audience was most attentive. Great applause was given to Spohr when the band saluted him with drums and trumpets as I have before described. In order to make silence before the Sinfonia began there was a roll of the drum, a good idea as it made the audience sit down in expectation of the commencement, they were noisy when some of the company stood up. Upon the whole the arrangements were excellent inside and out, with the police keeping the ranks. Notwithstanding this so-called excellent police, Mr. Wild,

¹ Thomas Paul Chipp was a chorister of Westminster Abbey and later a harpist and drummer. Born in 1793, he was a member of the London orchestras from 1818 to 1870, and was a well-known figure at the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts in the centre of the orchestra, with his two great drums before him and a kettle-drum at the side. He was short of stature, and had a marvellous way of throwing himself on the drums when he wished to suddenly silence them (D.N.B., E.N.).



junior, of our hotel, had his pocket picked of his passport and other things; fortunately there were only memoranda in his pocket-book. They said that one of the many pick-pockets was taken, I hope it was not an English professor of that art.

There was a large party at supper at our hotel, amongst these was Blasia, the clarionet player and his agreeable wife, Madame Meerti, both living at our hotel. Blasia was at the rehearsal this morning. Mr. M. Barnett supped with us and his *Morning Herald* friend, Mr. Feemy or Famy. We had coffee only for supper.

The inauguration intended for to-morrow is postponed until Tuesday by Royal command, this puts off the concert one day.

Monday, August 11th.—I took a letter to the post for Margaret and left a letter for Dr. Breidenstein. I called on Madame Spohr, her husband was at rehearsal. On my return to our hotel I found Moscheles, who had previously called upon me, with Dr. Breidenstein, the latter had been to leave tickets for me, and made the *amende honorable* for all his former neglect. He stated, and probably it was a fact, that his head was turned with the quantity he had to attend to. He was greatly concerned about this neglect of me. He gave me a ticket, and also one for Robertson, to admit to every sight and place and invited us to walk in the procession to-morrow to the Münster and Inauguration. Next came Liszt with his apology for the neglect of the committee. "He would never have intended a slight to me." It seems that my letter to Dr. Breidenstein wrought those wonderful attentions from the committee. I readily pardoned their neglect, knowing how I have been occupied upon similar occasions, but query, will the press pardon their not having tickets *given* to them?

Then Dr. Breidenstein invited us to the christening and trip in the steamship *Beethoven* to which the general pass tickets, which we received this morning from him, would admit.

We went with Moscheles in an omnibus from the "Golden Star," gratis, to the place where the Cologne steamboats land their passengers near the ferry. In getting on board the

Beethoven we nearly had been either crushed to death or pushed into the Rhine. I never was in a greater crush. Thank God, I, with Robertson, Moscheles and Dr. Backer, an advocate at Vienna and deputy from there to this Festival, got safely on board, where we had two or three hundred people, all invited by the committee, many of whom were on the wharf, with blue ribbons on, to prevent any coming on board but those who had the pass ticket from the committee. Amidst the firing of cannon from our vessel and on shore, also from a steamboat that came from Holland, I suppose, full of passengers, the ship was christened *Ludwig van Beethoven* by a Roman Catholic priest. I could scarcely see the ceremony for the crowd, but I smelt the incense. A curious custom is for a lady to be wedded to the ship, a most elegantly dressed young lady was the one selected for this occasion, she was just before me in the crowd when coming on board, and screamed very much; with great difficulty an officer and a soldier protected her. After the ceremony of christening she left the vessel escorted by a gentleman in full dress, a rare thing here, with the priest fully robed, preceded by two boys carrying candles and a man dressed as our parish clerks are. On we went, firing away, crowds on the shore and in the hotels waving hats and handkerchiefs. We landed at the island of Nonnenwerth, where we had a very bad cold meal at the hotel on the island which had formerly been a nunnery. During the lunch a very fine band belonging to the 28th regiment, which came in the *Beethoven* with us, played beautifully in an adjoining room. Robertson was obliged to take his repast in another room as places were reserved by the committee only for Moscheles, Backer, Fétis and myself of our party. I was so disgusted with the eating that I left the table to walk in this beautiful island. I persuaded Robertson to go with me, he had fared better than I did. In walking round the island I gave a woman, a violin player, a three pfenning piece and I played "God save the Queen" to her on her not very bad violin. We had "Lieder-tafel" singing on board both going and returning. We left Bonn about a quarter to one, the time mentioned was half-past eleven, and started from the island to return soon after five. We got back to Bonn quickly going with the stream. Those

I knew on board were Dr. and Madame Spohr, Moscheles, Mr. and Mrs. Fétis, Dr. Backer, Mr. Holz and Fischhoff.¹ The two latter dined with Beethoven when I did in 1825. Moscheles said that Fischhoff was a distinguished artist at Vienna, he had large bushy black whiskers and wore spectacles; also Miss Sibyl Novello,² who had a friend with her, and there were many others that I knew by sight in the steam vessel.

Holz played the violin in Beethoven's quartettes when I was in Vienna; he is now a director of the music at some place there. Fischhoff has a manuscript work of Beethoven called *The Dervishes*, and wishes to sell Beethoven's violin and viola which he gave to Mr. Holz.

Altogether we had a most charming trip on the Rhine, except that one of the sailors knocked Robertson's hat over into the river. Through Moscheles I borrowed a cap—or rather a gentleman of the committee did—from the captain of the vessel, which I went with Robertson to return at the steam-packet office, after he had bought another hat soon after we landed, which only cost twelve shillings, English money, although it was a silk hat.

We landed rather before six o'clock, too tired to go by railroad to Brühl, to hear several bands play there upon the expected arrival of our Queen at some uncertain hour this evening.

On the island we met Messrs. Barnett, Davison, Flowers and his Anglo-Saxon friend, also young Kenney and Wild, junior, who tried hard to get into our boat, but the committee would not allow them to do so until they procured cards stating that they belonged to the press. The press were not too modest, they did not come with us but in another steamboat, some said, also provided by the committee, this I doubt.

After returning the cap lent to Robertson we took a walk

¹ A collection of valuable letters, pocket books and memoranda belonging to Beethoven came into Mr. Fischhoff's hands, which later were handed over to the Berlin Library, and are known there as the "Fischhoff MSS." (G.D.).

² Mary Sabilla Novello, sixth daughter of Vincent Novello, the music publisher; she was early compelled, from delicacy of throat, to give up singing in public, and went to live in Italy (G.D.).

outside the walls of the town ; the very fine ruins are disfigured with houses built on the walls.

Having had so bad a luncheon we ordered some veal cutlets with excellently dressed potatoes. I had a very agreeable conversation with Mr. Barnett, editor, upon musical and other subjects during supper, after which I went to bed being very tired.

During our passage up the Rhine, Moscheles said his wife preferred staying at Antwerp to avoid the danger and bustle at Bonn and Cologne. He has promised to tell me some interesting anecdotes about Madame Pleyel. She is a fine pianoforte-player patronized by Liszt. A gentleman, a Mr. Latham, a new arrival at our hotel, knew me, he said, he had been trying to persuade Sir A. Barnard to come here ; he is going to Italy.

It was rather extraordinary that Moscheles should not have known an air to have been Meyerbeer's played by the band during our repast on the island ; he lost a louis d'or to Dr. Backer, who wagered it was Meyerbeer's. Near to me at the table were Spohr and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fétis and also Dr. Backer. My right-hand unknown neighbour did not like my helping myself to a dish near until the proper time for doing so.

August 12th, Tuesday.—About six o'clock in the morning Mr. Simrock, our landlord, came up to say that the committee desired him to tell the invited guests in his hotel that we were to join the procession at the Belle Vue Hotel at eight this morning. A gentleman at breakfast said he could not get back from Brühl until two o'clock this morning owing to the confusion with the trains, he paid for a first-class place and with difficulty got into the third or fourth class. He thinks there were seven thousand persons at Brühl. Our Queen arrived there about six o'clock yesterday evening, this gentleman said. She did not show herself from the palace. He only heard a little of the music, he thinks more persons went from Cologne to Brühl than from Bonn ; hundreds were left to get back to either place as they could. About two o'clock there was a violent knocking at our hotel gates. Simrock told me that about twelve persons would come in to sleep in the coffee-room as they could not

have beds. They came from Brühl and were so hungry that they ate upwards of sixty pieces of bread besides other things. It was most fortunate that Robertson and I determined not to go to Brühl after our return from the steam vessel expedition. The gentleman thought that one-third of the crowd at Brühl was English. At the table-d'hôte an English gentleman said there were five hundred in all of the military bands.

At a quarter past eight we went to the town hall, instead of the Hôtel Belle Vue, with Moscheles, to wait for the procession coming from the hotel to pick us up, and to put the gentlemen assembled by invitation at this town hall in the centre of the procession. It was headed by a military band and corps of Jägers. Next came about three hundred college students and the captain of them, in curious costumes, long boots, with spurs, swords and sashes, with caps to correspond with the various colours and a kind of fustian jackets. There were no flags in the procession. When we came to the Münster door the scholars made a lane for us grandees to pass through. My coat here and everywhere was treated with great respect. The moment the procession got into the Münster the scholars and crowd rushed in like thunder, nearly carrying the dragoons' horses in with them all. We were especially seated on a sofa near the altar. Next me was Wolf, the poet, who wrote the Cantata Liszt set—he is connected with the *Athenæum* newspaper—then came Spohr. Next to me, on the left, was Robertson and close to him, standing, was Hänel who carved Beethoven's statue. Fétis and Moscheles were near us. The crowd was great but we were luxuriously seated. Liszt was in front of us standing. Four priests, superbly dressed, did the duty, which began about a quarter past nine and was over at half-past ten. The Mass went well, much better than at the rehearsal. Dr. Breidenstein conducted, but as he and the performers were behind the altar we could not see them. The London press pushed themselves in, I believe without invitation from the committee. The ladies were admitted by ticket before the great door was opened and were seated in pews. We got out at a side door in any way we could; I kept behind Spohr's great back. We were requested to

meet again in the town hall to go again in procession to the "Tribune" but as we had bought tickets for certain seats there, we determined to cut this second procession and go to our own places. It was well we did so for when the procession entered they got seats, which I suppose were reserved for them, but not so good as ours.

It was a most beautiful morning during the ceremony. Our Queen, with the King and Queen of Prussia and Prince Albert, arrived soon after eleven, half an hour later than was appointed. They came in four or five carriages from Brühl. There was a delay in the Royal Party coming into the balcony at Count Somebody's¹ house, the people were impatient, but when they appeared, our Queen in a pink bonnet, the cheering was great. The ceremony began with a speech, from a paper, by Dr. Breidenstein, without his hat. At the end of it the statue was suddenly uncovered, the sun broke forth at that moment. The shouts of the immense number of people, the beating of drums, the ringing of bells and firing of cannons at a distance, the loud reports, all had a grand effect. Then followed a dull piece of music, composed and conducted by Dr. Breidenstein, accompanied by wind instruments only, and sung by male voices only, although all the female chorus singers were seated in front of the statue. The likeness is good of Beethoven. Engraved on the monument is "By Hänel of Dresden."

I am sure that the Royal party were too far off to hear one word of Dr. Breidenstein's speech, or any of the music, perhaps they might have heard the drums when the music ended.

The Royal party retired into the house amidst the cheering of the crowd, then many of the committee and Spohr signed a paper on the monument, which Robertson thought would be enclosed in it but I saw Dr. Breidenstein reading it aloud, and so ended this interesting ceremony. The whole was excellently well managed. The horse soldiers rode round the "Tribune" to keep the crowd back. Every seat on the benches was numbered and we had a ticket each with a like

¹ The house of Prince Fürstenburg (E.N.).

number on it to secure us our places. All the captains of the colleges, or whatever they are called, in their curious dresses, were together behind us. I did not see more than two or three of the college boys with them, these captains were very fine young men and they behaved extremely well.

Before the ceremony a pickpocket was apprehended for stealing a ring, he was taken near us. They said he was a Frenchman, he looked very pale; the gentlemen of the committee were looking at his passport and the police, dressed like soldiers, took him away. There have been many robberies besides young Wild's. They snatched a valuable pin from the shirt of Mr. M. Barnett as he was coming out of church this morning after the Grand Mass there.

We had to wait a long time for our table-d'hôte, until nearly two o'clock. Both our rooms were crowded and perhaps two hundred persons sat down to dinner. Amongst the many who came hoping to find a place were Crevelli and Ferrari; they said they could not get a dinner in Bonn. I did not stay to the end of the repast but brushed myself up to go to the concert announced to begin at six. It commenced at half-past six and was over at a quarter to nine. Owing to the ticket Dr. Breidenstein had given me for letter A we had capital places. Robertson got by, by saying he belonged to me, we were close to the Royal box, among all the great guns. Madame Spohr was just behind me next to Moscheles, old Ries came in with Mon. le Conseiller Wegeler, Beethoven's friend whom I dined with at Ferdinand Ries's at Godesberg in 1825. I was introduced to him at the town hall this morning by Simrock's brother, who apologised for not being at home—fudge!—when I called, but the Conseiller remembered our meeting at Godesberg. I was delighted to talk with old Mr. Ries after the concert, he seemed to have enjoyed the music so much; everybody spoke to him. Mr. Halle,¹ the pianiste, who was in London, made himself known to me.

I forgot to observe that in the "Tribune" this morning I

¹ Sir Charles or Carl Hallé, a Westphalian by birth, was knighted in 1888, and married that same year Madame Neruda, the well-known violinist. His connection with Manchester and the London Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, etc., is of too recent date to need mention here. He was born in 1819 and died in 1896 (G.D.).

was introduced to Herr Schindler, who wrote Beethoven's life, I gave him my address in London, I believe he lives in Cologne. He was pleased to say that my name is well known in Germany. I must say that my reception from all exceeds my expectations and is most flattering. He laid it into Moscheles, who is, as he states, shown up in the twelfth edition of his work, *Beethoven's Life*.

After Spohr had conducted the first act he came and sat with us to be near his wife. By the by there was rather too much drumming and trumpeting to Spohr and Liszt, who had some bouquets thrown to them by the chorus girls, (they were very good looking and all dressed in white,) for the Festival was in honor of Beethoven *not* of Spohr and Liszt as Dr. Backer justly observed. He took much notice of Moscheles as also did Spohr.

The concert went well but Spohr took the last movement of the chorus in *The Mount of Olives* slow, perhaps he was afraid to push so large an orchestra. The programme was much deranged. Spohr said the quartette was played before the Sinfonia in the second act because they would have been too much fatigued to play it as placed in the programme. Why Liszt played the concerto before the canon I did not hear. Herr Beyer did not arrive from Brühl, therefore the introduction and tenor aria in *The Mount of Olives* were omitted and no apology was made; they would not have allowed this in London without some explanation. I doubt if half the room could have heard the quartette which was beautifully played, Spohr said the four players were from Cologne. It was curious to see Liszt get up after the first part of the concerto and walk about the orchestra, bowing to the applause. Spohr shook hands with him, then he sat down and finished the concerto.

The Rev. Mr. Shannon, formerly at Edinburgh, spoke to me, he did not like the second so well as the first concert nor did I. Madame Dulcken¹ gave a broad hint to sit in my

¹ Madame Louise Dulcken, the noted pianiste and younger sister of Ferdinand David, was born at Hamburg in 1811. She played at Berlin in 1823 and with her brother at Leipsic in 1825. She married in 1828 and came to London, where she lived until her death in 1850. She was a very successful teacher. The first concert Sir G. Smart conducted for her was in 1833 (G.D.).

place but I advised her to take a seat further on; Mr. Dulcken said he was glad to see me in his country. I spoke to Mr. Hodgson, Messrs. Davison and Kenney. Flower and Gruneison got into our A seats. I overheard Davison tell Mr. Feemy or Famy, who sleeps in the same room with Barnett in our hotel, and is the *Morning Herald* reporter, that they got into this best place by saying "The Queen sent them." Too bad this, but the press here do not stick at trifles.

I forgot to observe in my description of the great hall that all round this room are tablets and in the centre of each tablet one of Beethoven's works is mentioned, on the one over the orchestra the date of his birth in Bonn and of his death in Vienna is written, and there is a good portrait of him.

It fortunately did not rain in coming home. We narrowly escaped being hurt, as many must have been by the rascally conduct of a gentleman's coachman who drove furiously up to the door amidst the crowds of ladies and gentlemen coming out. What would Margaret have done had she been with us? The two stupid police soldiers, instead of knocking him off the box, which would have been done and properly done in London, kept pulling the horses back by the reins, while the coachman was whipping them on, this of course frightened the poor animals. It was a mercy that hundreds were not killed; how it ended I know not for we got out of the crowd and took coffee, intending to walk out to see the whole town illuminated. I am now writing with six candles in my window, a band playing in the market-place, while bad fireworks are being let off, but it is a gay scene from here. So ends this busy day.

August 13th, Wednesday.—I put out my six candles last night soon after ten, as all my neighbours opposite seemed to do so. The music and fireworks ceased about that time. It was a pretty sight with the flags and green wreaths and candles in all the houses. I found Simrock lighting candles in a room near mine; mine were already lighted when I came in after the concert. Simrock said he had so much to do that he was no longer master of his own house. He and his wife seem to be worthy people. She is rather plain but

polite, and speaks a little French also English I believe. Robertson was amused at my misunderstanding the waiter, who replied to my question "Where is Herr Simrock?" "Er schlaft"—He sleeps,—which I mistook and said to Robertson, "What does he shave for at this time of day just after dinner?" I laughed when informed he was sleeping.

I must not forget that I gave my London address to Dr. Backer, Moscheles' friend, of Vienna, to Mr. Fétis of Brussels and to Mr. Schindler. We met Miss Sybil Novello and Mrs. Guscel on our return from the "Tribune" yesterday, they had not been there or at the church.

For the third concert we got in very good time to excellent places in letter A. I sat next to two very pleasant German ladies and I made them laugh at many of my remarks, particularly about the curious dress of some Princess which looked like a piece of handkerchief; I called her Princess de Mouchoir. They waited till five minutes past ten for the Royal party and then began. Before they did so Professor Wolf, who wrote Liszt's cantata, made a speech requesting the company not to get on the benches for fear they should break down and cause accidents, however we saw many broken benches as we went out. We were amused at the fine chairs and other things being brought into the Royal box at almost the last moment. A Prussian officer who was one of the committee was pleased at my admiring these chairs.

The Royal party walked from the bottom of the room to the Royal box at the top, a bad arrangement. The King of Prussia had our Queen on his arm, Prince Albert the Queen of Prussia, then followed Prince William of Prussia, the heir presumptive, with a host of lords and ladies, among them Lord Westmoreland. I did not see his lady in the suite. He nodded to me from the Royal box; in returning his nods I was afraid our Queen might think I intended them for her as he sat just behind her. I saw him pointing me out to Lord Liverpool.¹ In going out Lord Westmore-

¹ Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson, the second son of Charles, first Earl of Liverpool, was born in 1784. He became third Earl of Liverpool in 1898, and was Under Secretary for the Home Department from 1807 to 1809, for War in 1809, and was Lord Steward from 1841 to 1846. He died in 1861 (D.N.B.).

land kindly shook hands with me, he had a lady on his arm. During the performance the Queen, whose eyes were everywhere, pointed me out to Prince Albert. Gruneison and Robertson said "Look! Prince Albert is telling the King of Prussia who you are." I think it was so for all the Royal eyes were upon me, the King with his glasses. He went to the chorus girls in the most familiar manner, I suppose he desired them to send someone to him that he might order what was to be performed; such a derangement of the programme could not have been done in England.

It seems that Moscheles was asked, but declined, to accompany "Adelaide"; it was well he did for it was sung badly. Sybil Novello's voice sounded well, but she wanted *esprit* for so great a song. Ganz,¹ 'cello, is not so great as Lindley,² Möser, violin, pupil of De Bériot, has talent; he played the Paganini pizzicato tricks, both these gentlemen introduced airs of Mozart, etc. with variations. Franco-Maules was the other 'cello. A Jew told me at the table-d'hôte that it was the band who hissed him and tore his parts, because they were jealous of him, this may be, but he is inferior to the other 'cello, Ganz, who played. Madame Pleyel played Weber's Concert-Stück better than I have yet heard it, with much taste and plenty of force. Mademoiselle Schloss sang well.

When the Royal party left the orchestra and company doubted if they were to go or stay; then there was a call for Staudigl. Some gentleman got into the conductor's place and said he was gone by command to Brühl, this was in bad taste and would have created a great row in England, besides he could have got to the King's concert at Brühl in

¹ Moritz Ganz, one of a musical family at Mayence, was born in 1806 and died in 1868. He was first 'cello at Mayence, and in 1826 he joined the Royal band at Berlin. In 1833 and 1837 he came to London, and the second time played at the Philharmonic. He composed much music for his instrument. "His style was that of the old school, his tone being full and mellow and his execution brilliant" (G.D.).

² Robert Lindley, a native of Yorkshire, commenced his public career at the Brighton Theatre. He was born in 1776, and in 1794 became principal violoncello at the opera and all the great musical entertainments until 1851. He died in 1855. "His tone was remarkable for its purity, richness, mellowness and volume, and in this respect he has probably never been equalled. His technique, for that date, was remarkable, and his accompaniment of recitative was perfection" (G.D.).

plenty of time after the concert here, therefore I supposed he might be offended because the King did not ask for his song this morning. However, after the speech away went the company, who with the performers seemed tired with the quantity of music during the week. This was not a good concert but the Royalty being present satisfied all but us professors; there were plenty of us in the letter A place who were either invited or thrust themselves in. Mrs. Oury got herself in the front row. I had every reason to be satisfied with the attention I received from all the professors and from the officials, and I was highly satisfied with my place next to the two laughing German ladies. Spohr was down in the room and then up in the orchestra when required, his slow movements from the room to the orchestra caused a delay not desirable either to the Royal Personages or to the public.

We got out and to the hotel much better than last night, it being daylight, and there was no rain. We had but just time to get to the union of the artists and others at the table-d'hôte at the "Grand Hôtel d'Étoile d'or." Dinner began about half-past two and about five hundred persons dined. The dinner was nothing extraordinary, it was not so good as at our hotel, but it must have been difficult to provide for so many. There was a great crowd and pushing to get into the room at a small door, where all those who had not promised to dine there were prevented entering. Liszt had put down our names at his table and we found these written out and placed on the plates. Near us were Herr Wolf, the poet; Fischhoff of Vienna, where I had met him; Blasis, the clarinet player and his wife, Madame Meerti, Gruneison and Franco Maules, the 'cello, who remembered me when in London with Hummel. Behind us were Herr Holz of Vienna with his English friend, Mr. Pinnock, and a chubby musical professor whose name I did not hear. There was an excellent band in the gallery.

In the room in which we dined there were five long tables; another room joined on at the bottom of ours, this was very fine and large, with two galleries in it, one opposite the other. It was well ventilated at the top. A fountain began to play all over the company seated at the table next to ours,

it was soon stopped. Spohr presided at the centre table, Liszt at the one on his right hand and Dr. Breidenstein at the one on his left.

Not very long after we began eating, toasts were given by Wolf, Spohr, Liszt, Dr. Breidenstein and others. It seems that Liszt in his first speech complimented all nations except the French, in his second speech, having been told privately of his omission, he praised the French from whom he had received such kindness. However, this omission caused dissatisfaction among the French, who, with the Jews, are not popular here. As I said before, Franco Maules, the 'cello, is a Jew. Then began a row caused by Wolf, the poet, who they said was also a Jew, who would speak after having given two or three toasts and they would not hear him but called for Spohr, who got up and sat down again he being not inclined to speak. This row was noisy and fearing that we might get into a scrape we left the room. When complaining in the yard that we did not know whom we were to pay for our dinner a Masonic Englishman, who knew me, although I did not know him, said he would settle this for me and lend me money if I required it. I declined his kind offer and we determined to call and pay to-morrow. We took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Spohr in going out of the room, they expect to go to Cassel to-morrow, he said he might be in England next summer. Surely the King of Prussia ought to command him to come to the concerts at Brühl with the other great artists.

We saw Messrs. Ferrari, Crevelli and Magrath in the room and Messrs. Flowers and Kenney junior. I concluded *all* our English friends were there though we did not see them. What would our English ladies say to dining with such a number of good and bad characters each talking to the other without ceremony or introduction. In going into the room we were glad to take Miss S. Novello and Madame Guscel and put them into their seats at the table, there we left them to find our places. It was a curious, noisy dinner.

I was glad to hear from Herr Schindler, who wrote *Beethoven's Life* which Moscheles *said he* translated, that Mr. Ries had that day been made a doctor in consequence of his own worth and having been the intimate friend of

Beethoven and the father of the talented Ferdinand Riea. This will be gratifying news to Joseph Riea. We were detained longer at the hotel where we dined in consequence of the rain. I saw Schlesinger of Paris, who had dined there. I spoke to him before at one of the concerts. He wanted me to go with him to Coblenz to the fêtes to be given there in consequence of our Queen being at the King of Prussia's castle at Stolzenfels.

We saw Moscheles going up to his room from the dinner-table, he said, "I am ashamed of my countrymen!" I conclude he did not like the remarks about the Jews which he must have heard. It seems that the Germans are very angry with us for *emancipating* the Jews as they term it.¹

I forgot to say that in going into the dining-room with Madame Guscel on my arm I kept the Princess de Mouchoir's dress out of the wet on the pavement, proper politeness on my part, for which this ugly princess returned me thanks in French.

Robertson and I went to the Casino, we were admitted there by the card which Dr. Breidenstein gave us. In the first room to which we went they were playing billiards, there were two tables. A bishop from Vienna, who walked with us in the procession from the town hall, was looking at the players. Out of this room was another where people were eating and drinking. Simrock said that things might be had there *a la carte*, of course by the members only of the club, I presume like our club houses. We went into two reading-rooms and from thence into a queer garden with a bit of a fountain in it. Some gentlemen were in a room containing a long passage which is fitted up for some sort of game with balls. Robertson said that they gave entertainments to the ladies occasionally at these Casinos. The

¹ "In 1833 Mr. (afterwards Sir) Francis Goldsmid was the first Jew to be called to the British Bar. In 1835 an Act was passed to allow Mr. David Salomons to become the first Jewish sheriff of London. In 1837 Sir Moses Montefiore was the first Jew knighted in England; the ceremony was performed by Queen Victoria. In 1845 Dr. Adler was installed chief Rabbi of the Jews in the British Empire. The next year the Act was passed to relieve Jews elected to municipal offices from taking the oath, and in 1849 Baron Lionel de Rothschild was returned to Parliament for the city of London" (H.D.D.).

house seemed large but it cannot be compared with the elegance of our club houses.

We returned to our hotel to take coffee before going to the ball in the great music-hall. While we were at coffee Mr. Gruneison told us of a quarrel he got into at the dinner which we left in consequence of the turmoil. A gentleman told him he might go to a certain hot place, for this Gruneison demanded his card, the gentleman refused to give it, upon which Gruneison drew his glove across the man's face which the said gentleman did not resent and so the affair ended. Query? What sort of a gentleman was he, supposing Gruneison's account to be correct? He said that he had had another disagreeable affair since that of the glove, but it was settled. I am not surprised at his getting into scrapes for he cannot keep quiet for five minutes, besides this his manners are very abrupt.

It rained hard, therefore we gave up going to the ball, but while we were doubting as to our going or not Robertson's nephew arrived from London. He got to our hotel while we were at the Casino, about six o'clock. He had a rough passage from Dover to Ostend in a small vessel with sixty passengers in it. He could not come in the *Ondine* as the boiler had burst. He slept at Liege, and the trains were so crowded, that their arrival was much delayed. He saw our Queen and suite at Cologne to-day at four o'clock. She must have gone there after the concert here. He says the streets were crowded, and three hundred young girls, dressed in white, were strewing flowers as the royal carriages passed. He agrees with us that the Queen does not look well, but the ladies are all charmed with Prince Albert. He looked very handsome in our Field Marshal's uniform; the blue regimental dress of the Prussian officers is not fine.

As the rain prevented our going to the ball we went to our rooms early. And so end the Festival doings, and very bad was the ending as to the concert to-day and the row at the table-d'hôte at the "Golden Star."

Thursday, August 14th.—I had little sleep last night owing to the noise of the carriages coming from the ball. About five this morning I heard an hallooing in the street. I got up to see the reason of it. There were about twelve

men marching down the road from the Münster opposite our hotel, shouting and singing. When they were in the market-place they saw me looking at them in my nightcap, they wished me "Good morning," so I thought it better to pop into bed, but by peeping I saw them form a ring round one of their party, who seemed to be addressing them. They were then very quiet, and soon went away. The flags are being taken down from the houses. The modern improvements will soon destroy the old picturesque appearance of many of the tops of the houses in this town.

It is very wet this morning, and the poor women in the market-place, with their long white handkerchiefs covering their heads and coming a long way down their backs, protecting their necks from the sun and wet, make a curious effect. The market before our house is well supplied with vegetables. The potatoes and salads are very fine, but they say the potato crop has failed in Belgium, which has been caused by a sort of blight. I hope it is not so in England.

I went with Mr. Robertson to put a letter in the post for his niece. On my return I found a letter from Margaret which I had been anxiously expecting. We then went to buy a pair of gloves, which were very dear, as I had lost one glove. I also bought a picture of Godesberg and the island of Nonnenwerth. We paid the bill for the bad dinner yesterday at the "Golden Star"—a dear dinner. Whilst coming home we saw the King of Prussia and a gentleman in one carriage, and in another our Queen and the Queen of Prussia with Prince Albert and someone else. They were going to embark on a steam vessel for the King of Prussia's castle, Stolzenfels, near Coblenz. There were very few guards or outriders with them, and the people took little notice of them. Young Robertson said there was not much of a crowd to see them go on board; perhaps their coming was not known.

We walked to the place of embarkation to Coblenz, there we saw Miss S. Novello and her friend, Madame Guscel. Robertson tells me she is a good pianoforte player and can play any of Beethoven's sonatas by heart; they were preparing to start by the boat for Coblenz, where Miss Novello is to sing and also at a concert at Ems to oblige someone in

distressed circumstances. The King of Prussia's chamberlain wrote a civil letter, to I suppose an application, full of regrets that he could not request her to sing at Stolzenfels as three ladies from a distance had already been engaged. Miss Novello and her friend were much annoyed at thirteen napoleons having been stolen out of their trunk at their private lodgings, it was supposed by the maidservant, whose lover was a locksmith, therefore love does not laugh *at* but *with* locksmiths. This servant was detected wearing one of Miss Novello's white dresses. There have been plenty of robberies in Bonn during this Festival.

We saw Lord Westmoreland's carriage on the quay waiting to be embarked for Coblenz, with it were the two maidservants and the same foreign man-servant I saw when I crossed from Dover. Lord Westmoreland, with his lady, have followed the Royal party to Stolzenfels, where hundreds from Bonn seemed to be going, amongst whom was Crevelli, Farrari and Mr. and Mrs. Fétis, whom I took leave of on the quay. He gave me his card and said he had left one at the hotel, which I found on my return there.

Mr. Robertson got a twenty-pound bill exchanged at Mr. Jonas Calin's, the bankers. After an excellent and quiet dinner at our table-d'hôte I put a letter into the post for Joseph Ries. We were stopped by the rain and therefore stood for some time under the booths erecting for the fair to-morrow, close to Beethoven's statue, where I bought three gold crosses for the ladies at home. We then went to the Rhine with the intention of crossing by the flying bridge but the continuing rain prevented this and the intended walk on the other side of the river.

During our visit to Mr. Ries this morning, who gave me two kisses in parting, he told me an extraordinary anecdote of the King of Prussia having given a large sum to, and settled a pension of about sixty pounds, English, on Mr. Schindler for some manuscript music of Beethoven. It was sold to the King by Mr. Schindler, but Mr. Holz told Mr. Ries, and showed him a paper signed by a dozen persons stating that Mr. Schindler had taken this music and a trunk containing other things from Beethoven's house immediately after his death without permission from his nephew or any-

one else. Mr. Ries says this affair will be made public; if so, and the assertion against Mr. Schindler should be proved, Mr. Moscheles will be sufficiently revenged for all that Mr. Schindler has said against him for pirating his book of *Beethoven's Life*.

The rain continuing we could not go out, therefore we settled the account with Herr Simrock who had left out the charge of two or three articles we had had. The bill was moderate considering the Festival, but quite enough, it was lower than the agreement made with Mr. Joseph Ries. We were extremely comfortable before the arrival and after the departure of the influx of visitors. My bedroom was well enough, the bed had French curtains suspended from the top. There was a stove in the room for winter, the pipe for the smoke went through the wall into the passage. I did not see a fireplace like ours in any room in the hotel. There was a sofa, chest of drawers, a large table without a drawer and a washing stand with a drawer which stuck fast so that it was of no use. The beds were not made, nor the room put tidy until late in the day, which was very inconvenient. There is a bell rope in the room and the bell is soon answered for it is usual in large hotels to have a waiter in attendance on each floor. Women are not often employed, although I had a German, French and English conversation with a droll maid-servant about the night light, which was a wick in a piece of tin floating in oil; sometimes these have a plain or ornamented china outside. It gives a very good light. Two ladies were in the next room to mine which I should think they never left as I always saw them in it when I passed. The boots and shoes are put outside the bedroom door, which you find there very early in the morning well cleaned. You must keep your room door locked and deposit the key on a similar number to your room on a board in the dining room. Visitors' cards are stuck in your key hanging up on this board. They have not a good place for receiving letters, they are never placed in any spot where you can get at them but you must always ask for them. The house for an hotel is clean but occasionally there were horrid smells, particularly at the back where the ducks and fowls were enjoying themselves. Simrock says he makes up eighty beds. I began packing before I went to bed.

Friday, August 15th.—I got up early to finish my packing, this I did before breakfast. It is a wet morning, it must have rained hard during the night, but it was moonlight when I retired to rest. This day being the Assumption, a great day in Roman Catholic countries, about half-past seven this morning a queer sort of procession came into the market-place and stopped just before our hotel, when they seemed to say a prayer and then moved on, there was only one priest and some men with dirty flags and other men with staves. There were two lighted candles. They sung nearly all the time in unison, which was not effective, the whole was a shabby affair, they seemed countrymen. There were about a hundred in blue frocks who formed the procession and when it arrived among the women, who were in the market about six every morning with their baskets, most of them seemed to join in, going first before the priest. All the men had their hats off.

After breakfast we went to buy some views at a bookseller's near our hotel and from thence we called on Liszt, at the "Golden Star." We found he went to Coblenz yesterday. Next we all three went to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson at the Belle Vue Hotel, but they also left yesterday. The rain was so disagreeable that we returned home through the Münster Platz which was full of booths for the fair, a Dutch clock was hung against the church door. A ragged old woman said something to us which I took for abuse, another woman standing by said she was paying us a compliment, Robertson did not understand her.

Mr. Robertson and his nephew left our hotel at a quarter before twelve in the omnibus to go by steamboat to Coblenz, intending to sleep there if they can obtain beds. Our press men went there for the gay doings and fêtes to our Queen, who is staying with the King of Prussia at his castle of Stolzenfels. To-morrow the Robertsons intend to go from thence by steamboat, in one day, to Mannheim. At noon I too was to have gone by our omnibus to the railway station. Simrock had told Robertson that it was never late, and if it were, to-day would be the first time. *It was too late* therefore Simrock desired me *to walk* as fast as I could, which I did in the rain most uncomfortably, with the boots carrying

my bag and great coat, all in the wet but fortunately neither suffered. I got there before Mr. Boots, and just got my bag weighed and took out my ticket about two minutes before the one o'clock train started.

I was advised to go in the second class which I found very nearly as comfortable as the first. There were excellent windows and soft seats but covered with black leather. They did not give me any ticket for my luggage, but I had no difficulty in getting it at Cologne. There were only three of us in the carriage, both the other passengers smoked, which is not allowed in some of the second-class carriages, and Robertson said it is so written up outside the compartment but I had no time to look being in such a hurry to get in.

I had a good view of the palace of Brühl, where our Queen first arrived on her visit to the King of Prussia, it does not seem a large palace, it is certainly too close to the railway. It is rather nearer to Cologne than to Bonn. At Cologne a porter took my bag to a one-horse carriage, I thought I was to have it to myself but I found a gentleman inside who did not speak much French, however we came direct to the Hotel de Vienne, the same we were in on our way to Bonn, the gentleman went further. I was in time for the table-d'hôte, which was a very good one, but I was annoyed with the music from two Italians, a harp and a guitar, one of them sang badly a song which was not in good taste for this country. I sat next a gentleman who had come from Aix-la-Chapelle to see the sights and was to return by the train this evening at six, he said there had been many robberies in Cologne but some of the thieves had been taken, they came from Belgium.

After dinner I made out my way in the soaking rain to the Ostend railway station with the aid of the map and asking occasionally. I went a great part of the way by the Rhine and returned another way, passing through strong fortifications into the town. The railway station is outside the gates, as is the station at Bonn. I would not have gone in the heavy rain but I wished to make sure about the train for to-morrow morning. I was much disappointed in being told by the money-taker at the bureau that I could only pay

as far as Aix-la-Chapelle. I am now in a fuss as to whether my bag is to be directed to this place or Ostend. To save trouble and to prevent my leaving the blue bag in a carriage, as I had nearly done in coming, I put everything into my large bag, as it would hold more.

When going to the station I went into the beautiful cathedral, prayers were being chanted. The organ sounded well, it began to play just when I was coming out so I stopped of course. The singing was in unison, it was like a chant, and had occasionally symphonies between the verses. They say our Queen was at the ceremony of laying the first stone of the tower, but did not assist at it. I observed several poles in the large square near the cathedral where I suppose flags had been hoisted during the Queen's visit to this large city. There are no side pavements here but the streets are better paved than at Bonn.

In coming back to the hotel I nearly got into a scrape. I met a similar procession to the one I saw at Bonn this morning, at least five hundred persons were walking and, what I suppose they called, singing. They were in two rows, the women came first, most of them were old and ugly, there were a few young ones among them. Next came the men, in the same sort of blue frocks as at Bonn. I observed they had no hats on but most of the men and women had umbrellas. I stood looking, indeed waiting to go by, in a narrow street, not liking to cross the procession, when first one man and then another, not in the procession, but they seemed to come out of a public-house, came up and appeared very angry, not one word could I understand, but I luckily guessed that I ought to uncover, off went my hat and away they went but looked very cross, there I stood until they were all gone.

I found out the hotel with only asking once. I was wet through, therefore I changed directly and had my shoes dried and cleaned. It is very cold in the coffee-room, a fire would be a luxury which I hope they are enjoying at Hythe. This seems a fine town but the rain prevented my seeing it to advantage. I went to bed in a good room early; the noise in and out of the hotel, for it is near the Poste Royale, was so great that I could not sleep until twelve o'clock.

The waiter promised to bring the bill to-night to my room, he did not, and I had the greatest difficulty to get it in time in the morning. The waiter seemed worn out with fatigue.

August 16th, Saturday.—After a good dish of coffee and rolls, one of which I put into my pocket, the omnibus called at the hotel about half-past five in the morning and took two gentlemen and me to the station to which I walked last night. The same person to whom I spoke yesterday afternoon, made not the slightest difficulty in having the bag weighed. There were not many passengers from here. We left Cologne at fifteen minutes past six, and changed carriages at Verviers, the first station from Cologne on the Belgian frontier. We had to stop more than an hour at Verviers while the luggage was examined; all of it was taken out of the train which brought it and it was put into the other that took it to Ostend, a most tiresome affair. The luggage was placed in a kind of shed, on a sort of long table, made of deal. As each piece was brought out the owner had to find it, when it came into the shed, and then was asked "if he had anything to declare" and to open his trunk. Mine was but slightly examined, I saw some others searched more attentively but on the whole they examined the small parcels most, and did not seem inclined to untie the cords on the large boxes. The search should be strict or not at all for it gives trouble to all parties. When I had locked my bag I lugged it out of the shed and gave it to the man who was loading the baggage. How things are so accurately delivered at the different stations is astonishing considering the quantity. When the luggage is weighed a number is pasted, generally over the direction, on the box, a similar number is given to you, when you pay according to weight. On the ticket you receive and on that pasted on the luggage is written the place where you paid for it, and the place where you are to claim it and to deliver up the ticket to a man who examines if the number you give corresponds with that on the box. A most troublesome affair both to have it weighed and the push to reclaim it.

In the carriage from Cologne was an intelligent gentleman and his son who had just come from the Cape of Good Hope. Upon getting into the carriage from Verviers I

found Mr. Saust, who seemed travelling with a gentleman and his wife; he had come from Aix-la-Chapelle and was going from Malines to Brussels. We changed carriages again at Malines and had by comparison an uncomfortable one, a gentleman said it was one of the first made, it had no division and the seats have not got air cushions. Malines has a curious and large station, there were four or five trains in it at the same time, therefore it was most difficult to get into the right one, and to add to the confusion a regiment of soldiers, but without arms, came with us from Malines to Ghent, they then went in the Lille train. They were amusing themselves with jumping off the carriages at every station and singing badly. We arrived safely at Ostend about twenty minutes past nine in the evening. My bag was out nearly the last, I then carried it to the gate where I gave up my ticket and a porter took it to the omnibus in waiting for the Hôtel l'Allmand recommended by Lady Westmoreland, where they were so full that I could only have a bedroom on the second floor, which was good; the sheets were almost the best I have slept in anywhere. I had some supper, which was not particularly well dressed. The water here, as Murray truly mentions, is very bad. I went to my room about half-past eleven, it is very fatiguing to come from Cologne to Ostend in one day, it being a journey of upwards of fifteen hours. I think it could be done under twelve hours if there were not the stoppages for searching the baggage at Malines and the other stations, during which you must take care that a trunk is not thrown upon you. When going the train travels fast enough, but not then so fast as in England.

From Malines all my fellow passengers were foreigners, one who came from Aix-la-Chapelle said the waters had done him no good, he was suffering from rheumatism. I saw many Englishmen in the train, but no one that I knew, except Saust; he is a Dutchman he said. My passport was not asked for at any town on my return from Bonn to Dover.

Sunday, August 17th.—I got up early and was not kept waiting long for coffee or the account. I do not think this hotel comes up to Lady Westmoreland's recommendation,

however, they said they were full. Mine was a good bedroom, though up two pair of stairs. Part of it was so warm that I was rather frightened until I made out that the hot wall might arise from a chimney being there.

A porter carried my bag from the hotel to the steamboat, which was the *Princess Alice* commanded by Captain Smith, it was the same vessel that we came from Dover in. The Captain remembered me again and said the Queen had a rough passage last Sunday. We walked from the hotel to the boat, fortunately it did not rain the whole day. Last night they said the vessel would go at eight, I knew better for it does not depart till the train is in from Ghent about eight o'clock every morning. The bags went on board about a quarter to nine. For want of water we could not get out of the harbour, but we left Ostend at quarter to nine. It was very rough indeed crossing the bar of the harbour, where the *Ondine* shipped a heavy sea in going out, and would have been wrecked if any of her machinery had been broken, which happened last week with many passengers on board, who were landed at Margate. Fortunately one of the government packets towed the *Ondine* in, for which they charged her owners seventy-five guineas, or she would have been lost. There was a strong wind and tide against us and many were ill, especially among the ladies; soon after we left Ostend they were lying on the deck in the best way they could. I was very queer for half the voyage but recovered towards the end of it. There were seventy-six passengers on board and some of them were very agreeable, particularly a gentleman who had lived abroad for many years. He described Buonaparte's burial place after his body had been removed to France. Another gentleman informed me that he had been to Prague, Vienna and Hungary to make out his pedigree and had copied, to his own satisfaction, papers which show that he is by descent related to most of the crowned heads of Europe, among them, though distantly, to our Queen, through Prince Leiningen, the Duchess of Kent's first husband, on account of which he hoped the Queen would give his son a Deanery, or something of the sort! It appeared to me that he was a little cracked about his pedigree, it had cost him upwards of a thousand pounds and

he would have to pay a great deal more. Seeing my name in my hat he claimed acquaintance with me immediately. He said I had once chosen a pianoforte for his sister and told me his name was Wrattislaw, that he knew the Fullers well, that they were out of town but he should knock up the servants to obtain a bed. Mr. Fuller's partner was a relation of this Mr. Wrattislaw he said.

It seems that whether there be many or few passengers it makes no difference to the captains of these steam vessels, his being a fixed salary, all the receipts going to the government who pay all expenses. *We* carried the mails to and from Ostend, the French carry *their* mails from Calais to England, our government of course takes ours over.

Upon a gentleman asking the steward if he could purchase any eatables on board, he replied, "Oh, yes! but you will not want them." A pleasant allusion to the probability of sea-sickness. We began to recover our looks as we got near Dover; we arrived there about a quarter to three it being a six and a half-hour's voyage. Though it blew hard until we came under the English land, and the tide was against us, fortunately it did not rain, this being the first day without it for some days.

There was not water enough to go into the harbour, therefore we landed in boats in the bay, where the bathing machines are, near the York Hotel. Nothing can be more disagreeable than going in these boats, I suppose there is no real danger, unless the sea is very rough, except by the people rising together in a boat when alongside the vessel, or in landing, though by the rocking of the boat they may stumble, as I did and scraped my leg very much. In landing the waves beat the boat against the beach. With the assistance of a sailor I jumped out and escaped the waves, but several of the passengers got very wet, one lady had to dry herself by the fire. A gentleman bought a pair of stockings, although it was a Sunday, he said to the vendor he must sell them as a work of charity to save his catching cold, for all the baggage was taken away from us. It was landed in boats soon after we left and placed on the beach and from thence taken to the custom-house near the Ship Hotel. Here I called twice expecting a letter from Mar-

garet about the omnibus for Folkstone but there was no letter, she had written to Bonn expecting that I should receive it on Friday morning last. I then went to the custom-house and had to wait in a room. The passengers who came by the French mail were first called to claim their luggage, none answered. Next the passengers from Ostend were summoned, those who had but one packet were called first, about six or eight at a time were admitted, this seems a good regulation. I went in with the second batch. The moment my name was mentioned the head clerk took off his hat and said of course I had come from Bonn, and was most exceedingly polite. We chatted about the Festival while a man very slightly examined my one bag, which I was previously desired to point out in the room among a long row of carpet bags. When my examination was finished my bag was put out of a hole at the bottom of a door and I was desired to walk out of a door close to the hole; a porter took my bag from the custom-house to the railway station for which he said I had sixpence to pay. A railway porter civilly let me into the first-class waiting-room where I doctored my leg with some of Dr. Billing's plaster which I took with me to Germany.

I left Dover by train this Sunday evening at half-past six. They put me into a carriage with the surveyor of the packet-boats of the Folkstone harbour, who came with me to Folkstone. It was well that he did for I most carelessly left my umbrella in the train. The advantage of having my name on it caused me to get it, as no omnibus goes from Folkstone station to Hythe on a Sunday night. I hired a fly and had just got into Folkstone when the driver of another fly came quickly after us bringing my umbrella. We came at a good round pace to Hythe. Here I arrived safe and well about eight in the evening.

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INDEX

- Abercromby, Mr., in Paris, 233
Addison, Mr., double-bass player, 280
Adelaide, Queen, 274, 277, 280, 287
Adolphus Frederick. See Cambridge,
Duke of
Æolus, frigate, 45, 46
Ahasuerus, an opera by Seyfried, 178
Aladdin, by Sir Henry Bishop, 248
Alava, General, 66
Albert, Prince Consort, 293; at
Bonn, 306, 320, 324, 325, 329, 330
Albrechtsberger, 113
Alewyn, 104
Aline, Reine de Golconde, music by
Dugazon, 226, 227
Allen, Mr., 193
Allen, Madame Caradori, 283
Alloway, Lord, Scotch judge, 49
Amberg, pianoforte maker, 101
Ammon, Dr., of Dresden, 127, 147
Anacreon chez Polycrate, by Grétry,
229
Ancient Concerts, 3, 4, 5, 6, 59, 176,
note 1, 232, note 5, 278
Andernach, 70
Anderson, George Frederick, 271,
note 2
Anderson, Mrs. Lucy, pianist, 271
André, of Offenbach, 159
Andrews, Rev. E., 5
Anglesea, first Marquis of, 274, and
family, 275
Angoulême, Duke and Duchess of,
232
Arnold, Dr., organist and composer,
2, 6
Arnold, J. A., actor, 48
Arnstein, M., 104
Arnstein and Eskeles, Vienna, 104,
112, 116
Artaria, of Vienna, 107, 108, 111,
119
Artour, Madame, actress, Hanover,
207
Aschenbrödel, by Rossini, 190
Ashby, Mr., of London, 29, 30, 32,
33, 36, 39, 40, 41
Attwood, Rev. George, 288
Attwood, Thomas, organist and com-
poser, 284
Auber, 61, note 2
Augsburg, 83, 85
Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge, 206
Augusta, Duchess of Mecklenburg-
Strelitz, 206
Augusta, Princess, daughter of George
III, 46
Augustus Frederick. See Sussex,
Duke of
Azur, King of Ormus, opera by
Salieri. *Tarare*, its English title,
182
Ayrton, Dr., of the Chapel Royal,
St. James's, 2

- Ayrton, William, son of the above, musician, 4
- Bach, Johann Sebastian, 157, 160, 173
- Bach, Wilhelm Friedrich, of Berlin, 178
- Becker, Dr., at Bonn, 316, 317, 318, 322, 324
- Bacon, Mr. Richard, of Norwich, 169, 180, 288
- Baden, near Vienna, 123, 124
- Bader, Carl, of the Berlin Court Opera, 175, 182, 192
- Bagot, Sir Charles, ambassador at the Hague, 66, 222
- Baillot, Pierre, of Paris, violinist, 229, 230, 231
- Balazexzi, Madame, Dresden, 155
- Bannister, Jack, comedian, 7
- Baring, Mrs., of Cromer Hall, 288
- Barnard, Sir Andrew, 284, 287, 288, 318
- Barnard, Mr. Charles, at Dresden, 142, 151, 154
- Barnett, Morris, of the *Morning Post*, at Bonn, 307, 308, 315, 317, 318, 321, 323
- Bartley, Mr. George, 273
- Bates, Josh, 5, 59
- Bath, Thomas, second Marquis of, 74, 75, 76
- Battle Symphony, Beethoven's, 49, 114, 115
- Bayard, Chevalier de, 104
- Bear and the Pasha, The*, by Karl Blum, 82
- Becker, Dr., 186, 191
- Beer, Mr., of Berlin, the father of Meyerbeer, 168, 172, 174, 178, 179, 193
- Beer, Madam, 177, 190, 193
- Beer, Wilhelm and Michael, brothers of Meyerbeer, 180, note 1
- Beethoven, Karl, 108, 114, 123, 264
- Beethoven, Ludwig van, his letters to Sir G. Smart, 49-54. Sir G. Smart's offer to him, 62. Maelzel, 84, note 4. Philharmonic Society, 264-9, and Quartettes, 105, 108, 109, 114, 117, 322. In Vienna, 108, 109, 111, 114, 115. Sir G. Smart visits him at Baden, 123, 124; his illness, 266; death, 267; his parentage, 309
- Beethoven's Grand Mass in D, 295, 301, 302, 303, 304, 312, 319
- Beethoven's Mass in C, 126, 303
- Beethoven, unveiling of his statue at Bonn, 320
- Begrez, Pierre, tenor, 230
- Bell, Mr., letters of introduction from, 157, 168
- Bell, Mr. W., and Weber, 245
- Bellart, M., lawyer, 23
- Benelli, Antonio, 102, 146, 148, note 2
- Benincasa, Signor, Dresden, 148
- Bennet, Vienna, 104
- Benson, Mr., at Hanover, 207
- Berger, Herr, tenor, of Hanover, 201
- Berggeist, Der*, by Spohr, 159, 196, 209, 214, 215
- Bergmann, tenor, Dresden, 139, 145
- Bériot, M. de, Malibran's husband, 282, 325
- Berlin, visit to, 165, 184, 186, 197 *Opera house*
- Berra, Marco, of Prague, 127, 131, 132, 135, 136, 209
- Berri, Duchess de, 232
- Beyer, Herr, tenor, at Bonn, 302, 322
- Bianchi, Jacques, in Paris, 228
- Biederman, Mr., Counsellor of the Saxon Embassy, 254
- Billing, Dr., 283
- Billington, Mrs., singer, 47, 48
- Birchall, Robert, music publisher, 5, 69, 99, 108, 111, 119, 157, 159, 220
- Blagrove, Henry, violinist, 293
- Blahetka, J. L., 100
- Blahetka, Leopoldine, 100, 282
- Blame, Herr, of Berlin, 183
- Bland, Mrs., singer, 7
- Blandford, Marquis of, 6
- Blasis, clarinet player, at Bonn, 315, 326
- Blasis, Madame—Madame Meerti—315, 326
- Blind Galaden*, comedy, by A. V. Kotzbue, 131
- Blomfield, Rev. Charles, Bishop of London, 272, 281, 292
- Blore, Mr., architect, 277, 279
- Blume, Heinrich, of Berlin, 166, 192
- Boaz, Mr. and Mrs., 274
- Boehm, singer, Dresden, 139
- Boehm, Joseph, violinist, at Vienna, 99, 102, 103, 109, 115, 119, 125
- Boehmer, Charles, of Berlin, 183
- Boettiger, M., Counsellor of the Court of the King of Saxony, 153, 246, 253, 254, 255, 257, 258, 259, 261
- Bohrer, Anton, violinist, in Berlin, 167
- Bolla, Madame, in Paris, 33
- Bonder, Mr., 59

- Bonn, 69, 220, 301-34
 Boodie, Mr., of London, 152
 Boosey, publisher, 119, 159
 Booth, Miss Sarah, actress, 48
 Boyce, Dr., of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 4
 Boyce, Mr., son of the above, 4, 5
 Bradley, Dean of Westminster, 292, note 3
 Braham, John, singer, 47, 48, 91, 100, 107, 175, 182, and C. von Weber, 241, 244, 246, 248, 252
 Braham, Rev. Spencer, minor Canon of Canterbury, 286
 Bramstone, Mr., at Berlin, 190, 195
 Braunau, 93
Braut von Messina Die, by Schiller, 86, 89
 Briedenstein, Dr., of Bonn, 303, 304, 305, 306, 308, 315, 319, 320, 321, 327, 328
 Breitkopf, Herr, of Leipsic, 157
 Breuning, Counsellor von, Beethoven's friend, 266, 267, 268
 Bridge, Sir Frederick, 292, note 1
 Broadwood, Mr. James, 47, 123
 Broadwood, Mr. John, 9
 Brodun, Dr., 19
 Bruges, 65
 Brühl, Count, Berlin, 168, 170, 180, 186, 187, 190, 195, 214
 Brunswick, 199
 Brussels, 66, 67, 222, 223, 224
 Bryceson, Mr., 293
 Buckley, Mr., organist, 5
 Buckwald, Miss, 154
 Bugbie, Mr. A., 111, 116, 118
 Bume or Boeme, Mr., Dresden, 159
 Buonaparte. See Napoleon
 Burdett, Sir Francis, 35
 Burghersh, Lord John Fane. See Westmoreland, eleventh earl
Butterfly's Ball, The, by Sir G. Smart, 281
 Byng, Mr., 168
 Burrowes, Mr., organist, 5
 Cambridge, Adolphus, Duke of, 84, 88, 103, 120, 200, 201, 202, 203, 207, 276, 293
 Cambridge, George, Duke of, 200, 293
 Cambridge, Duchess of. See Augusta
 Cambridge, Princess Mary of, 293
 Cameron, Mr. J. C., solicitor, 49, 55, 59, 249, 276
 Cameron, Mrs. Her school, 6
 Campan, Madame de, and her school at St. Germain, 37
 Campbell, Captain Patrick, of the *Doris*, frigate, 46
 Capel, Mr. John, and Weber, 247
Carnaval de Venise, Le, by Rodolphe Kreutzer and Persuis, 232
 Caroline, Queen, 56, 58, 227, note 3, 230, note 2
 Casimir, Mademoiselle, in Paris, 237
 Cassé, M., of Paris, 227, 228
 Cassel, 208-17
 Cassey, M., priest, 121
 Castlneau, Mr., 2
 Catalani, Madame, 9, 46, 227
 Cathcart, Colonel, 74
 Catty, M., 23
 Celestina, 155
Cendrillon, music by Spohr, 229
 Chad, G. W., Dresden, 142
 Champayne, M., master of the Pry-tance, in Paris, 35
 Chapel Royal, St. James's, 58, 59
 Chapel Royal Feast, and Fund, 60
 Chapell, L. and C. von Weber, 252
 Chappe, Claude, introduced telegrams into France, 39
 Chariui, the family of dancers on the tight-rope, 184
 Charles X of France, 232
 Charleville, Countess of, 270
 Charlotte, Queen of England, 2
 Charlotte, Princess, daughter of George IV, 49
 Charlotte, Princess Royal, daughter of George III, Queen of Württemberg, 79, 81
Châtelaines Les, 237
Chemin Creux, Le, music by Hostié, 235
 Chipp, Thomas, drummer, 312
 Choral Sinfonie, Beethoven's, 62, 104, 111, 123; at Bonn, 303
 Cimia, Mademoiselle, Vienna, 114
 Cinti, Mademoiselle, in Paris, 228, 233
 Clanwilliam, Richard, third earl, Minister at Berlin, 1823-7, 168, 169, 170, 174, 176, 177, 179, 180, 184, 189, 190, 193, 194, 195, 196
 Clark, Richard, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 284, 286
 Clarke, Dr., of Enfield, 9
 Clarke, Mr. J., Sir G. Smart's assistant, 46
 Clausius, Herr, of Berlin, 170
 Clement, Franz, violinist, 128
 Clementi, Muzio, 149, 180
 Clementi, Madame, 233
 Cleves, 68

- Coblentz, 70, 218
 Cock, Mr., banker at Frankfort, 74
 Coll, Colonel, Director of the Conservatoire at Vienna, 143, 146, 150, 170, 177
 Collard, Messrs., of London, 150, note
 Collard, T., and Weber, 252
 Colloredo, Le Compte, and his wife Christiana, Prague, 136
 Collyer, Mr., 8
 Colman, George, the elder, dramatist, 7
 Colman's theatre, 6
 Cologne, 68, 69, 220, 221, 300
 Colon, Madame, Paris, 237
 Comet, Mademoiselle, Prague, 134
Concert am Hof, Das, by Auber of Paris, 166
Concert-Stück, Weber's, 325
 Congreve, Sir William, 189
 Cooper, George, organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 58, note
 Cooper, Mr., father of the above, 58
 Copley, Lady, wife of the Lord Chancellor, Baron Lyndhurst, 62
 Cornelius, Peter von, 85
 Cousineau, M., harp-maker, 25, 27, 28
 Coutts, Mrs., Duchess of St. Alban's, 248, 249, 250, 279
 Cox, Mr., publisher, 179, 187
 Cramer, Carl, 115, note 2
 Cramer, Franz, 115, 275
 Cramer, Johann Baptist, 3, 4, 59, 61, 66, 115, note 2, 123, 149
 Cramer, Mr., flutist, of Munich, 88
Creation, The, by Haydn, 112
 Crevelli, 295; at Bonn, 321, 327, 331
 Crosdill, Mr., violoncellist, 2, 176
Crusaders, The, an opera by Spohr, 302
 Czerny, Carl, 102, 109, 114, 115, 119, 120, 121
 Czerny, Jos., 100, note 1
 D'Almaine, Mr., publisher, 252
 D'Ameland, Lady Augusta Murray,morganatic wife of the Duke of Sussex, 230
 Dance, Mr. William, director and treasurer of the Philharmonic, 59
 Danube, 95-98
 Darmstadt, 76, 77
 Darnley, John, fourth Earl of, 270
 Davison, Frederic, organ builder, 285
 Davison, Mr. James, of the *Times*, 305, 307, 317, 323
 Davison, Sir William, major, at Hanover, 201, 206
 De Begnis, singer, 177
 Dembscher, Herr, 104-7, 119, 121, 127
 Dembselov, von, 102
 Denimont, Madame, at Godesberg, 219
 Dergny, M., professor of mathematics, Paris, 35
Dervishes, The, by Beethoven, 317
 D'Este, Colonel, Sir Augustus, son of the Duke of Sussex, in Hanover, 202, 206, 207
 D'Este, Mademoiselle—Lady Truro—daughter of the Duke of Sussex, in Paris, 230, 236
 Devonshire, William Spencer, sixth Duke of, 49
 Devrient, Mr., junior, in Berlin, 188
 Devrient, Schröder, Madame, at Dresden, 139, 145, 159
 Dewste, at Waterloo, 67
 Dickenson, Mr., in Paris, 19, 20, 21, 25
 Diderrichstein, Duke of, Vienna, 129
 Dieudonne and Scheedmein, pianoforte makers, 79, 82
 Dillon, Henry, thirteenth Viscount, 46
 Disi, M., friend of Beethoven, 51
Die unglückliche Ehe durch Delikatesse, 170
 Dodo, M., celebrated printer, Paris, 23
Don Juan, by Mozart, 131, 186
 Dorchester, Lord, Arthur, second baron, 111
 Dorninger, M., of Vienna, 97, 98, 100, 101, 103, 105, 117, 128
 Douglas, Marquis of. See Hamilton, eleventh Duke of
 Douglas, Marchioness. See Hamilton, Duchess of
 Dowton, William, actor, 223
 Doxat, Lewis, journalist of London, 173
 Dragonetti, 61, 105, 112
 Dresden, 138-155
 Drövisch, Mr. Charles, of Leipsic, 160
 Drummond, Mr., of St. Germain, 37
 Dulcken, Madame, at Bonn, 322, 323
 Dunmore, George, fifth earl of, 47, 49
 Dunmore, the Countess of, Susan, daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton, 47, 49

- Dunn, Mr., of Edinburgh, 237
 Dunst, Madame, Vienna, 100
 Dupuis, Dr., 2, 4, 59
 Dupon, Mr. G., 16
- Ebers, M., 193
 Eckert, Carl Anton, Mendelssohn's pupil, 191, 196, 197
 Eckles, the Baroness, of Vienna, 179
 Edmonds, Mr., Sir G. Smart's apprentice, 46
 Edwin, John, actor, 7
Egmont, the overture by Beethoven, 151
 Ehrenbreitstein, 70
 Elector of Hesse-Cassel, William II, 208
 Electress of Hesse-Cassel and her daughter, 211
 Eley, Mr., violoncellist, 47
 Elizabeth, Lady, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Abingdon, 17
 Elizabeth, Princess, third daughter of George III, 75
 Eloï, Citoyen, singer, 38
 Elvey, Mr.—Sir George—organist, 283, 285, 286
Emma, a comic opera, music by Auber, 237
Emma di Resburgo, an opera by Meyerbeer, 193, 196, 197
 Ems, 70, 71, 72
 Erard, pianoforte manufacturer, 236
 Ernst, Madame, of Prague, 134
 Ernst, Mr. Rudolph, Prague, 135
 Erskine, Lord, second baron, 81
 Eskeles, Baron and Baronin d', 117, 119
 Eskeles, Mademoiselle, 114
 Eskeles, Madame, 116
 Eskles, 104, 112
 Essex, Countess of. See Stephens, Miss
 Essex, George, fifth earl of, 88, 103, 142
 Esterhazy, Count, 110
 Esterhazy, Prince, 104, 105
 Eszlair, Herr, Munich, 87
Euryanthe, by Weber, 140, 144, 145, 154, 161, 175, 193, 245
 Evans, Charles, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, alto, 284
 Evans, Sheriff, 296
 Eybler, Joseph, Edler von, Vienna, 113, 128
- Fagg, Mr., surgeon, 2
 Famiu, M., author, 26
- Fanchon*, an opera by Hummel, 71
 Fasch, Carl, of the "Singakademie," Berlin, 181, 182, 193
Faust's Mantle, 117
 Fawcett, John, actor, 7, 263
 Feemy or Famy, Mr., of the *Morning Herald*, at Bonn, 315, 323
 Feidel, banker at Cassel, 213
 Feigerl, Mr., of Vienna, 125
 Felsburg, Mr. J. Stainer von, 125
Fernand Cortes, by Spontini, 76, 192, 232
 Ferrari, M., 123; at Bonn, 321, 327, 331
 Ferrier, Mr., consul, 67
 Fétis, Francois, of Brussels, at Bonn, 305, 309, 316, 317, 318, 319, 324, 331
 Fétis, Madame, 305, 317, 318, 331
Fidelio, Beethoven's, 50
 Field, John, of Russia, 230, note 5
 Fischhoff, Herr, of Vienna, at Bonn, 317, 326
 Fitzroy, Lord William, Admiral, 45
 Flemming, Herr, founder of the Liedertafel, 196
 Flottie, Carl von, author, 195
 Flowers, Mr. George French, at Bonn, 301, 302, 304, 305, 317, 323
 Foder-Mainville, Josephine, 129, 177, 227, 233, 237
 Fodransperg, Chevalier de, 104, 110, 116, 118, 119, 121, 122, 127, 129
 Förster, Emanuel Aloys, composer, 62
 Forbes, Dr., and Weber, 250
 Fourcroy, M., chemist, Paris, 24
 Francis I, Emperor of Austria, 101, 112, 119
 Francis I, his brother, 112, 116
 Franco-Maules, violoncellist, at Bonn, 325, 326, 327
 Frankfort, 74
 Franklin, Sir John, 135
 Frederic Augustus II, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, 147, 154
 Frederick Augustus I, King of Saxony, and the Queen of Saxony, 149, 154
 Frederick the Great of Prussia, 185
 Frederick William IV, King of Prussia, 304, 306, 309, 320, 324, 325, 326, 330, 331
Frischhuts, Der, 48, 71, 90, 100, 101, note 1, 133, 139, 141, 145, 181, 188, 190, 195, 205, 222, note 6, 245, 246, 247, 248, 250

- French, Mr., at William IV's funeral, 287
 Friebersee, Maître de Chapelle, Prague, 132, 134
 Friedlowsky, Professor, at Vienna, 128
 Fries and Co., of Vienna, 101, 105
 Fries, Count, 105, 110
 Fürstenau, Anton, of Dresden, 140, 146, 150, 152, 154, 240, 243, 244, 245, 246, 249, 251, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 259, 260, 261, 262
 Fürstenburg, Prince, at Bonn, 320, note 1
 Fuller, Mr., 339
 Funck, Mademoiselle, Dresden, 145, 148

 Gaba, Madame, Paris, 26, 29, 33, 38, 39
 Gaba, M., 29, 34, 35, 36, 40
 Gahn, Mademoiselle, Dresden, 158
Galeeren-Sklaven, Die beiden, 151
 Galli, Fillippo, bass, in Paris, 234
 Gallini, Sir John, 17
 Ganz, Moritz, violoncellist, at Bonn, 325
 Garabaldi, double-bass, 3
 Gardell, singer, Paris, 32
 Gardiner, William, at Bonn, 303, 304, 309
 Gaultier, Abbé, Paris, 34
 Gear, Handel, organist, etc., 305, 307
 Gemmingen, M., 81
 George III, 2, 41, 45, 286
 George IV, and Beethoven, 49, 54, 115; and Weber, 254, 256; his coronation, 57, 58; death, 271; funeral, 272, 286
Geschwister, Die, 166
 Ghent, 65, 66
 Giovanola, tenor, in Paris, 228
 Gladstone, Mr., at Bonn, 311
 Glasser, of Vienna, 128
 Gleij, Mademoiselle, Dresden, 141
 Godesberg, 69, 70, 219, 220, 306, 307
 Gordon, Mr., at Vienna, 120
 Göschen, Mr. H., and Weber, 251, 253, 258, 259, 261
 Gössell, Messrs., and Weber, 262, 263
 Gouda, 67
 Graff, C., pianoforte makers, 101
Graue Pilger, Der, by Grazioli, 134
 Gray, R., organ builder, 284-7
 Grell, Herr, organist, at Berlin, 190
 Greulich, Carl, at Berlin, 191, 192, 196

 Greville, Mr. Charles, writer of memoirs, 292
 Grootaer, M., of Brussels, 222, 223; his family, 223, 224
 Gruneison, Charles, newspaper correspondent, at Bonn, 307, 308, 323, 325, 326, 329
 Guhr, Karl, violinist, Frankfort, 74
 Guildhall entertainment, 1837, 289
 Guildford, Lady, 248
 Guise, Duchess de, 235
 Gunn, Sir C., 195, 197
 Guscel, Madame, at Bonn, 324, 327, 328, 330
Gutsherr, Der neue, music by Boieldieu, 141

 Haden, Rev. John Clarke, minor canon of St. Paul's, 284-6
 Hänel, sculptor, 319, 320
 Häring, M. de, and Beethoven, 49-52, 54
 Härtel, publisher, Leipsic, 157
 Härtel, Mr. Florenz, nephew of, 159, 161
Hagestolten, Die, by Iffland, 141
 Halle, Sir Charles, at Bonn, 321
 Halle, Lady—Madame Norman-Neruda, 103, note 4
 Hamilton, Alexander, tenth Duke of, 47, 104, 168, 229, 235
 Hamilton, Duchess of, wife of tenth Duke, 46, 103, 110, 227, 229, 236
 Hamilton, Duchess, wife of eleventh Duke, Princess Mary of Baden, 235, note 2
 Hamilton, Lady Emma, 9, 47
 Hamilton, Lady Anne, 58
 Hamilton, Lady Susan, Countess of Lincoln, 99, 229, 235
 Hamilton, William, Marquis of Douglas, and eleventh Duke of, 235
 Handel, 5, 59, 89, 114; his oratorios and Germany, 290
 Hanover, 199-207
 Harlow, George, artist, 47
Harmonicon magazine, 169
 Harper, Thomas, 90
 Harrowby, first Earl, Dudley, Ryder, Viscount Sandon, 55
 Harrowby, second Earl. See Sandon and Ryder
 Haser, Madame, at Cassel, 214
 Haslinger, Tobias, publisher, Vienna, 119
 Hasse, composer, Dresden, 154
 Hassen, Dr., Dresden, 147, 152, 153
 Hauptmann, Moritz, at Cassel, 214

- Hausfrieden*, by Iffland, 214
 Hausmann, B., in Hanover, 201, 202
 Hawes, William, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 72, 246, 252, 273, 283, 284, 285, 287, 293
 Haydn, Joseph, 3, 4, 112
 Hayes, Mr., bookseller, 24, 34, 36, 37, 40
 Heath, Mr. J. B., governor of the Bank of England, 48
 Heartly, Mr., and his wife and son at Rouen, 42
 Hegdely, Mr., 2
 Heffermann, Madame, in Vienna, 100
 Heidelberg, 78
 Heilbronn, 78
 Henckel, Herr, of Brunswick, 214
 Henning, Mr., of Berlin, 178
 Henry, Mr., junior, in Paris, 18, 19, 25, 26, 29, 32, 38
 Hérault, Louis, of Paris, 227
 Hertford, Marquis of, 250
 Herz, M., father of Heinrich Herz, the pianist, 234
 Higgins, Mr., in Paris, 17
 Hill, Captain, of the *Lark* packet, 43
 Hobbs, John, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, tenor, 284
 Hoche, General, 70
 Hodgson, Mr., 59
 Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs., at Bonn, 296, 297, 298, 307, 309, 323, 333
 Hoeberecht, M., of Brussels, 223
 Hoffmann, Herr, of Vienna, 125
 Hoffmann, Mademoiselle, of Berlin, 182, 188
 Hogarth, Mr. George, and Weber, 261, 262, 268, 269, 270; at Bonn, 307, 308
 Holmes, Rev. W., Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, 57, 59, 60, 272, 273
 Holz, Karl, in Vienna, 108, 109, 114, 117, 118, 119, 123; at Bonn, 317, 326, 331
 Homser, Herr, baritone, Dresden, 145
 Hope, Rev. Charles, of Derby, 275, 276, 277
 Hope, Miss Margaret. See Smart, Lady
 Hopkinson, Captain, of the Volunteers, 8
 "Hop't she," a song, 288, 289
 Horzalka, Johann, Vienna, 110, 117, 126
 Howe, Lord, 66
 Howley, Dr., Bishop of London, 58-61; Archbishop of Canterbury, 281
 Howse, Mr., Sergeant of the Vestry of St. James's, 60, 284, 285
 Hummel, J. N., 71, 213
 Hüntten, Franz, in Paris, 231
 Hunter, Mr. David, in Vienna, 111, 116, 118
 Husk, Mr., of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 2
 Impey, Mr., 6
 Ingestre, Viscount, Lord Henry, later third Earl Talbot, and Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterford, 127
 Ingestre, Viscount, Charles, eldest son of Charles, second Earl of Ingestre, and fourth Baron Talbot, 267
 Ireland, Dean of Westminster, 277, 278
 Issabey, Citizen, 36
Jacob in Wein, 98
 Jansa, Leopold, violinist, in Vienna, 103
 Jardine, Professor, Glasgow, 49
Jean de Paris, by Boieldieu, 213, 215, 216
 Jeffrey, Lord Francis, Scotch judge, 47
 Jenast, Madame, Dresden, 158
 Jencken, Dr. J. and Weber, 250
Jessonda, by Spohr, 151, 172, 175
 Johnstone, Jack, actor, 7
 Joli, M., of Paris, 23
Joseph, an opera by Méhul, in Cologne, 221; in Paris, 236
 Josephine, Empress of the French, 41
Jugement de Paris, Le, music by Méhul, 232
 Kainz, Mr., of Prague, 132, 134
 Kalkbrenner, Friedrich, pianist, 82, 100, note 1, 153, 154, 227, note 1, 230
 Kanne, perhaps, Friedrich August, 118
 Kau, Mr., of Vienna, 267
 Kaufmann, Friedrich, of Dresden, 154
 Kellion, Mr., Dresden, 145
 Kelly, Fanny, 141
 Kemble, Miss, Adelalde, 291

- Kemble, Charles, 7, 64-67, 69, 71, 72, 75, 78-82, 120, 153, 166, 168, 196; and Weber, 240, 241, 243, 244, 253, 255, 257, 259, 260, 261, 262; and Stephenson, 273
 Kemble, Mrs. Charles, 245
 Kemble, John, 30, 38
 Kenaway, Rev., of Brighton, 296
 Kenny, Charles, of the *Times*, at Bonn, 307, 317, 323, 327
 Kent, Duchess of, 281
 Kerbst, of Vienna, 128
 Kerrison, Dr., of London, 252
 Keyel, in Paris, 24
 Khayll, the three brothers, Alois, Joseph, and Anton, 128
 Kielmansegge, Count, of Hanover, 206
 Kiesewetter, Raphael, 74, 76, 77, 181, 200
 Kiesewetter, Madame, 203
 Kind, Dr. P. M.—Weber, 250, 258
 King of Bavaria. See Maximilian I
 King of Prussia. See Frederick William IV
 King of Saxony. See Frederick Augustus, I
 Kinnaird, Lord Charles, eighth baron, 47
 Kirchoffer, Mr., of Vienna, 101, 103, 111, 125, 126, 127
 Klengel, August, Dresden, 149, 154
 Kletrinski, Jean, 104
 Knight, Mr., at Godesberg, 219, 220
 Knyvett, Charles, organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 58, 123
 Knyvett, Charles, son of the above, elder brother of William, 4, 5
 Knyvett, William, alto, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 247, 275, 278, 284
Kobold, Der rosenfarbener, 166
 Kollman, August, of Marlborough Chapel, London, 206, 207
 Kollman, Herr, of Hanover, 207
 Kramer, Christian, 57, 84, 271
 Kramer, Herr, his father, 200, and family, 201, 203, 207
 Kreiner, Herr, tenor, Vienna, 100
Kreutz, Das diamantene, a comedy by Deinhardstein, 208
 Kreutzer, Conradin, 102
 Kreutzer, Rodolphe, Professor of the violin in Paris, 231, 233, 234, note 2
 Lablache, Luigi, 129
 Lacourt, Madame, in Paris, 28
 Ladbroke, Mr. Felix, 46
 Lafont, Charles, of Paris, 135
 Langles, Mr., Paris, 23
 Lascelles, Mr., in Vienna, 120
 Latham, Mr., at Bonn, 318
 Latour, Mr., 59
 Lavoisier, M., of Paris, 24
 Lechen, pianoforte makers, in Vienna, 101
 Le Duc, M., Paris, 18
 Lee, Rev. J. and Weber, 253
 Leidesdorf, Max, musician and music-seller, of Vienna, 125
 Leipsic, 156-63
 Le Jeune, of Paris, 231
 Leon, M. Bernard, of Paris, 223
Leonidas, a tragedy, by Fichald, 236
 L'Epee, Abbé, of Paris, 32
 Le Sage, Mr., of Paris, 34-36
 Levasseur, Nicholas, singer, in Paris, 231
 Levi, of Vienna, 128
 Leviati, 118
 Lichtenstein, Professor, of Berlin, 168, 171-3, 189, 195
Liedertafel, the, 195
 Lille, 225
 Lincke, Joseph, of Vienna, 109, 114, 128
 Lincoln, Countess of. See Hamilton, Lady Susan
 Lindley, violoncellist, 325, note 1
 Lindpaintner, Peter von, 79, 81, 82
 Lingard, Mr., 2
 Linz, 94
 Lio de St. Lubin or Aubin, of Vienna, 128
 Liszt, Franz, 115, 228, note 1, 302, 304, 315, 318, 319, 322, 333; and his cantata at Bonn, 309, 319, 326, 327
 Liverpool, first Earl of, at Bonn, 324
 Livesay, Mr. John, in Vienna, 267
 Livius, Barham, of Cambridge, 48, 71, 72
 Lloyd, Mr., in Paris, 28
 Logier, John, and his system, 171, 173, 192, 206
 Losack, Miss—Mrs. George Robins, 62, 63
 Louis I, King of Bavaria, 85
 Louis I, Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, 76, 77
 Louisa, Empress of Austria, her coronation, 111
 Lucas, Charles, violoncellist, 293
 Luccuth, Lord, Scotch judge, 49
 Ludwigsburg, 79

- Lügner, Der leichtsinnige*, a comedy, by Schmidt, 208
 Lyceum Theatre, 222, note 1
 Lyon, Captain, of the *Fury*, 61, 62
- Macbeth*, by Spohr, 214
Macou, Le, a comic opera, by Auber, 224
 Madler, Mademoiselle, at Darmstadt, singer, 76
 Magdeburg, 198
 Magenies, Mr., of the Legation, Berlin, 180, 184, 189, 192, 193, 195
 Maggi, J. B., Vienna, 104, 117-19
 Magnay, Sir William, 296, 298
 Magrath, Mr., of Dublin, at Bonn, 312, 327
 Mainvielle, M., husband of Madame Fodor, 227, 237
 Malibran, 228, note 3, 282, 283
 Mallison, Mr., in Paris, 24, 25, 32, 33, 36
 Mancolt, Wilhelm, Darmstadt, 76, 77
 Manney, Mademoiselle, Munich, 89
Maometto, an opera, by Winter, 148
 Mark, Count von der, 173, note 2
 Marlborough, fifth Duke of, 6
 Marr, Herr, Hanover, actor, 207
 Marschner, Heinrich, Dresden, 148, 150
 Marsh, Mr. T., 59
 Martin, Mr., in the Lord Chamberlain's Office, 60
 Marx, Adolph, Vienna, 109
 Maskarie, Mr., artist of London, 36
 Masonic Lodge, in Paris, 36
 Masterson, Mr., 67
 Matthasi, Mr., of Leipsic, 159
 Maurer, Ludwig, of Hanover, 181, 191, 193, 194, 195, 200, 205
 Maurer, Madame, 203
 Mayence, 73
 Maximilian, Prince, brother of the King of Saxony, 140, 144
 Maximilian, Joseph I, King of Bavaria, 184
 Maxwell, Sir William and Lady, 49
 Mayer, of Dresden, 139
 Mayseder, Joseph, in Vienna, 102-5, 107, 108, 112, 113, 121
 Mecchetti, of Vienna, 108, 112, 127, 131
 Mechow, M., of Berlin, 168
 Meerti, Madame. See Blasis, Madame
 Mees, Mademoiselle, Dresden, 151
 Melza, double-bass, of Vienna, 128
 Mendelssohn, Abraham, father of Felix, 169, 171, 172-4, 178, 181, 191, 194, 195
 Mendelssohn, Madame, 169, 170, 172, 179, 194
 Mendelssohn, Cecile, 169, note 2
 Mendelssohn, Fanny, 169, note 2, 172, 173, 179, 181, 182, 191, 194, 195
 Mendelssohn, Felix, 64, 132, note 1, 169, 172, 173, 179, 182, 191, 194, 195; first performance at the Philharmonic concerts, 271; letter to Sir G. Smart, 289-91; and Handel's oratorios, 290, 291
 Mendelssohn, Paul, 169, note 2, 172
 Menou, General, 25
Merchant of Venice, 207
 Meredith, Mr., in Vienna, 111
 Merk, Joseph, of Vienna, 128, note 6
 Merry, Mr., in Paris, 17, 18
 Metzzer. See Vespermann
 Meyer, Mr. C., 67, note 1
 Meyer, Mr. P., 8, 9
 Meyerbeer, Giacomo, 64, 190, 193; his score, 225
 Michand, Mr., at Malines, 299
Midsummer Night's Dream, A, 271
 Miles, Lieutenant, 7
 Miller, Mademoiselle, at Prague, 139
 Miller, Mr., 49
 Milman, Mr., 276, 281
 Milne, Mr., 49
 Mittag-Besson, 107
 Mittag, Jean, of Vienna, 106, 107, 112, 113, 117
Mittel, Das letzte, 158
 Mödler, 121
 Möser, Karl, of Berlin, 167, 325
 Molique, Bernard, Munich, 88, 89
 Montrose, Duke of, Hanover, 206
 Moralt, Munich, 88
 Mori, Nicolas, of Munich, 89, 247
 Morlacchi, Francesco, Chevalier, Dresden, 144, 146, 148, note 3, 149, 150, 152, 153, 155
 Mornington, Earl of, 103, note 1
 Morris, Mr., of the Haymarket Theatre, 7
 Morton, Thomas, dramatist, 263
 Moscheles, Ignaz, 100, note 1, 101, 110, 114, 131, 132, 135, 136, note 1, 157, 169, 174, 187, 191, 206, 209, 246, 249, 252, 265, 315, 316-18, 319, 321, 322, 325, 328, 332
 Moscheles, Mr., of Prague, brother of Ignaz, 132, 136; and his family, 134, 135, 187

- Moschetti, M., Dresden, 150
Mount of Olives, by Beethoven, 114, 311, 322
 Mozart, 132, 136, 158; his requiem, 252
 Müller, Aegidius, of Brunswick, 162
 Müller, Iwan, at Leipsic, 162
 Müller, of Leopoldstadt Theatre, Vienna, 128
 Müller, Madame, of Dresden, 151
 Müller, Wenzel, of Vienna, 99
 Mühlenbruch, Mr., in Berlin, 166, 171, 172, 177, 178, 179, 180, 186, 187, 188, 189, 191, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197
 Mullinex, Henry, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 284
 Munich, 84-91
 Murray, Lady Augusta. See D'Ame-land
 Mustenburg, Herr, Cassell, 214

 Nadermann, M., harpist, in Paris, and his wife, his mother, and his brother, 233
 Naldi, Giuseppe, singer, 47, 48
 Napoleon Buonaparte, 30, 31, 37, 98, 106, 110, 111, 144, note 2, 147, 184, 189
 Narlini, Signor, 8, 22
 Naumann, of Dresden, 149
 Neate, Charles, pianist, 50, 52-54, 108, 115
 Nelson, Lord, 9, 15, 46
Nina, a ballet, 224
 Norwich Festival, 62
 Novello, Miss Mary Sabilla, at Bonn, 317, 324, 325, 327, 330, 331

Oberon, by Weber, 64, 241, 245, 248, 250, 255, 261
Ode to Joy, The, by Beethoven, 312
 Offenbach, 78
Olympia, by Spontini, 146, 147, note
 Opie, Mrs., novelist, 7
 Oury, Madame, 303, 308, 326; her father, 309
 Oury, M., 303, 304, 308

 Paganini, 107, note 2, 274, 275
 Paine, Tom, 35, 36
 Panny, Joseph, 107, 112, 117
 Paris, Visits to, 16-41, 225-37
 Parry, Captain, of the *Hecla*, 61
 Parry, Mr., Treasurer of the Royal Society of Musicians, 278, 279
 Pascal, Herr, of Bonn, 219

 Pasta, Madame, in Paris, 67, 228, 230, note 3
 Pasta, tenor, Madame Pasta's husband, 228, note 2
 Perrigaux, M., in Paris, 33
 Peters, Miss, Leipsic, singer, 162
 Peters, of Leipsic, music publishers, 157, 159, 161, 163
 Philharmonic Concerts, 64, 88, note 2, 89, note 1, 101, note 2, 132 note 1, 144, 202, note 1, 232, note 2; and see Weber, 250, Mendelssohn, 271, and Sir G. Smart, 271
 Philharmonic Fork, 80, 110, 158, 161, 167, 195, 230
 Philharmonic Society, 52, 104, 115, and Beethoven, 264-9
 Phillips, Henry, singer, 101
 Piatti, Signor, 61 note 1
 Pietsch, Herr, of Berlin, 168
 Pigott, Colonel, 65
 Pinnock, Mr., 326
 Pixis, Friedrich, of Prague, 132, 133
 Pixis, Johann, of Paris, 132, 229, 233, 236
 Plandein, Count, in Hanover, 202, 204
 Plantade, Charles, teacher of singing and the harp, Paris, 231
 Pleyel, Camille, of Paris and London, 227
 Pleyel, Madame, pianist, 227, note 1, 318, 325
 Plumptre, Miss, authoress, 171
 Pohlmann, Mr., 46
 Ponchard, M., in Paris, singer, 237
 Portesfield, Mr., in Paris, 34
 Porto, Mathieu, bass, of Italy, 227, 228
 Potsdam, 164, 184-6
 Pott, Mr. August, at Hanover, 202
 Potter, Mr. Cipriani, pianist, 62, 108, 153, 170
 Povah, Rev. John, minor canon of St. Paul's 284, 285, 286
 Power, Jas. and Weber, 252
 Praeger, Heinrich, at Leipsic, 159, 160, 161, 162
 Prague, 131-7
Praciosa, by Weber, 71, note 3, 150
 Prentano, Baron, Vienna, 112, 126
 Preston, T., and Weber, 252
Pretendus, Les, a comic opera; music by Lemoyne, 226
 Priere, M., Paris, 26, 28, 29, 32, 34, 39
 Primrose, Lady, 47

- Prince Regent. See George IV
 Profetti, bass, in Paris, 228
 Promberger, J., Vienna, 102, 121
 Prussia, Elizabeth, Crown Princess of, and afterwards Queen of, 71, 184; at Bonn, 304, 309, 320, 330
 Prussia, Prince William, afterwards Emperor of Germany, 324
 Purcell, Henry, organist, 292
 Puzzi, Signor, of the Royal Academy of Music, 146, 228, 233
- Quantz, flute player, 185
 Quartettes. See Beethoven. At Berlin, 176, 183, 194; at Cologne, 221; in Hanover, 202; Spohr's, 105, 176, 214, 215. See Rasoumofsky.
 Queensberry, Charles, Douglas, fifth Marquis of, 47
 Quintettes, 183, 194, 202; by Beethoven, 230
- Rainsback, Mr., artist, 36, 38
 Ramsey, Sir James, 110, 118, 119; his brother, 110, 116, 118
 Rasoumofsky, quartettes, 102, note 2; 109, notes 1 and 2
 Rastrelli, Vincent, Dresden, 150
 Ravel, family, Prague, 131
 Regnandin, M., in Paris, 228
 Reicha, Anton, 124
 Reichenbach, M., banker of Leipsic, 157; his son, Bernard, 159
 Reinwald, Mademoiselle, at Berlin, 188
 Rice, Mr. Spring, junior, 286
 Richmond, Charles Lennox, fourth duke of, 46
 Ries, Ferdinand, 69, 70, 84, 101, 104, 111, 116, 127, 165, 219-21, 328
 Ries, Franz, father of Ferdinand, etc., violinist, 69, 219, 309, 310, 321, 327, 331, 332
 Ries, Hubert, of Berlin, 165, 166, 168, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 181, 183, 184, 186, 187, 188, 191, 192, 193, 194, 219, 220, 221, 236
 Ries, Joseph, 220-3, 225, 226, 229, 230, 231, 233, 234, 237, 295, 301, 328, 331
 Ries, of Vienna, 101, 106, 108, 112, 118, 119, 121, 123, 125, 126, 127, 129, 135, 136, 137, 141, 142, 146, 147, 150, 152, 153, 156, 159, 163, 165, 166, 167, 168, 172, 173, 176, 178, 184, 185, 186, 190, 194
- Rietz, Eduard, of Berlin, 172, 173
 Rigaut, Madame, Paris, 237
 Righini, 107
 Rioltz, of Berlin, 191
 Riotte Philipp, in Vienna, 128
 Roberts, Mr., 60
 Robertson, Miss, and Weber's scores, 245
 Robertson, Colonel, of the Volunteers, 8, 35
 Robertson, Mr. H., 295-8, 300, 301, 304, 308-11, 315-17, 319-21, 324, 325, 328, 330, 331, 333, 334
 Robertson, Mr., nephew of the above, 329, 330, 333
 Robertson, and his Phantasmagoria, 25, 26
 Robins, Mr. George, 62, 63
 Robinson, Mr., surgeon, and Weber, 250
 Rode, Pierre, violinist, Paris, 31, 172, 194
 Roland, Fräulein, of Cassel, 216
 Rolla, Antonio, of Dresden, 149, 152, 154, 155
Rosa bianca e Rosa rossa, by Mayer, 228
 Ross, Mr., in Paris, 19, 21, 25, 26, 28, 33
 Rossi, Madame, in Paris, 228
 Rossini, 61, 146, 178, 227, and Weber, 248
 Rosslyn, second earl of, 49
 Rothamer, Madame, of Frankfort, 182
 Rotterdam, 67
 Rougemont, Mr., 85, 104, 112, 117
 Rubini, Giovanni, in Paris, 228, 233
 Rubrich, of Vienna, 125
Rübezahl, music by Wülfel, 159
 Rushbrook, Colonel, 66
 Russel, Mr., in Berlin, 195
 Ryder, The Ladies, daughters of the Earl of Harrowby, 55, note
 Ryder, Lady Frances, 296
 Ryder Dudley, Lord Sandon, third Earl of Harrowby, 190, 296, 297
- Sacchetti, Antonio, Prague, 135, 136
 Sains, M., 286
 St. Albans, Duchess of. See Countess, Mrs.
 St. Amand, actor, 42
 St. Antonio, Count, 109, 114
 St. Lubin. See Lio de
 St. Thomas School, Leipsic, 160, 161
 Sale, John Bernard, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 284, 292

*Reduction
 en. int. half.*

- Salmon, Mrs., 57, 150
 Salmon, James, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 57
 Salomon, Johann Peter, his concerts, 3
 Salomons, probably Sir David, later Lord Mayor, 61
Sampson, Handel's, 108
 Sandon, Lord. See Ryder, Dudley
Sappho, 89
 Sassarolli, Signor, Dresden, 150
 Saust, Mr., 337
 Savory, Mr., and Weber, 245
 Sawyer, Mr. John, 47
 Scappa, 67; in Paris, 230, 233
 Schalk Francois, at Cassel, 209-14
 Schauroth, Delphine von, pianist, 153
 Schechner-Waagen, Nanette, singer, in Munich, 91
 Scheedmein and Dieudonne, pianoforte makers, 79, 82
 Schiasetti, Mademoiselle, alto, in Paris, 233
 Schickler, banker in Berlin, 189
 Schindler, Anton, 264, 266-8, at Bonn, 322, 324, 327, 331, 332
 Schlesinger, Heinrich, of Berlin, son of Martin, 104, note 1, 168, 169, 175, 176
 Schlesinger, Martin, the father, music publishers of Berlin, 168, 169, 171, 175, 176, 179, 187, 189, 191, 193, 196, 247
 Schlesinger, Moritz, of Paris, at Vienna, 104, 106, 108, 110, 111, 113, 114, 115, 127; at Dresden, 152; in Paris, 227, 229, 232, 236, 237, 244, 245; at Bonn, 328
 Schlesinger, Mrs. and Miss, 192
 Schloss, Mademoiselle, at Bonn, 302, 325
 Schlosser, violinist, at Darmstadt, Mr., 77
 Schmidt, organist at Vienna, 112
Schnae, Der, by Auber, 177
 Schneider, Herr, of Berlin, 167
 Schröder, Madame, 87, 89
 Schubert, Franz, 110, note 2
 Schulz, Edouard, 101-4, 110, 116, 121, 125, 157, 168
 Schulz, Johann, of Leipsic, 163
 Schulz, Leonard, 101, note 2, 103, 107, 121
 Schulz, Madame, wife of Edouard, 102, 104, 121, 122, 127
 Schulz, Madame, singer, of Berlin, 166, 175, 192
 Schuppanzigh, Ignaz, 102, 103, 104, 109, 114, 124, 160
 Schuster, actor, 98
 Schweizer, Fräulein, Cassel, 216
Schweizer, Familie, Die, music by Weigl, 80
 Schweizer, Madame, of Cassel, 212
 Searle, Mr., actor, 65
 Sedlatzek, Jean, 114
 Seguin, Arthur, bass, 193, 229
 Seidel, Frederick, Berlin, 167
 Seidler, Caroline, of Berlin, 166, 175
 Seidler, Charles, husband of Caroline, 167
Servante Justifiee, La, 226
 Seyfried, Ignaz, Xaver, Ritter von, of Vienna, 126, 128, 178
 Seymour, Mr., of the Embassy, Frankfort, 74, 75
 Shannon, Rev., of Edinburgh, at Bonn, 322
 Shaw, Mr., leader of the band, Haymarket, 7
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 48
 Siboni, Giuseppe, Signor, 47, 48, 107
 Sicard, Abbé, 32
 Siddons, Mrs., 270, 271
Sieben Mädchen in uniform, 205
 Silbermann, organ builders, 142, 143
 Simrock, publishers, 69, 219, 220, 221, 305, 321
 Sleath, Rev. Dr., Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, 276, 284, 285
 Smart, Ann, mother of Sir G. Smart, 1, 22, 29, 46
 Smart, Charles Frederick, brother, 1, 64, 70, 111, 126, 166, 246, 252, 276
 Smart, Francis, his grandfather, 1
 Smart, George, his father, 1, 3, 5, 7, 17, 19, 24, 27, 28, 29, 31, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 46
 Smart, Sir George, his education, a chorister, 2; begins to teach, 3; bass singer in chorus, becomes a freemason, 4; becomes organist at St. James's Church, Hampstead Road, 5; takes up the freedom of the Grocers' Hall, organist at Brunswick Chapel, engagement at Coleman's theatre, acts as deputy organist at Westminster Abbey, 6; commences to give and conduct at concerts, 7, 8; visit to Paris, 10-42; becomes member of the livery of the Grocers' Company, knighted 46; appointed organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's,

- 58; visit to the continent in 1825, 64-239; Weber's visit to him, 240-63; marriage, 275-7; appointed composer of the Chapel Royal, 291; visit to Bonn in 1845, 295-340
- Smart, Harriet Jane, sister, 1
- Smart, Henry, brother, 1, 3; visit to Paris in 1802, 10-42
- Smart, Mary Ann, sister, 1
- Smart, Lady, 275-7
- Smart, Margaret Rose, his daughter, 283, 284
- Smith, Mr. Joshua, Lord Mayor, 47
- Smith, Sir Sidney, British admiral, 33
- Smith, Rev. Sydney, 293
- Snell, Mr., actor, 7
- Solomon*, oratorio by Handel, 290, 291
- Somerset, eleventh Duke of, 288
- Somerset, Duchess of, wife of eleventh Duke, 287, 288
- Sontag, Henrietta, Countess Rossi, 171, 177, 180, 186, 187, 190, 193, 228, note 3; her mother, 180, 193
- Spencer, Lord Charles, 5, 7
- Spencer, Mr., 22
- Spencer, Mr. W., in Paris, 229
- Spiker, Dr., of Berlin, 168, 172, 174, 180, 187, 193-7
- Spitzeder, Joseph, actor, in Berlin, 177, 190
- Spofforth, Reginald, writer of glees, 4
- Spohr, 88, 89, 105; his mass, 182; at Cassel, 209-16; at Bonn, 301, 304, 305, 312, 317-20, 322, 326, 327. See Quartettes
- Spohr, Madame, Dorette, née Scheidler, Spohr's first wife, 213, 215
- Spohr, Madame, his second wife, 302, 304, 305, 315, 317, 318, 321, 322, 327; the two daughters, 213, and a third daughter, 215
- Spontini, 146, note 2, 167, 170, 236
- Stadler, L'Abbé, 113, 146
- Stainer, Herr, of the bank, Vienna, 116, 125, 129
- Stainer, pianoforte maker, 101
- Stanhope, Philip, fourth Earl, 110, 111, 116, 118, 127, 147
- Stanhope, Lady, 110
- Staudigl, Joseph, bass, at Bonn, 302, 325
- Stegmayer, Ferdinand, of Vienna, at Berlin, 177, 178, 187
- Steiner and Co., 99, 102, 103, 109, 114, 119
- Stephens, Catherine, singer, Countess of Essex, 57, 61, note 1, 246
- Stephenson, Sir Benjamin, 277, 278, 285
- Stephenson, George, 273
- Stephens, Richard, glee writer, 182, 195
- Stewart, Dugald, 47
- Sticpenck, M., of Prague, 134
- Strasburger, M., 85
- Streicher, pianoforte makers in Vienna, 101, 268, 269
- Stümer, Herr, of Berlin, 166, 188
- Stumpff, H. E., harp maker, 104, 265, 268
- Stunz, Joseph, 90
- Sturn or Sterne, Mr., Stuttgart, 80
- Stuttgart, 79, 80
- Sussex, Duke of, 47, 75, 79, 81; pipe procured for, 116, 119, 120, 126, 230, notes 1 and 2; 272, note; at Brighton, 275, 276, 305, note 1
- Sutor, Herr, at Hanover, 200, 205
- Szymanowska, Madame, pianist, 230, 233, 234
- Taberger, Herr, of Hanover, 201-6,
- Tallien, Madame, 23
- Talma, M., actor, 22, 23, 26, 232, 236; his wife and daughter, 26
- Taylor, Sir Brook, at Munich, 84, 87-91, 142
- Tebaldo and Isolina*, by Morlacchi, 146, 155
- Temple, Mr., Secretary to the Legation at Berlin, 170, 177, 180, 184, 189, 193, 194, 195
- Thomas, Mr., 54
- Thompson, George, of Edinburgh, 179, 186
- Thomson, Mr., tutor to the Marquis of Douglas, 235
- Thynne, Lord William, fourth son of the second Marquis of Bath, 75, 76
- Tibaldi, Charles, at Dresden, 148
- Tibaldi Constance, Dresden, 148
- Tiernes, Mr., junior, 66
- Tietz, August, of Vienna and Dresden, 154
- Titus, La Clemenza di Tito*, by Mozart, 133
- Tolbecque, Auguste, violinist in Paris, 234
- Tori, Signor, tenor, Dresden, 145
- Toussaint, 35
- Townsend, "the thief taker," 4
- Trios, by Beethoven, 114
- Trumpeter, Maelzel's 84, 155

- Tuczek, Mademoiselle, at Bonn, 302
 Turle, James, Mr., organist of Westminster Abbey, 292
 Twiss, Mr., 6, 7
- Ulm, 83
 Umlauf, Michael, in Vienna, 104
 Usenbeth, Mr. W., 73, 74
 Utrecht, 67
- Valabrègue, M., Madame Catalani's husband, 9, 46
 Vaughan, Thomas, tenor, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 284, 285
 Velluti, 108, 146
 Vernon, Robert, 263
 Vespermann, Madame, 85, 88, 89, 90
 Vespermann, M., 88
 Vestris, Auguste, 39
 Vick, Mr., in Paris, 25
 Victoria, Queen, 272, note; her confirmation, 281; her coronation, 292; her marriage, 293; at Bonn, 304, 306, 317, 318, 320, 324, 338
 Vienna, visit to, 98-122, 125-9
 Vittoria, the Battle of, by Beethoven, 311
 Vivian, Dr., minor canon of St. Paul's, 60
 Vogler, Abbé, 136, note 1, 153
 Voigsel, M., of Paris, 34
 Vogt, Gustave, oboe-player, Paris, 232, 234, 236, 237
- Waekerbarth, A. D., at Bonn, 302, 304, 317
 Wagner, 160, note 2
 Walter, Mr., of London, 118
 Ward, Mr. W., M.P., Director of the Bank of England, and Weber, 246, 250
 Waterloo, 67
 Weber, Carl Maria von, at Ems, 64, 70-71, 72, 100; reports of his death, 103, 133; Capellmeister, 109, note 2; at Prague, 133; at Dresden, 139, 140, 143, 144, note 1, 145, 146, 148, note 3, 150-6, and Sontag, 171, note 3; his hymn, 179, 187, 196; in London, 240-9; conducts at Philharmonic, 245; Benefit concert, 246, 254; presentation cup, 246, 251; second Benefit concert, 247, 254; his death, 249; funeral, 251; letters from Germany concerning him, 253-63
- Weber, Madame von, 150, 153, 155, 240, 241, 243, 244, 247, 251; letters from and for her, 253-62; her children, 150, 254, 261
 Weber, Edmund von, Carl's step-brother, 221, 302
 Weber, Frederick, of Prague, 136
 Weber, Mr., Vienna, 126
 Wegeler, Mon. le Conseiller, at Godesberg, 219; at Bonn, 321
 Wegeler, Madame and Miss, 219
 Weichsel, Carl, violinist, 271
 Weigall, Mrs. Henry, 296, note 3
 Weile, Herr, violinist, Hanover, 212
 Weincup, M., Vienna, 112
 Weinlig, Christian, at Leipsic, 160
 Weishaupt, 104
 Weiss, Franz, violinist, 109, 114, 117
 Weksler, Baronin, 110, 117
 Wellesley, Sir Henry—Baron Cowley, 103, 107, 111, 118, 119, 126, 127, 200; his son, 120
 Wellesley, Charlotte—Lady Ebury, 111, 120
 Wellesley, Lady Georgiana, 103, 111, 120
 Wellington, first Duke of, 62, 103, note 1, 189, 274
 Welsh, Thomas, bass, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, 61, 246, 284
 West, Mr. Temple, in Paris, 229, 230, 232, 236
 Westminster Abbey Festivals, 277-81, 293
 Westmoreland, eleventh Earl, from 1844; John Fane—Lord Burghersh, 193, 280, 281, 299; at Bonn, 307, 324, 331
 Westmoreland, Countess of, 296, 298, 299, 307, 331, 337
 Whistling, of Leipsic, 119, 159
 Whitbread, Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Samuel, M.P., 48
Wiener in Berlin, Die, 158
 Wild, Mr., junior, at Bonn, 307, 312, 317, 321
 Wild, Franz, at Cassel, 211, 212, 214, 216
 Wilkinson, Miss—Mrs. Groom, 270
 William II, Elector of Hesse-Cassel, 208
 William II, King of Holland, 223
 William IV, 274, 275; coronation, 276, note; and the Westminster Abbey Festival, 277-81; his concerts, 282; his death, 283; his funeral, 283-7

- Wilson, Alderman, 286
 Wilton, Thomas Grosvenor, second Earl, 282
 Winkler, Hofrath, Dresden, 152, 153, 155
 Winter, Mr. G., 273
 Winter, Peter, of Munich, 84, 85, 86, 88, 89, 90, 183, 200, 212; his nieces, 90
 Wittag, of Vienna, 103
 Wittasek, Johann, of Prague, 135, 136
Witwe, Die, 205
 Wolf, the poet, at Bonn, 319, 324, 326, 327
 Wolff, Herr Pius, actor of Weimer, and his wife, 71
 Wood, Alderman, Lord Mayor, 56
 Wood, Sir W., Clarenceux King of arms, 285, 286, 287
 Worzischek, Johann, 101
 Wrattislaw, Mr., 339
 Wrutski, M., 36, 37
 Württemberg, King of, William I, 79
 York, Duke of, 286
 York Festival, 1835, receipts at, 279
 Young, Professor, Glasgow, 49
 Young, Mr., of the Earl Marshal's office, 286
 Young, Mr. of the Windsor choir, 285
Zauberflöte, Die, 116
Zelmira, by Rossini, 81, 155
 Zelter, Carl, of Berlin, 169, 181, 182, 191, 195, 197
 Zucchelli, Carlo, bass, in Paris, 232, 233
 Zwirner, Herr, architect of Cologne Cathedral, 310

